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ever before been subjected to the trial; and we may, perhaps, venture upon adding that the feelings evinced by the French nation in its hours of reflection furnish something like a proof that the constitutional monarchy was not really so destitute of popular good-will as to have lain, under ordinary circumstances, at the mercy of a mob. Whether, however, from accident or some more controllable cause, it is undeniable that the French Revolution of 1789–1830 has failed; but it is likewise evident, in contrasting this failure with the success of our own experiment, that the failure had its origin in liabilities from which we were preserved. Even if the monarchy of July had been the very counterpart of the monarchy of 1688 in every single condition attending its establishment, it would not thereby have been insured against such a shock as that which actually laid it low. We cannot, indeed, think that it was altogether unfavourably constituted; nor do we conceive that it is to *this* revolution that M. Guizot's well-pointed contrasts are meant to apply. In any case, however, the settlement of 1830 would have been equally unacceptable to those sectaries who recognised no essential difference between one monarchy and another, or between any governments which did not happen to represent their own conceptions. Being unacceptable, it would, according to the doctrines and practice of the sect, have been incessantly attacked; whether with less success or not, we cannot affirm. France, as its statesmen and representatives now manfully acknowledge, was 'surprised'; and against such an unparalleled incident in the political life of a nation it might, perhaps, have been difficult to guard. After the event, wisdom is learnt easily enough, nor do the French people seem very reluctant to acknowledge the truth.

ART. VIII.—*Reports on the Slave Trade from Lords and Commons, 1848—49.*

AMONG the political problems of the present day, there are few that have been more embarrassed by the various causes, good and evil, which turn discussion into controversy, than the question,—whether it be wise and right for England to continue her armed opposition to the Slave Trade.

The fact that the Committees of the Lords and Commons came to opposite conclusions upon it, has been made the most of; but, the fact, that whilst the Lords were unanimous, all the principal resolutions of the Commons, condemnatory of the squadron, were carried only by the casting vote of the chairman, has been all but overlooked. As far as we can rely on the autho-

rity of the Committees, it must be admitted, that though differences of opinion do exist, the balance is nevertheless sufficiently decisive, and is adverse to the abandonment of our measures of repression. The unequivocal vote of the House of Commons in the present session, and the disinterested and characteristic courage with which Lord John Russell and his colleagues have staked their political existence in support of the same opinion, speak still more positively. They prove distinctly that the feelings of the representatives of the people, and the experience of the responsible Government, have led them to one result.

It has indeed been argued that England can ill afford to continue any considerable expense for the purpose of counteracting evils, however great, which do not immediately affect her own citizens. Our most severe economists insist that it is of such essential importance, that the nation should not expend out of taxes raised from the people one farthing beyond what is absolutely needful, that more support has been obtained for their views in the present instance, than zealous philanthropists were prepared for. But we are for this reason only the more bound to examine the case carefully on every side; and see whether such advantages, economical as well as social, may not accrue from our warfare on the slave trade, as will still make it, from whatever point we look at it, a justifiable part of our national policy.

As there are points on which we have felt some hesitation in forming our own judgment, we cannot but sincerely regret the violence of invective into which both parties have been betrayed. The question involves too many mingled considerations of humanity and prudence; so much evil is likely to ensue from a false step; the past and the future as well as the present enter so largely into the question, that we are little inclined to indulge in any dogmatism on it. At the same time, we have taken some pains to be right; and we confidently place before our readers the grounds upon which our opinion rests.

Last year when Mr. Milner Gibson proposed to repeal the Brazilian Act, Sir R. Peel answered, that 'to repeal the existing Bill would be to substantially proclaim to the world that all the efforts made to prevent the slave trade, or to mitigate its horrors, were now at an end; and if that should be done, his advice was, that the next thing the House should do, should be to determine how best to encourage and sanction it, permitting Cuba and Brazil to carry it on to their hearts' content.' This remonstrance goes to the root of the matter. And it applies, at least with equal force, to propositions for tampering with the African squadron. Every one at all familiar with the subject will laugh at the notion, that any real im-

pression can be made upon Brazil, merely by treaties or by moral influence. Sir C. Hotham considers the Brazilian government to be powerless for this purpose. To pretend the contrary, would be to add the scandal of hypocrisy to our other scandals.

We could wish that this question had been more accurately understood as well as more logically argued. By many, the history of the case is misrepresented; by the great majority, the expenses to which the country is subject in maintaining the squadron are greatly exaggerated. Another class, in despite of the clearest evidence, persist in considering the coast of Africa as the grave of our officers and seamen. Let us take a rapid view of the real facts of the case. Sir W. Dolben's Act was passed in 1788, but the British slave trade was not abolished till 1807. During that interval, whilst we were ourselves participators in guilt, no efforts were or could be made at repression. But even after the Abolition Act, from 1807 to 1815, we continued inactive; and when we first put forth our strength, we must confess that we lacked wisdom as much as we lacked experience. Five or six ships, ill-selected and unsuited for the duty, were ordered to cruise off the African coast for the suppression of the slave trade. Till 1824, the smaller vessels were all removed from their stations during several months of the year, to avoid the rainy season. It cannot excite much surprise that the officer in command, on returning annually to England should report an enormous and undiminished slave trade. But even had the squadron been more efficient, its duties could but have been most imperfectly performed. Our treaties with foreign powers restricted all our operations. One flag or another was never wanting, under which the slaver was enabled to carry on his deadly trade. Diplomacy was compelled to exert itself to the utmost in the cause of humanity. Not only at Vienna, but at Verona and the other '*abouchemens des rois*,' the honest feelings of the people of England, and the voice of their representatives, won step by step their honourable victories. It is, however, since 1830, (and principally through the untiring perseverance of Lord Palmerston) that our Foreign Office has become the successful instrument of engrafting into the international code of Europe the necessary enactments for giving life to the abstract resolutions of the Congress of Vienna; enactments which, if they were carried out with as much good faith by other nations as by ourselves, would by this time have rendered our labours no less easy than effectual. These steps, though uniformly progressive, could not be otherwise than gradual; nor was it till 1839 that we obtained authority to deal generally with slave-equipped ships, — that the protection of the Portuguese flag

was swept away,—and that we were enabled to act with decision south of the line. The efficacy of our squadron was then also rendered more complete, not only from the amount of force employed, and the quality of our ships and of their armament (though Lord Aberdeen is justly proud of having left the armament 3000 strong, which he had found only consisting of 700), but from the strength which the squadron obtained through the treaty obligations which other countries had contracted with us. Our success promised to be complete. How far it was checked by the doubts suggested as to our legal powers during Lord Aberdeen's administration,—how far it has been lamentably disturbed by our alteration of the duties on sugar in 1842, and still more in 1846, it would delay us too long at present to examine. It is sufficient for our present purpose to show, by this reference to dates,—that so far is it from being true, as has been loudly asserted, that the experiment of forcible repression has had a trial of a quarter of a century—that on the contrary, the experiment should be considered as confined within the limited period of seven or eight years. During those years we unhesitatingly affirm its success to have surpassed the expectation of the most sanguine.

Great as has been the misrepresentation of the duration of the experiment, equally great has been the exaggeration of its cost. The annual expense has often been stated as above a million in 'round numbers;' and very 'round numbers' indeed they are, as the following table from the Admiralty office will prove:—

Estimate of the Expense of the Ships of War employed for the Suppression of the Slave Trade, so as to exhibit the Aggregate Charge to the Country for their Support in the Year 1846–47.

<i>Description of Charge.</i>	<i>Charge.</i>
Estimate of the expense of the wages and victuals of the crews of Her Majesty's ships of war employed in the suppression of the slave trade, in 1846–7	£ 220,233
Estimate of the expense of wear and tear of the hulls, masts, yards, rigging, and stores supplied for the use of Her Majesty's ships employed in the above service, according to the statement received from the Surveyor's Department	49,313
Estimate of the expense of wear and tear of the machinery of Her Majesty's steam vessels employed as above, according to the statement received from the department of the comptroller of steam machinery	17,790
Estimate of the value of coals provided for the use of the above steam vessels, according to the statement received from the storekeeper-general's department	14,287
Aggregate charge	<u>£ 301,623</u>

Admiralty, 13th Dec. 1847.

If we allow 200,000*l.* more for the incidental expenses, including the charge of the Mixed Commission Courts, which cost about 25,000*l.* per annum (a sum which probably might be considerably reduced)—yet, even thus, we only reach one half the amount usually stated as the annual cost of the squadron. And with regard to its alleged unhealthiness, so nearly have European skill, science, and care baffled the climate, that the African station is now as healthy as the rest of our naval stations in the tropics. The second Resolution of the Lords affirms, ‘that all the evidence goes to prove that the prevalent impression ‘as to the general unhealthiness of the cruising squadron is ‘without foundation.’

The argument pertinaciously advanced against the maintenance of the African squadron declares, that it entails an immense cost on the nation without any result—the slave trade still raging the same as ever. We beg our readers to follow us through a brief investigation of the whole matter, when we shall submit to them the following conclusions:—

I. The squadron has not been a failure, inasmuch as it has materially diminished both slavery and the slave trade: were it withdrawn, these evils would enormously increase: and such increase would prove most disastrous to the human race, both in Africa and in Cuba and Brazil; condemning Africa to ruin and devastation, and filling Cuba and Brazil with a greatly augmented slave population, more cruelly treated than at present; while not only would the horrors of the middle passage continue as fearful as ever, but thousands of additional victims would have to undergo them.

II. The cost of our naval armament is not more than these great objects are worth. For, in the first place, the expense, as we have just proved, scarcely exceeds one half of what has been represented. Whilst, further, were the squadron withdrawn, England would suffer from the destruction of her legitimate commerce with Africa, and from the total ruin of her West Indian Colonies, pecuniary losses far more than sufficient, even in a pecuniary point of view, to make her bitterly repent of her short-sighted economy.

We now proceed to the facts and reasonings, which have led us to each of these conclusions: and, we will begin with the inquiry whether the squadron has or has not effected a material diminution in the slave trade?—And further, whether that trade would not largely increase, if our vessels were withdrawn?

The clearest solution of this question is to be found in the risks run, and in the gambling nature of the profits made, by the parties now engaged in the slave trade. The price of a full-grown male

slave, in Cuba, at the present time, is 100*l.*, and has been 125*l.*; while in Africa he would have cost from 10*l.* to 20*l.*,—the cost of transit being from 3*l.* to 4*l.* more. In Brazil we believe that the price is generally lower than in Cuba; but our late envoy, Lord Howden, (one of the opponents of the squadron) states that a cargo, which is worth 5,000*l.* in Africa, fetches 25,000*l.* in Brazil, making 500 per cent. profit. This has been urged as an argument against the squadron, on the ground that so profitable a trade can hardly be exterminated by any measures whatever. But, a little reflection will show that these enormous profits evince the real efficiency of the squadron. For how comes it that the profit on one successful venture in the slave trade is so enormous? Only because there are many cases of failure to set off against one instance of success. It is the success of the preventive system which has so greatly reduced the supply, that the price is proportionally enhanced. As it is obvious, then, that our system has thus artificially enhanced the price, it is equally obvious that, were we to give up that system, the price would fall to its natural level. Assuming this to be one-third of its present rate, there are solid grounds for believing that the demand, at that rate, would be almost boundless. The gulf opened for the absorption of human victims would widen year by year.

In the first place, the rapid consumption of human life on sugar plantations at all times secures a vast yearly demand for fresh importations. Even in the English West Indies, before emancipation, the slave population, amounting to 558,000 in 1818, diminished in twelve years by sixty thousand.* Now, in our West Indies, the women exceeded the men in number—there was no slave trade to fill up the vacancies—the masters were Englishmen,—and therefore English public opinion had its weight; also various mitigating measures had been introduced; yet even there, the population perished thus rapidly. How much more swift must be the mortality in Cuba and Brazil, where the women are infinitely less numerous than the men (on many plantations there are no women at all); and where the slave trade enables the planter, when he has wrung the last possible amount of profit from the muscles of his slave, to get a new one in his place. So frightfully does the system of ‘using up’ the slaves prevail even now, that, though the imported Africans are generally lads and young men, yet, on an average, they only survive eight years!

Since the slaves in Cuba and Brazil thus die off ‘like rotten

* The manumissions are, of course, not included in this account.

sheep' (to use an expression formerly applied to our own slaves in Demerara), and since their numbers can only be renewed by importation, the demand for fresh slaves from Africa, already very large, must be incalculably quickened, on the trade being once more thrown open. At present even, though slaves are so dear, were a million imported, within about eight years a million more would be required, to replace them. Were slaves cheapened by the removal of the squadron, the planters would of course be more reckless in the use of an instrument rendered less costly. More work would be forced from the miserable negro, while his lessened value would lead to more brutal treatment. The sick, the aged, would be neglected. The young would not be considered to pay the cost of rearing, nor the old the cost of support, and the extinction of life would proceed with unexampled velocity. Of course the yearly vacuum thus created represents a proportionally brisker slave trade.

Another consideration corroborates the conviction, that the removal of the cruisers would open a steady and almost unlimited demand. It is well known that vast tracts of land in Brazil, well suited for the cultivation of sugar, are at present unoccupied, solely because labourers cannot be purchased at a rate cheap enough for profit. Mr. Macqueen makes the following statement:—‘ My belief is, unquestionably, from a deep consideration of the subject, and from my acquaintance with the Western world, that the removal of the cruisers would extend the slave trade without bounds. There would be no bounds to it: I do not see where the bounds would be. For instance, Brazil contains three or four millions of square miles of the finest soil in the world; it would take a population of 240,000,000 to people it half as densely as Barbadoes.’* Were the slave trade left to itself, sufficient labour would be transported by degrees from Africa to bring this immense extent of territory into cultivation.† The slave market would never be glutted till this new and apparently insatiable demand had been supplied; and unless some miracle should suspend the usual laws of slave labour, the slave population on these

* Dr. Cliffe (himself a planter and slave-dealer) notices that ‘if slaves were more freely introduced, the coffee plantations would multiply therefore, many people who have large holdings say, “I hope the squadron will continue,” *simply because it will prevent such a great increase in the quantity of coffee.*’

† It may be asked where the capital can be found for the purpose? But it is proved that English capital is already largely embarked in the Brazilian mines and plantations; this painful fact furnishes a conclusive reply.

new territories would diminish so rapidly that it would require to be replenished yearly from Africa. In this way a vast additional stimulus would be given to slavery and the slave trade.

It seems, then, to be clear, both from all we know of the usual laws of commerce, and of the demands of Cuba and Brazil, that were the slave trade relieved from the weight of our repressive system, it must inevitably spring up with redoubled force and elasticity. This conclusion is so irresistible, that it hardly seems necessary to support it by evidence; and we may observe, that scarcely a single witness of any authority has thrown a doubt upon it. Among those who have spoken of the services of the squadron, we may mention Capt. Watson, who says that, were the cruisers removed, 'the slave trade would export a much greater amount than two to one of the present number of negroes;' Capt. Wyvill, R. N. (Q. 3,507.); Capt. Denman (Q. 305.); Capt. Forsham (a trader) (Q. 4,586.); Capt. Mansell, an avowed sceptic on the efficiency of the squadron, but who nevertheless acknowledges (Q. 4,636.) 'I have no doubt that there would be a very great extension of the slave trade temporarily, if the squadron were removed.' He explains the word 'temporarily' by adding, that the limit to the time would be 'when the trade was perfectly satiated.' Mr. Joseph Smith, a native African, states, that 'the pressure of the English cruisers has a very great effect upon the people: were it not for that, the amount of the slave trade would be much increased.' Mr. Hutton, an African merchant of thirty-five years' experience in the trade, thinks * 'that if the squadron were withdrawn, the slave trade would increase throughout the coast of Africa.' The Rev. James Schön, whose acquaintance with Africa extends over a period of sixteen years, has † 'no hesitation in saying that the slave trade would rapidly increase as a matter of course.' Mr. Macgregor Laird ‡; Mr. Duncan §, the African traveller; Mr. W. Smith ||, formerly Commissary Judge at Sierra Leone; Mr. Horsfall ¶, an African merchant; Mr. Moore **, a Brazilian merchant; the Rev. E. Jones (who states that the slave trade would be tripled by it); the Rev. H. Townsend, missionary at Abbeokuta; the Rev. H. Waddell, missionary at Calabar; the Rev. C. Gollmer, missionary at Sierra Leone, all more or less concur in stating, — that the cruisers hold back the slave trade, and that were they removed it would receive an almost incalculable increase. So,

* Q. 2,595. † Q. 2,771. ‡ Q. 2,980. § Q. 3,142.
 || Q. 3,830. ¶ Q. 4,790. ** Q. 5,521.

too, Mr. Hook, Commissary Judge at Sierra Leone; Capt. Riley, R. N.*; Dr. Keogh†; Capt. Chads, R. N. Capt. Chads told the Lords' Committee that 'at first there would be an 'immense export; after that time, there would be a constant 'and regular demand.' Mr. Kennedy, Commissary Judge at 'Havannah, was of opinion that the trade would be renewed to 'as frightful an extent as ever;‡ while Mr. Carr, Chief Justice of Sierra Leone, declared, with only more particularity, 'I think that from 200,000 to 300,000 persons would be 'shipped from the coast annually, if the slave trade were left 'open altogether to the Brazilians.'

Surely there is now no escaping from the conclusion, that, were the squadron withdrawn, the slave trade must receive a large and permanent increase. To what extent it may be difficult even to conjecture; but, judging from the evidence we have referred to, there seems too much reason to fear that within a few years it might rise to twice or thrice its present amount. We must remember that England has reduced the duties on all foreign, as well as on our own colonial, sugar; and that in proportion as facilities are given for replacing negroes when 'used up' by excessive labour, we are left to the ordeal of an experiment which has not as yet been tried,—namely, the experiment how far free labour in tropical climates can compete, not with slavery alone, but with slavery resting upon a slave trade freed from all restraint. Should this combination afford the means of cheaper production, we must be prepared to see Europe in great measure supplied with sugar from slave-trading States;—while, as the demand for the produce of slave labour may be expected to enlarge year by year, so too will the demand for slaves enlarge, depriving Africa of all hope of future improvement, and condemning those vast regions for ever to misery and desolation.

This brings us to consider the probable results of that increase of the slave trade, which must follow the removal of the squadron: and, first, its results within the limits of Africa.

Many persons are deceived by their half knowledge on the subject of the Slave Trade. Its most obvious feature being the sufferings of the Middle Passage, upon this they exclusively fix their eye. But those more conversant with the subject know well, that the Middle Passage is but one act in a long drama of wickedness. That drama, ending with the cruelties of the planter in Cuba and Brazil, begins with scenes of horror in Africa, of which one or two pictures will sufficiently show what the slave trade is at its commencement.

* Q. 147.

† Q. 2,012.

‡ Q. 27.

Mr. Ashmun, agent of the American Colonial Society, writing from Liberia, mentions that a neighbouring chief had engaged to provide a cargo for a slaver: — ‘For this purpose, from the peaceable tribes around him, he singled out the Queahs, a small agricultural and trading people of most inoffensive character. His warriors were skilfully directed against the different hamlets; and, by making a simultaneous assault on the sleeping occupants in the dead of the night, they accomplished, without difficulty or resistance, in one hour, the annihilation of the tribe; every adult man and woman being murdered—every hut fired! Very young children generally shared the fate of their parents; the boys and girls alone were reserved to supply the slaver.’ He thus describes a part of the territory of Liberia, when first purchased by him many years ago: — ‘Along this beautiful river (the St. Paul’s) were formerly scattered, in Africa’s better days, innumerable native hamlets; and till within the last twenty years nearly the whole banks of the river, for one or two miles inland, were brought under that slight culture which obtains among the natives of the country.’ But the population has been wasted by the rage for trading in slaves, with which the constant presence of slave vessels and the introduction of foreign luxuries have inspired them. The south bank of this river, and all the intervening country between it and the Mesurado, have been from this cause nearly desolated of inhabitants; a few detached and solitary plantations scattered at long intervals through the tract, just serve to interrupt the silence and relieve the gloom, which reigns over the whole region.’ Volumes might be filled with similar pictures of the desolation produced in Africa by the slave trade; but we will only add the description given by Laird of the slave-collecting system as it was carried on near the confluence of the Niger and the Tschadda in 1832. He is giving an account of the incursions of the Felatahs: — ‘Scarcely a night passed but we heard the screams of some unfortunate beings that were carried off into slavery by these villanous depredators. The inhabitants of the towns in the route of the Felatahs fled across the river on the approach of the enemy. A few days after the arrival of the fugitives, a column of smoke rising in the air, about five miles above the confluence of the rivers, marked the advance of the Felatahs; and, in two days afterwards, the whole of the towns, six or seven in number, were in a blaze. The shrieks of the unfortunate captives were answered by the loud wailings and lamentations of their friends and relations from the opposite bank of the river; and the destruction of their habitations

‘produced a scene, which, though common in this miserable country, had seldom, if ever before, been witnessed by European eyes, and which showed me, in a striking light, the horrors attendant upon the slave trade.’ In weighing the consequence of a removal of the squadron, we assuredly ought to bear in mind not only the increased miseries of the slave trade where it now exists, but also the devastation which its introduction must also cause in parts of Africa, at present comparatively tranquil. ‘It is my firm belief,’ says Mr. Hook, Commissary Judge at Sierra Leone, ‘that, in nine or ten months after the withdrawal of the squadron, the whole of Western Africa, from Cape Verde to Benguela, would present a scene of cruelty and devastation too fearful to contemplate. All the progress of Christianity, civilisation, and commerce would be annihilated; in a word, Western Africa would, in the course of a year or two, be rolled back to its worst pristine savage condition.’

If the removal of the cruisers would thus spread wider, and render more intense, the misery of Africa, it tends no less grievously to enhance the sufferings of the slaves in Cuba and Brazil. We have already shown that it must greatly aggravate their average mortality, by enabling the planters to ‘use them up’ with a higher profit than at present. And what an amount of human agony is involved in this process! It is well known that even now, when they are so much higher priced than usual, that the temptation to abridge their lives by excessive labour has been found irresistible in Cuba—that during the five months of crop time, they are worked for eighteen or twenty hours in the day—that the whip is in constant exercise—and that after the toil of the day, they are generally put at night into pens, and guarded like wild beasts. How much more rapidly would they be consumed, were their value lessened by two-thirds! ‘I think,’ says Capt. Mansell, speaking of the Brazils, ‘that were the slave trade unrestricted, the life of a slave in Brazil would be scarcely worth a year’s purchase.’

Now as regards the Middle Passage itself. While the augmented slave trade would become answerable for these additional cruelties on both the east and west sides of the Atlantic, there are strong grounds for believing that at least the same amount of suffering as at present would continue to be endured in the Middle Passage.

We may be expected, in the first place, upon this part of the case to answer the inferences drawn from the statistical table contained in Mr. Hutt’s Report. We consider that table to a great extent to answer itself. When the yearly average of

casualties during the voyage is worked out to one uniform rate of 14 per cent. between 1788 and 1815, and to a rate equally uniform of 25 per cent. from 1815 to 1847, we simply say that this uniformity is so impossible, as at once to shake the credit of the table. When we discover further that this increased rate of casualties from 14 to 25 per cent., which it is endeavoured to connect with the repressive measures, is made to date from a period two years antecedent to the *first* employment of the squadron, our mistrust is greatly augmented. When it is compared with the evidence of others, and more especially with the evidence of Sir C. Hotham, and when we inquire from what sources this goodly array of figures has been compiled, our astonishment is great at Mr. Hutt's credulity, and our respect for the authority of his table vanishes altogether. Sir C. Hotham (Q. 2676.) states, that the mortality under the worst measures, (which he considers to be whilst the slaves are under our control,) only amounts to 9 per cent. He shows that, on 14,000 slaves captured, the mortality up to the date of adjudication did not rise so high, and that the mortality in the vessels that escape may be computed at 5 per cent. But the data on which these tables are formed come from no better source than Dr. Cliffe, the American slave dealer, from whom Sir C. Hotham separates himself with a most justifiable disgust: 'I have no concern,' says the gallant officer, 'with Mr. Cliffe's evidence.' It would perhaps have shown as much wisdom as good feeling if Mr. Hutt had agreed in this respect with Sir C. Hotham; more especially when he found that these returns were rejected even by their worthy author, the slave trader and pirate, who declared the amount of deaths to have been erroneously copied by Mr. Bandinel, or erroneously described by himself. Yet it is on the authority of these tables, that Mr. Hutt obtained his miserable majority of one in the Committee; and it is by these tables that the public have been misled, and that we are called on to believe that our squadron has increased the extent and the suffering of the slave trade. Although we have the admission of Sir C. Hotham himself, 'that if all restrictions were removed, and the squadron taken entirely away, small speculators would spring up, and undersell those now in the market; the slave trade would be greatly increased in its horrors, and it would be impossible to calculate the calamities that would ensue; pirates would abound, and it would be impossible for a legitimate trader to conduct his operations on the coast.' We only wish that it were as easy to repress these crimes of the slavers as to shiver Dr. Cliffe's 'lot of statistics,' as he himself somewhat contemptuously calls them. But for

either purpose a more efficient commander is required than Mr. Hutt, and a better crew than his majority of one; — of which we heard so much, — till its authority was destroyed by the creditable vote of the House of Commons itself, and by the unanimity of the Committee of the House of Lords, and by, what is more than all, an impartial consideration of the evidence.

Nor is this all. The mortality is so far from being increased, that it is shown to be very probable from other facts, as well as from *à priori* reasoning, that it may actually have been diminished by our preventive measures. Few other than large capitalists can now venture to engage in so perilous a trade; and consequently, in the opinion of Sir Charles Hotham, a much higher class of vessels is at present required as slavers. Again, the qualification of fast sailing, which is now an essential for a slaver, shortens the voyage by some weeks, and thus lessens the risk of a failure of water, and releases the slaves more quickly from the hold. Again, in the fast, sharp-built clippers now employed, the slaves cannot be piled in tiers, two feet and a half above each other, as was usually done in the large square hulls of the old slave vessels. Above all, the cargo having been made more precious by the scarcity of the commodity, the proportion which shall be landed alive and marketable is become in consequence of more importance. It is curious that the question, whether the horrors of the Middle Passage have or have not been increased by the preventive squadron, should have so long remained a matter of dispute. It turns mainly upon a true knowledge of the state of the case before our abolition of the slave trade. On this subject important if not conclusive evidence will be found in the extracts laid before the Committee by Mr. R. Stokes, from testimony given at the bar of the House of Commons in 1792. These extracts prove that the slave traders at that time thought it their interest to stow their slaves as closely as possible. It is the same horrible calculation over again, as in 'the using up' system, — what is the profit or loss upon human life. Taking the cost of a slave-trading venture at 3000*l.*, then, whatever price the slaves might fetch at Cuba, it would only be lessened by that sum in case they had been brought over in one vessel; but by twice that sum, or nearly so, had they been brought over in two. Here is a difference large enough to allow of a considerable mortality on the closer packing, and yet leave a money balance in its favour. These considerations operated upon the slave traders as much before the commerce was made illegal as afterwards; for in those old times a cross-examination of the witnesses, brought forward by the slave-trading interest itself, es-

tablished* 'that no slave was allowed more than five feet six inches in length, by sixteen inches in breadth; that the floor was covered with bodies so stowed; and between decks were often platforms and broad shelves also packed with bodies. The whole height between decks, including two tiers of negroes and timbers, not exceeding five feet eight inches, sometimes not more than four feet.' It was also shown, that on these shelves the slaves were 'locked spoonways' to each other; were 'stowed in by means of the cat-o'-nine-tails;' and 'could only lie on their sides, they were so crowded.' 'In stowing slaves we wedged them in,' says a surgeon of one of these legal slave ships; 'we made the most of the room—they had not so much room as a man in his coffin.'† We will only add the statement of Mr. Consul Rendall, who had seen slave ships both before and after the abolition, and who states expressly that the same loss of life, the same crowding of the hold, the same scanty supply of water, the same amount of sickness, filth, and stench, existed then as now. There is really no ground, therefore, for believing that the removal of the squadron would lessen or has lessened the horrors of the slaver's hold. On the contrary, when we reflect that were the squadron removed and the trade left free, probably twice or three times as many persons would be subjected to those horrors, the reasonable presumptions appear to turn the other way, and to strengthen the suspicion that the removal would greatly aggravate the sufferings of the negro race during the Middle Passage, as well as on both sides of the Atlantic.

But the question of economy requires further consideration. Some of the opponents of the squadron profess to disclaim any motives but those of humanity. We have said enough upon the general question of humanity as regards the negro: and in answer to all misrepresentations of the special mortality on board our squadron, we shall make no other reply than in the words of the second resolution of the Lords' Committee, which we have already quoted. But, though we place the interests of humanity as high as anybody, we do not consider it unbecoming to consider likewise the cost of our intervention. The squadron

* See Mr. Stokes' evidence, reprinted in a pamphlet called, 'Regulated Slave Trade.' Ridgway, 1850.

† The 'Briton' lost 200 in one voyage; the 'Nightingale' 150; the 'Elizabeth,' in her first voyage, lost one-fourth of her cargo; in her second, nearly one-half; in another, nearly one-third. The 'Young Hero' lost one-half; the 'Hero' 360, in one voyage,—all before abolition!

is maintained by taxation, — and it is the duty of Parliament to be not only assured that all unnecessary expense is avoided, but that an equivalent benefit is secured. The wisdom of this expenditure has been doubted by many, and our own opinion has been slowly formed on it. The more closely and extensively, however, that we have conducted our investigation, the more have we become convinced not only that the country has been actually called upon to make no vast pecuniary sacrifice on this occasion: but, that our humane endeavours to protect the higher interests of the negro are also in point of fact promoting economical interests of our own.

We are now dealing with the question as one of profit and loss; and are for a moment substituting the calculations of the counting-house for the principles of morality and religion. By this time most of our readers will have determined for themselves, whether, in reducing the slave trade by one-half or perhaps by two-thirds, we do not obtain a sufficient return, though not in money, for the computed cost of the squadron. But, beyond this, it will be satisfactory to learn that the nation incidentally reaps economical advantages from a warfare,—in which, however, we rejoice to think she engaged originally from motives of humanity alone. We believe that these advantages even now very nearly counterbalance the cost of her measures of prevention. If this is the case at present, we are confident that the future benefits will be still greater.

In the first place, it was proved before the Committees, that the withdrawal of the squadron would lead to the ruin of our legitimate trade with Africa. The coasts of that vast continent are not, like those of Europe and America, under the rule of civilised Powers, which afford protection to commerce. The only effectual security which the merchant can receive there, is that of a maritime police, furnished by some European country. In consequence, the removal of the cruisers, which will greatly enlarge the slave trade, will at the same time also release an unprincipled population from all control. There will be no authority left of any kind to prevent the natives from engaging in those acts of piracy, rapine, and murder, which the crimes of slave trading have engendered.* To repress such

* An incident which occurred to Captain Trotter, R. N., illustrates the strong tendency to piracy and murder, which slave traders have a thousand times evinced. A slaver, trading from the Havannah, had fallen in with an American ship laden with dollars. She took the ship and plundered it of the dollars; then forced the American crew into the hold, battened down the hatches, tarred the mainsail, and set fire to the vessel, leaving the crew to perish in the midst of

outrages, Sir Charles Hotham affirms that England must, in any case, keep ten or twelve men-of-war on the African coast, even if she were to abandon all opposition to the slave trade. But when we reflect upon the habits of violence fostered by the trade in those engaged in it, and upon the immense extent of coast which the buccancers would infest,—when we remember likewise that all slavers could go armed for piratical adventures (for there would be no right of search), and that the Powers on land would be in league with them—there is good ground for believing (as more than one of the naval captains stated before the Committee) that we should ultimately be obliged to keep very nearly as large a force on the coast for the mere protection of commerce as we now maintain both for the suppression of the slave trade and for the protection of commerce also; or else that we must permit those seas to become scenes of rapine and piracy, of which even the former history of those unhappy regions can furnish no example. To set the slave trade free from restraint, would affect all legitimate commerce, not merely by destroying that security without which no commerce can exist;—there is another painful reason why the two cannot live together. Innocent commerce, with its moderate profits and hard work, offers far less attraction to adventurous and unprincipled men than the slave trade; which tempts by its excitement, which requires no steady labour, and holds out the hopes of large though precarious gains.

Many may regard our African trade as too insignificant to think the fact entitled to much attention, that, were not legitimate commerce protected and the slave trade repressed,—the one must perish in proportion as the other was extended. But this is not the time to despair of a lawful and civilising trade with Africa. Under the fostering protection of the cruisers, a trade of this description has got up, is yearly increasing in value, and it is difficult to state the limits which it may ultimately reach. The population of the west coast of Africa consists, probably, of about forty or fifty millions, and all authorities represent them as being most eager traders. On the one hand (and this nobody will be surprised to learn), the demand for European articles of manufacture seems unbounded; while, on the other hand, though few may be

the Atlantic. They were saved only by an accident. Captain Trotter seized the slaver, but the pirates had quitted in their boats, having previously laid a train of gunpowder which communicated with the powder magazine. The train exploded just as Capt. Trotter put his foot on deck, but most providentially he and his crew were preserved.

aware of it, palm-oil*, ivory, gold-dust, bees-wax, gum†, hides, bar-wood, cam-wood, ebony, coffee, rice, pepper, guinea-grains, red-wood, teak-wood, have been already largely exported from the west coast, besides the many other valuable productions (such, for example, as the sugar-cane and indigo) which may hereafter become important articles of commerce. Even were there no others (and many others are of great value), yet the dye-woods, the palm-oil, and the timber of West Africa, are materials sufficient for a vast commerce. Before many years are past, it is highly probable that cotton may be produced largely also there, as well as at Natal. It grows wild in many parts, and is of a good quality, and only requires the developement of agriculture and peaceful commerce.

We will now give some extracts from the evidence. The iteration is tiresome enough; but its uniformity is impressive, while the diversity of sources from which it comes precludes any possibility of either personal objects, or special or collusive biasses among so many. The evidence shows, in the words of Lord John Russell, that, ‘if there be any commerce in the world which deserves protection, or to which the British naval force ought to give its aid, it is that commerce which has sprung up in parts of Africa which had recently been the seat of the slave trade, and which cannot thrive unless legitimate trade receives the constant aid and protection of our navy.’‡

Captain Winniett, R. N. (governor of the Gold Coast), is asked,—

‘Do you think that it is the presence of the slave trade which prevents the upgrowth of a legitimate trade?’—(A.) ‘I do.’

‘So that if the slave trade was checked, a legitimate trade would spring up in its place?’—(A.) ‘Certainly.’

The Rev. H. Townsend is asked,

‘Is it your impression that a brisk traffic in slaves tends to promote other traffic, or, is it a hinderance to legitimate traffic?’—‘I think it is a hinderance, and a very great one.’

N. W. Macdonald, Esq., Governor of Sierra Leone, says,—

(Ans. 1231.) ‘Once destroy the slave trade, and legitimate trade will immediately follow.’

(Q. 1232.) ‘From your answer, the Committee infer that you

* No less than 4,345,798 cwt. of palm-oil have been exported from West Africa since 1839, giving for the year 1849 (of which no return is yet made) the average of the preceding five years.

† See McCulloch’s Com. Diet.

‡ Debate, March, 1850.

imagine the two cannot exist together?'—(A.) 'They cannot. It is impossible.'

He is then asked if the Gallinas is well calculated to be a port for legitimate trade? and replies:—'Certainly; and the absence of it there is "entirely" owing to the presence of the slave trade.' He also states that Sierra Leone was formerly one of the great nests of the slave trade, 'it is now wholly unknown there,' and the imports from England are worth about 100,000*l.* per annum.

Sir C. Hotham (Q. 2032. Lords' Com.), observes, 'generally speaking, if the slave trade was considerable at any particular place, it would be impossible that legitimate trade could flourish there.'

The Rev. J. Pcyton (of Sierra Leone) is asked if legitimate trade and slave trade can co-exist. — His answer is, 'They cannot; the slave trade will destroy the other.' He is asked again (2573.), —

'Can there be security of property for legitimate trade, while the slave trade is thriving?'—(A.) 'If you withdraw the squadron, there is no protection whatever.'

(Q. 2614.) 'In what way does the slave trade prevent the civilisation of Africa?'—(A.) 'In the first place it prevents the establishment of all legitimate trade. 2nd. It hinders the progress of all missionary operations in Africa: and 3rd. the cultivation of the land by the native population.'

Captain Watson, R. N., an officer intimately acquainted with the west coast of Africa, states that 'the removal of the cruisers would lead to a great and unlimited increase of the slave trade,' and that 'the coast would then swarm with the worst kind of slave traders, and pirates; in fact, the whole coast would be given up to pillage.'

'Would the maintenance of the present lawful trade be compatible with such a state of things?'—(A.) 'No; I do not think that legal trade could well exist with an unrestricted slave trade.'

R. Dawson, Esq., an African merchant, informed the Committee that the natives are 'very apt indeed for commercial pursuits,' and that the cultivation of cotton might be increased without limit; and that palm-oil, indigo, dye-woods, bees-wax, coffee, gold-dust, &c., are among the articles of value produced on the west coast. He adds that legitimate trade could not keep its ground 'without external assistance,' 'without force,' in the face of the slave trade. He mentions an interesting fact. The slave trade, till a few years ago, used to flourish to a very great extent in the Bonny; it has now been annihilated by the

cruisers; and the effect is that 'those who were then slave traders are now engaged actively in the palm-oil trade,' and 'four hundred thousand cwt. of palm-oil are annually exported from that river alone!' He is asked, 'Would this substitution of palm-oil trade for slave trade have taken place, had not the latter been suppressed by the English cruisers?' His answer is, 'It would not.'

(Q. 3085.) 'What in your judgment would be the effect upon the trade if the cruisers were entirely withdrawn?'—(A.) 'The slave trade would revive to the detriment of the legitimate trade; in fact, almost to the exclusion of the legitimate trade, I should say.'

In the river Bento, likewise, 'the palm-oil trade has gradually increased as the slave trade has discontinued,' but would 'decidedly' be lessened considerably by the withdrawal of the squadron.

Captain Beecroft, long engaged in the African trade, (and who distinguished himself by the aid he gave to the Niger expedition in its distress), states that legitimate traffic and the slave trade 'cannot co-exist together, if slave traffic is free.' When he left the Bight of Biafra*, there were 20,000 tons of British shipping engaged in legitimate trade; and he states his decided opinion that without external assistance this legitimate trade would be 'reduced to nothing,' so completely would the slave trade embarrass it. He afterwards assures the Committee that, were the cruisers withdrawn, 'you would have pirates on the seas, and the rivers full of slavers, and the legitimate trade would fail.' There is not the least doubt,' he adds, 'that there would be a great spread of piratical adventurers along the whole coast, so that commerce would be destroyed.'

Mr. Macqueen is asked, —

'Is not the legal trade very insignificant at the actual places where the slave trade flourishes?'—(A.) 'Very insignificant indeed.'

'Do you attribute that in any way to the effect of the slave trade?'—(A.) 'Decidedly.'

He afterwards says that 'Africa is capable of producing to an unbounded extent the goods which would form a means* of legal traffic. There is scarcely any tropical production known in the world that does not thrive to perfection in Africa;' and he instances her dye-stuffs and dye-woods, the sugar-cane and cotton.

* The annual imports into the Bay of Biafra are stated at 500,000*l*. (Ans. 3456.)

Captain Chads, R. N., is asked, — ‘Supposing that the
‘squadron which we maintain were kept there wholly for the
‘sake of preserving our commerce, what number of vessels
‘should you think necessary for the purpose?’ He answered,
‘I should at first think it would not be safe at all to diminish
‘the squadron, and experience would show afterwards how
‘much we might reduce it by degrees. I think there would be
‘all kinds of excesses committed at first, if it were decided to
‘throw open the slave trade. It would be necessary to keep
‘the squadron there for the preservation of our own interests
‘and our own merchants.’

Captain Fishbourne, R. N., states, as the result of his own observation on the coast, that ‘legitimate trade did not go
‘on in the presence of the slave trade.’ He further states the result of the withdrawal of the squadron. ‘The coast
‘would become a nest of pirates, the number of slaves exported
‘would be enormous, legitimate trade would cease, and in a very
‘short time we should have to increase the squadron for the
‘protection of what trade remained.’

After all this testimony, can there be any doubt that the removal of the squadron would be a fatal blow to our African commerce, present and future? But, in the next place, it is equally true that the measure would be no less ruinous to our West Indian colonies. The warmest advocates of the repeal of the differential duties upon slave-grown sugar, are, nevertheless, as ready as any other reasoners to allow that, were slave labour to be poured into Cuba and Brazil without let or hinderance, there could be no prospect for our West Indies but total ruin. Lord John Russell has stated it as his decided opinion* that ‘the West Indies would be in the utmost
‘danger if a great advantage were again given to the commerce
‘of Brazil, by the admission of an immense number of slaves,
‘and the free competition of their labour against the produce of
‘our own West India islands. I think,’ he adds, ‘it would
‘be more than the West Indies would be able to bear; they
‘would be unable to stand against the competition.’ What authority on this point can possibly be stronger, than that of the proposer of the sugar bill of 1846? Is it not clear, if our colonists are now suffering under the competition of slaves purchased at 100%, that their ruin would be completed if the price of slaves were reduced to 25% or 30%?

Surely it is an element in the question which no reasonable person will neglect, that one of the incidental evils of the removal of the squadron would be, the ruin of four and twenty

* Speech, March 20. 1850.

of our own colonies! What would make this the more cruel is, that we are informed by men speaking under official responsibility, that these colonies seem to be recovering, though slowly, from their state of deep depression, and to promise again to become valuable possessions to the empire. We hope these expectations may be realised; and undoubtedly some indications of improvement exist among many dispiriting circumstances. The export of sugar in the two years 1847 and 1848 has been greater from our colonies than that of the two years 1845 and 1846; the excess shown by Jamaica is 62,680 cwt.: by British Guiana 390,920 cwt.: by Trinidad 67,720 cwt.: by Antigua 89,360 cwt.: amounting to a total increase in these two years upon the two years preceding, from four of our colonies, of 610,680 cwt.* It would be a short-sighted economy which should check the hopes of this reviving prosperity, and secure almost the whole supply of sugar for England and the rest of Europe to the slave-traders and planters of Cuba and Brazil.

There are other considerations which greatly fortify our conclusion, but to which we will only allude. One is, that, in the opinion of all the missionaries, without the protection of our squadron all missions must be abandoned. We wish we had room to describe what the missions, especially those in Old Calabar and Abbeokuta, have accomplished towards leading the natives to abandon human sacrifices and the slave trade, and to adopt, to a considerable degree, the habits of civilised life. Suffice it to say, that though here, as elsewhere, the good heaven can hardly work its way through, and though the difficulties are great, yet a very decided effect has already been produced upon the natives. The fibres of something like gradual civilisation appear in some places to be beginning to hold together the blowing sand. But all that we have yet done and all that we can hope to do will be destroyed at a blow, by the removal of the cruisers, and by the consequent exposure of the missionaries to the attacks of their slave-trading enemies. To estimate what missions may do in Africa, it is only necessary to point out what they have actually effected in the West Indies. We attribute to our religious instruction, more than to our twenty millions, the peaceable success of negro emancipation.

Another result of the cessation of our protective measures we should lament most deeply. It is the return of our own countrymen to the slave trade. That this would be the case, was clearly proved before the Committees: and let those who entertain doubts on this subject consider the state of the Liverpool traffic before the British slave trade was abolished. Let them

* Speech, March 20. 1850.

read the petitions from that town; let them remember the speeches of its representatives. Are we willing, after all we have done and suffered in this great cause, again to steep our hands in blood? Surely this is all but impossible; and we rejoice that our Government have proved themselves, by their resistance to the proposition, worthy successors of the Whigs of 1806, and of those who completed the task of the abolition of the Slave Trade, by the abolition of Slavery itself.

We entered upon this inquiry with considerable uncertainty; and we have not been insensible in the course of it to the arguments advanced in favour of neutrality. Interposition in behalf even of humanity will be often a mixed question; and this is eminently one in which the truth can only be come at by going into the whole case. After a diligent examination of its several particulars, we rejoice to say, our doubts and difficulties have disappeared. We are satisfied by the evidence, that, on the removal of the cruisers,—

1. The slave trade would increase to twice or perhaps three times its present extent:

2. That, this increase would fill Africa with ruin and desolation:

3. That, it would add vastly to both the numbers and the sufferings of the slaves in Cuba and Brazil:

4. That, the horrors of the Middle Passage would remain unabated, while a far greater number of persons would have to undergo them:

5. That, our legitimate commerce with Africa, which is of great, and may become of enormous value, would be destroyed:

6. That, our West Indian islands would be almost totally ruined by the cheapness of slave labour in Cuba and Brazil, were the slave trade free:

7. That, the missions in West Africa would be extinguished, and with them the promise they give of becoming foci of civilisation, agriculture, and commerce:

8. And that, Englishmen would again largely engage in the slave trade, to the utter disgrace of the nation.

With these conclusions before us, we can no longer hesitate. England, by abandoning in weariness or selfishness an undertaking originally entered into from motives of humanity and religion, would announce to the whole world, and must confess to herself, with guilty shame, that a career of humanity and self-denial had proved on trial a career too noble for her to pursue;—and that, though she has foully wronged the negro race, owes them reparation, and has acknowledged the obligation, she nevertheless declines fulfilling it,—because, to fulfil it would cost her money.

ART. IX. — *Report of the Judgment of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council in the Case of Gorham versus the Bishop of Exeter, March 8. 1850.*

‘IT is a bad business,’ said Abu Musa, in the sedition at Mecca, ‘and he that meddles least with it has less chance of doing wrong. For what says the Prophet touching an evil affair of the kind? He who sleepeth in it is better than he that waketh — he that lieth than he that sitteth — he that sitteth than he that standeth — he that standeth than he that walketh — he that walketh than he that rideth.’

The words of the Prophet are still true; and we would gladly have spared ourselves and our readers the annoyance of passing through even the outskirts of the Gorham controversy. The impossibility of fully sympathising with either party — the unmeaning character of most of the points in dispute — the elaborate tediousness with which the case has dragged its slow length along — would have justified us in putting it aside at once, and forgetting it now, as we trust that it will be forgotten not many months hence. ‘As for these Sacramentarian quarrels,’ says good Bishop Hall, ‘Lord! how bitter have they been! — how frequent! — how long! — in six several successions of learned conflicts. In these cases the very victory is miserable — such, as Pyrrhus said of his, as is enough to undo the conqueror.’

But although in itself the controversy deserves little consideration, it has grown into such colossal dimensions, as to suggest, even where it does not invite, topics of great interest and instruction. We may safely leave to themselves the personalities with which the Primate has been assailed by the Bishop, and the vengeance with which the Bishop has been visited by the Presbyter — not to speak of the separate ingredients of discord and confusion thrown into the boiling cauldron by the controversies of Mr. Badeley, Mr. Maskell, Mr. Bennett, Mr. Irons, Mr. Allies, and Mr. Dodsworth, with one another, and with every one else; and proceed at once to the great question at issue in the whole struggle.

That question, when stript of all accessories and disguises, is no less than the question, whether the Church of England is now, and is to continue, a national institution. It is involved in both the points in dispute — to a certain extent in that which relates to the Court of Appeal which has decided the case — to a much greater extent in that which relates to the judgment which the Court has pronounced.

A moment's glance at the past history of the Church of England will best explain our meaning. Even before the era of the Reformation, the Anglican hierarchy had, in spite of the peculiar interests of their order, struck deep root into the affections of the people and the genius of the country. The intimate connexion of the secular with the ecclesiastical element, which survived the convulsions of the sixteenth century, and which still is stamped on the face of our legislature, our monarchy, our universities, our clergy, is a living result of that old and early union which, like all the rest of our constitution, was slowly maturing itself in the struggles of the Middle Ages, and had just reached the most critical point of its developement when it was overtaken by the tempest of the Reformation. That great event, which in many countries caused the nation and the clergy to start asunder more widely than before, in England riveted their union, at least politically speaking, more strongly than ever. The form which this union took expressed itself, as every one knows, in the establishment of the great principle of what was then called the Supremacy of the Crown, but what is now in reality the Supremacy of the Law. We bring these two phrases together advisedly, because it has been often overlooked that the latter is of necessity, in our own days, the only intelligible translation of the former; and hence it is that the wise and beneficent institutions which, out of the strong will and strong sense of the Tudor sovereigns, have grown into the bulwarks of the constitution of Queen Victoria, often labour most unjustly under the odium which rightly attaches, in many points, to the personal character of Henry and Elizabeth. It is as unreasonable to refuse the benefits of the Statutes of *Præmunire* and of the Royal Supremacy, because they remind us of the divorce of Catherine of Arragon and of the persecutions of Puritans and Catholics, as it would be to refuse the benefits of the Habeas Corpus and the Bill of Rights, because they remind us of the wicked statesmen who figure in the pages of Macaulay.

Of this intimate connexion between the various elements, secular and ecclesiastical, of our body politic, one amongst a thousand results has been the fact, which to some has seemed so strange — the decision of an ecclesiastical controversy by the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council.

It is not necessary to enter into a detailed defence of the composition of that august tribunal. In answer to the clamour against the anomaly of submitting spiritual causes to the judgment of a court of laymen, it is enough to reply that this anomaly, if anomaly it be, is the direct consequence of that theory, or, to speak more correctly, of that constitution of the relations of Church and

State, which has been the especial object of the praise of Cranmer, and Hooker, and Selden, and Burke, and Coleridge, and Arnold. In answer to the clamour for the rights of the clergy against the tyranny of the State, it is sufficient to reply that that is no tyranny which protects the minority, or it may be the majority, of the clergy from the inquisition of prelates like the Bishop of Exeter, and of synods such as those which have lately assembled in Hanover Square and in Willis's Rooms. Let Churchmen listen to the warning voice of S. Gregory Nazianzen,—‘To say the truth, I have utterly determined never to come to any council of bishops; for I never yet saw good end of any councils; for councils abate not ill things, but rather increase them.’ Let Englishmen listen to the sober judgment of their great statesman,—‘We know that the convocation of the clergy had formerly been called and sat with nearly as much regularity and business as Parliament itself. It is now called for form only. It sits for the purpose of making some polite ecclesiastical compliments to the king; and when that grace is said, retires, and is heard of no more. It is, however, a part of the constitution, and may be called out into act and energy whenever there is occasion, and’—we call particular attention to the conclusion which follows upon this lucid statement—‘whenever *those who conjure up that spirit will choose to abide the consequences*. It is wise to permit its legal existence; it is *wiser to continue it a legal existence only*. So truly has prudence the entire dominion over any exercise of power committed into its hands; and yet *I have lived to see prudence and conformity to circumstances wholly set at nought in our late controversies, and treated as if they were the most contemptible and irrational of all things.*’*

But it is not on the composition of the tribunal that we would chiefly dwell. The judgment itself is, after all, its best justification; and whenever any purely clerical court shall deliver a decision equally wise, and just, and dispassionate, the nation might look with more composure on the transference of the jurisdiction of the Privy Council from its present administrators. The correctness of the judgment may now be safely left to fall or stand by its own merits. Its mode of procedure has been admirably vindicated by Archdeacon Harc, in his Letter to Mr. Cavendish. Its arguments have been triumphantly defended by Mr. Goode against a polemic of no ordinary vehemence and power. Its conclusion has received, from the honourable con-

* Burke's Letter to the Sheriffs of Bristol.

fession of Mr. Maskell, a testimony in its favour which leaves nothing more to be added.

It was, in fact, no new controversy which was brought before the Judicial Committee, and it is no new discovery which they have made. It was but a subordinate branch of the question, often asked in former times, and as often answered in the affirmative, — whether Calvinism was admissible within the Church of England. The judgment of Lord Langdale did but announce, in terms of legal precision and judicial gravity, the same undoubted fact which Lord Chatham expressed when he spoke of ‘the Popish Liturgy, the Calvinistic Articles, and the ‘Arminian Clergy;’ which Bishop Horsley expressed when he ‘asserted what he had often before asserted, and by God’s grace ‘declared that he would assert, to his dying day,’ ‘that upon ‘the principal points in dispute between the Arminian and ‘Calvinists — on all the points characteristic of the two sects — ‘the Church of England maintains an absolute neutrality;’ and ‘that there is nothing to hinder the Arminian and the highest ‘supra-lapsarian Calvinist from walking together in the Church ‘of England and Ireland as friends and brothers, if they both ‘approve the discipline of the Church, and both are willing to ‘submit to it.’ And every reader of this Review will remember the irresistible humour and not less irresistible logic which, in 1822, lent its powerful aid to the burst of public indignation against the prelate who endeavoured, by the 87 questions of Peterborough, to extort the same conformity to his own opinions from the Calvinistic curate of Blatherwycke that is now claimed by the 140 questions of the Bishop of Exeter from the Calvinistic vicar of St. Just. Why the Peterborough controversy should have been allowed to die away in silence, whilst the Gorham controversy is thought of sufficient importance to convulse the Church to its centre, it is for our modern agitators to determine.

But it is not merely on the well-known inclusion of Calvinism and Arminianism within the Church of England that the justice of the recent judgment reposes. It rests on a wider basis, on a more impregnable position, — the very foundation of the Church of England, as represented by the most indubitable testimony of historical facts. There is no need — although if need there were it could be amply satisfied — for minute comparison of the particular formularies of the Church to prove the general truth that it is, by the very conditions of its being, not High or Low, but Broad. The wonder is how any one who knows anything of the English Reformation can have hesitated for a moment in acknowledging that the Church of England, like every other

institution which came out of that momentous crisis, bore upon its features the impress of the contradictory elements which were contending for the mastery. Two principles—the principles of Rome and of Geneva—were struggling for life and death in England, as in every other country in Europe, for a triumph, which in England alone was in part lost, in part won, by both alike. If even in Germany, proverbial for the precision and fearlessness of her eminent men, the confessions and apologies of the Protestant Churches retain traces of the conflict, how much more in England, well called the native country of compromise, whose distinguishing excellence has always been a strong sense of practical unity amidst the utmost confusion of theoretical contradictions. Never was there a contest in which parties were so equally balanced,—in which the weight of external circumstances so instantly turned the scale. We cannot look steadily at any one scene or view in those eventful times without finding that it is dissolving into its opposite. At the accession of Edward the nation is Protestant. At the accession of Mary it is Roman Catholic. The very same proxies which the year before Edward's death were in the hands of Cranmer appear the next year in the hands of Bonner. It could not but be that every public act and document of the Reformers was marked by signs of the struggle through which they had passed: they had to build up their system sword in hand, with the axe of Henry behind them, and the fires of Mary before them; and, like the walls of Athens, after the Persian war, the whole fabric, strong as it has been in defence of the citadel, yet naturally 'exhibits in its irregular structure a lasting monument of the clashing interests and jarring passions by which the ill-assorted parts were brought together.'*

Nor must the peculiar disposition of those chiefly concerned be forgotten. If ever there were characters who would naturally have been inclined to gather within the sweep of their institutions as large a mass of supporters as possible, they were the two first Protestant Primates, Cranmer and Parker, and, above all, the great Protestant Queen, under whom the whole system was first compacted together. Without ascribing to them any remote prevision, or even any deliberate intention, they could hardly fail, by the very force of their nature, to accomplish the purpose which Fuller ascribes to their work, in language not inapposite to the circumstances of the present day. 'Some,' says that quaint and original writer, in speaking of the Thirty-nine Articles, 'have un-

* Thirlwall's *Greece*, vol. iii. p. 365.

‘justly taxed the composers for too much favour extended in
 ‘their large expressions, clean through the contexture of these
 ‘Articles, which should have tied men’s consciences up closer
 ‘in stricter and more particularising propositions: which, indeed,
 ‘proceeded from their commendable moderation: *children’s*
 ‘*clothes ought to be made of the biggest, because afterwards their*
 ‘*bodies will grow up to their garments.* Thus the Articles of the
 ‘English Protestant Church, in the infancy thereof, they thought
 ‘good to draw up in general terms, foreseeing that posterity
 ‘would grow up to fill the same. I mean, these holy men did
 ‘prudently prediscover that differences in judgments would un-
 ‘avoidably happen in the Church, and were loath to unchurch
 ‘any and drive them off from an ecclesiastical communion for
 ‘such petty differences; *which made them plan the Articles in*
 ‘*comprehensive words, to take in all who, differing in the branches,*
 ‘*meet in the root of the same religion.*’ (Church History, b. ix.
 § 52.)

To this mixed origin of our formularies corresponds the mixed history of our ecclesiastical parties ever since. There was force enough in the purely Protestant element to eject the Roman Catholic bishops at the accession of Elizabeth; there was not force enough to eject the great mass of Roman Catholic communicants till the memorable twelfth year of the same reign, from which some modern ecclesiastical purists date the beginning of what they call ‘the Roman Catholic schism’ in England. There was force enough in the Roman, or (so called) Catholic element, to roll back the principles of Cranmer and Abbott, in the time of Charles I. and Charles II.; there was not force enough to prevent the return of those principles in 1688, with the additional strength of the yet more hostile influences of the 18th century. The character of the spotted ‘panther’ by Dryden is but an enemy’s representation of ‘the mean between the two
 ‘extremes,—of too much stiffness in refusing, and of too much
 ‘casiness in admitting variations,’ which the Church of England claims as its own peculiar ‘wisdom.’ Jeremy Taylor, the prince of English divines, whose writings present, as in a many-sided mirror, all opinions that Christian divines ever held,—Hooker, the judicious champion of moderation against the exclusiveness of Rome on the one hand, and Geneva on the other,—are but the natural types of a Church, of which they have ever been regarded as the greatest ornaments. The very existence of the ‘Via Media,’ so long the pride of Anglican theology, is a testimony to the twofold aspect which the English ecclesiastical system has always worn alike in the eyes of its friends and its enemies.

But, in fact, this double character is not peculiar to the *Church of England* — it is the characteristic feature of *England* itself. It runs through the whole course of the English character and history, from the time when England itself first became a nation down to the present moment. We do not mean that our national character is the sole cause of the peculiarity which marks our National Reformation, but it contributed largely to the complex character of that great movement, and it illustrates, even where it does not form, the breadth and comprehensiveness of our ecclesiastical institutions. Every where we are met by the cross of our first parentage — we are not Normans merely, nor Saxons, but Englishmen — the two theological elements in our Liturgy are not more strongly contrasted than the two elements of speech so prominently brought out in the language of its first Exhortation. Our revolutions, unlike those of foreign nations, have been conducted not in single, sudden, abrupt convulsions, but by long struggles, by ancient precedent, through action and reaction, of two mighty principles, each as distinct now as when they were brought face to face in King and Baron, Cavalier and Roundhead, Jacobite and Orangeman. Our universities are constructed, at least nominally, on the combination of two opposite institutions — the collegiate and the professorial. Our political constitution is worked for the most part by the union of a theory and practice utterly at variance with each other. Our judicial courts, civil and ecclesiastical, vie with each other in the mass of irreconcilable doctrines which are involved in almost every turn of their most solemn forms.

Such considerations, even if not strictly applicable to the case in question, yet tend to indicate the inconsistency of reproaching the recent Judgment, or the Church of England, for the very qualities which, in the rest of our national institutions, we honour with the highest commendation, and which, in our general history, have led to such beneficial results. The wisest Germans feel, that to unsettle the equal relations established between the Roman Catholics and Protestants at the Peace of Westphalia, would be to undo the work which Providence has wrought among them by the infallible signs of thirty years of misery and bloodshed. The wisest Englishmen should feel no less, that to cast either of the existing parties out of the Church of England, is to act in despite of that Providence which, through three hundred years of war and peace, has never allowed either of the two parties entirely to succumb to the other. ‘What God has joined, let no man put asunder.’ ‘Happy that country,’ was the expression of a European sovereign who some years past visited this island, and surveyed with delight our ancient eccle-

siastical institutions—‘Happy that country where the new is intertwined with the old—where the old is ever new, and the new is ever old.’ And woe to that generation (it may well be said, in continuation of the same thought), which shall dis sever the old from the new—which shall make the old for ever old, and the new for ever new.

Even if it were no more than the fear of disturbing a system which is in a wonderful manner the expression of the national mind, we might well pause before we pronounced ourselves equal to the performance of a duty, if it were a duty, so awful as this task would involve. But there is a higher motive than the natural desire to defend our existing system, which should make us rejoice in the peaceable settlement of any question like that which has called forth these remarks. It is because the system of the Church of England has endured so long and, on the whole, so successfully, that we ought to hesitate before we join the ecclesiastical agitators who wish to destroy it. But it is because it contains germs of good untold for generations yet to come, that we are bound not only to acquiesce in its continuance, but to cling to it as the best hope for the future. Never was there a case in which the ‘*Spartam nactus es*’ of the oracle was so immediately followed up by the ‘*Hanc exorna*.’

Beginning from the humblest grounds, it is worth the consideration of every well-wisher to the energy as well as to the peace of the Established Church, to take warning from the sad pages of our history, which tell us how far more we have lost than gained by those instances—happily few and far between—in which the equilibrium of the two parties has been for a time overthrown. It is surely no matter of boasting to the Church of England that the author of the *Saints’ Rest*, and the author of the *Morning and Evening Hymn*, died in exile from its communion. It was surely no gain in the period after the Restoration, when the Church needed all the forces which it could muster to contend against the licentiousness of the times, that it had, by Sheldon and the Cavaliers, been deprived of the services of 2000 of its most zealous ministers—nor in the dryness and coldness of the eighteenth century, that Tillotson and Tenison lived apart from the fervour and animation, misplaced though it might be, of their Nonjuring brethren. Least of all should the High Church party of the present day presume to demand the ejection of the school, to whose devotion and activity in the close of the last and the beginning of this century the Church of England may almost be said to owe its very existence. Had the advocates of the High Church view of baptism during the last generation succeeded in expelling their Evangelical oppo-

nents from the Church as summarily as their modern representatives desire to expel the same opponents now, it may well be asked by what means (humanly speaking) the religious life of the Establishment could have been preserved? Had the same test been enforced fifty years ago which so many are labouring to enforce now, it is enough to say, that it would have driven from the Church (to mention two names only out of hundreds) Wilberforce and Simcon.

There is, however, a yet nearer case which might induce High Churchmen in the present controversy to pause before they complain, that 'the *bona fides* of subscription is shaken' by the judgment of the Privy Council. When we read the list of names attached to the resolutions and the memorials of March, 1850, and then consider how many of those very names were attached to the famous address of March, 1845, which thanked the Oxford Proctors for preventing a censure on the 90th Tract for the Times, we confess that it is with difficulty that we can repress the astonishment, which must arise in every reasonable mind at conduct involving (to use the mildest term) such extraordinary inconsistency. Who were then so eager to claim the protection of 'the stammering lips of ambiguous formularies' in behalf of themselves or their friends, as those who now think it essential to the existence of a Church that it should express itself dogmatically and precisely on one of the most controverted points that theology contains? Who were then so vehement against the theological decisions of Sir Herbert Jenner Fust as those who now regard him as a second Daniel come to judgment? Who were then so reluctant to appeal to the excited tribunal of an assembly of clergy at Oxford as those who are now moving heaven and earth to obtain a Provincial Synod in London? It may be that no extent of liberal interpretation could have admitted within the meaning of our formularies the enormous latitude of Number 90. and of Mr. Ward's Ideal; but this is certain, that not only those who then claimed and who must still claim that latitude for themselves, but also that vast section of High Church clergy who differ as widely from the letter of the Articles as, on the most unfavourable construction, Mr. Gorham can be said to differ from the letter of the Liturgy, ought not, for very shame, to utter one word against the only principle of interpretation which enables the Church to receive their own subscription. Once apply a rigid rule of construction, and the Articles on General Councils, on the Royal Supremacy, on the Sacraments, on Justification, must close the gates as effectually against all the followers of the Bishop of Exeter,

as the words of the Baptismal Thanksgiving would close them against the Archbishop of York and Mr. Gorham. Once allow the Romanising and Catholicising party to breathe freely, and the same admission opens the door to the vast mass of their Evangelical brethren whom they are now trying to exclude. Let 'the wheel' of theological controversy again 'come full cycle,' and we shall see the High Church body clamouring as fiercely against strict interpretations and clerical synods then, as they are clamouring for them now, and as they did, in fact, clamour against them five years ago. We believe that the Church of England and the nation of England gain by the comprehension of various elements within its pale; and we should be the last to deal harshly with men so able, so zealous, and so devout, as many of the High Church party have proved themselves to be. But they cannot be too often reminded that all parties, in all their shades, need the protection of the principle laid down in the judgment of Lord Langdale—a principle so amply confirmed and sanctioned by their own position and claims, both heretofore and now. If that judgment be latitudinarian, it is a latitudinarianism of which the example has been set in other points of doctrine by the late Primate, no less than by the present—by the Bishop of Bath and Wells when he tolerated, and wisely tolerated, the Anglo-Catholic party at Oxford, no less than by the Bishop of St. David's, who labours to vindicate the same liberty of conscience for the poor clergy who have been entrusted to his pastoral care among the mountains of Wales.

But, in truth, the position which we claim for the Church of England, as it is far above any passing emergency, so neither does it stand in need of any personal recriminations. It secures not only the inestimable advantage of retaining within the pale of the Establishment both the rival schools of theology,—in this particular instance the school of Jewell, and Usher, and Bedell, and Leighton, and Wilberforce, and Sumner, side by side with that of Laud, and Ken, and Pusey,—but it also is the only guarantee for the general moderation and comprehensiveness which are essential to the very idea of a great national institution in a country like this. There may have been those amongst us who, in their lofty aspirations after Christian perfection, have dreamed of a time—when the noble theory of the first English Reformers should be realised in a sense even higher than that in which it was conceived by the eminent statesmen and divines of that period,—when the English Church should indeed be co-extensive with the English nation. That the precincts of the Church of England should furnish room for such a hope, even in the remote future, and that in the present crisis they have

not been (as they might have been) so narrowed as to stifle that hope for ever, is a matter of deep thankfulness. Yet, happy as such a prospect may be, and delightful, as it is to contemplate its possible accomplishment, not by the crude attempts of hasty speculators—not by the premature application of uncertain theories—not by the external pressure of liberal governments, but by the slow march of ages, by the uncertain conflicts of the 16th and 17th centuries, by grave judicial decisions, and by the wise moderation of dignified ecclesiastics,—there is a nearer and more urgent service which the Church of England may render, unless its first principles are trampled under foot by the violence or the misunderstanding of its own professed supporters. It has been stated by the author of a pamphlet* on the present controversy, that the recent judgment is a triumph, not (as he calls them) of the Puritan, but only of ‘the Philosophical or Latitudinarian school,’ within the Church. If the able writer of that letter had consulted his own vigorous common sense, instead of a fanciful division of the Church into schools, which, for the purpose in question, have no existence at all, he would, we are sure, have arrived at a very different conclusion, and have seen that there were interests to be secured by the judgment of the Privy Council as far removed from Puritan and Latitudinarian theories as either of those theories are from each other,—interests never to be slighted by a Christian minister, least of all to be slighted in times like our own. Every one acknowledges the fact that we are thrown upon an age of unusual fermentation in thought and speculation. That vast convulsion, of which our fathers saw the first beginnings, still continues: the great thaw which broke up the long frost of the 18th century is still in every quarter dissolving the existing fabric of opinion; principles long dormant are springing into life; forms long unmeaning are either perishing or acquiring new animation; the ancient Giants Pope and Pagan, whom Bunyan saw crippled and shackled in their caves, are beginning once again to rattle their chains and exhibit unwonted signs of activity.

‘Apparent diræ facies, inimicaque Trojæ
Numina ——.’

Now, who are they that most suffer, and most require the aid of external institutions, at such a period as this? Not surely those

* ‘The Bearings of the Gorham Case.’ A Letter to a Friend. By James Craigie Robertson, M. A., Vicar of Bokesbourne; the author of an excellent work on the Rubrical controversy, under the title ‘*How shall we conform to the Liturgy?*’

who, taking a prominent part in such discussions, have the support of their own convictions, and the sympathy of their own partizans,—not the Puritan, or the Romanising, or the philosophical schools, if such schools can be fairly eliminated from each other's ranks,—but those whose natural disposition withdraws them from the strife of tongues, into which they are cast by the lot of their age, and who shrink from taking an active part in a contest in which they feel they have little or no concern, and long to repose in truths which they hold as certain and essential, instead of dwelling on those which their natural character leads them to regard as doubtful and comparatively indifferent. These are precisely the bruised reeds which a National Church-institution is bound to abstain from crushing,—the smoking flax which it should be most careful not to quench; and these are precisely the characters which the actual state of the Church of England, as handed down from the Reformation, as confirmed by the Judgment of the Privy Council, is, above every other similar institution in the world, calculated to protect and console. The class which Isaac Walton describes as his own still occupies the chief place in the community, namely, those whom, by way of distinction from 'the active Romanists,' and 'the restless nonconformists,' he calls 'the passive peaceable Protestants.' 'These last,' adds the gentle angler, 'pleaded and defended their cause by established laws both ecclesiastical and civil, and, if they were active, it was to prevent the other two from destroying what was by those known laws happily established to them and their posterity.*' To this class belonged, in his rustic retirement, the great Hooker;—to this class, in a later age, Isaac Walton himself—to this class, in our own time, the great mass of the nation, rich and poor, male and female, who are members of the Church of England, because they wish to be religious without being members of a party or a sect. More speculative minds may long for the professorial chairs of Germany, or the elaborate systems of Aquinas or Bellarmine; more resolute minds may long for greater simplicity of principle, for greater vigour in the enforcement of ecclesiastical discipline. But those of whom we just now spoke—the little ones, whom to offend is to incur a greater guilt than to be drowned in the depths of the sea,—who in Protestant Germany might have been driven to distraction by the unbounded liberty of speculation, or, in Roman Catholic Italy, have been driven to infidelity by the iron yoke of authority,—these are the very persons who seek and find in the bosom of the Church of England the very refuge they want.

* Walton's 'Lives,' i. 354.

Let any one look at a rustic congregation, and ask what it is which is expected from the Church of England by the rude farmer, the simple labourer, the hard shopkeeper, the timid woman, the ignorant child, that come to worship under that sacred roof? Do they wish to know whether their pastor has authority to teach them dogmatically the doctrines of Absolution and the Real Presence? Do they wish to be told whether Regeneration takes place in, before, or after Baptism?—whether their children have been regenerated by *prevenient* grace or by the sprinkling of water?—whether the ‘*Decades of Bullinger*’ or the ‘*Savoy Conference*’ contain the truest exposition of Christian doctrine? Every one knows that they want no such thing. Every one knows that a clergyman who was constantly insisting on such matters in his pulpit would be regarded as hardly in his right mind. Every one knows that what they desire, and what from any good pastor they will receive, is the permission and the help to worship God as their fathers worshipped Him,—to serve Him truly in those various stations in which He has placed them,—to be strengthened and built up in that holy faith which is indeed, in every sense, beyond and ‘without controversy.’

Such is the true end of a Church Establishment,—such is the end which, even after the disastrous secession of many of its most distinguished members, is still to a great extent answered by the Established Church of Scotland,—such is the end which, up to this time, has been, with more or less effect, answered by the Church of England, and which might be answered with still greater effect if it would, in the solemn language of its Ordination Service, ‘wholly apply itself to this one thing, and draw ‘all its cares and studies this way;’ but such is not the end which is either pursued or attained by convocations and synods, by dogmatic statements and stringent subscriptions, by furious letters to the Archbishop of Canterbury, or by a hundred and forty questions to aged Calvinists. We know how the Hampden controversy, even at the very height of its terrors, withered and died in a moment before the blaze of the Revolution of February. We know how the Gorham controversy would be extinguished, in like manner, by any similar catastrophe, whether at home or abroad. Would that the greatness of our daily duties, of our ordinary dangers and privileges, could reveal to our clergy what the sudden convulsions of public life always do reveal,—the nothingness of these verbal disputes, when compared with the living and stirring interests of national and individual welfare. It may be the sign of a healthy political state that our only revolution, as a French traveller is said facetiously

to have expressed it, is the revolution of 'le père Gorham.' It is not the mark of a healthy moral state that 'le père Gorham' should concenter upon himself and his doctrine that energy of hatred which we have been taught by our baptismal vows to reserve for the various forms of moral evil, or that we should labour to turn our artizans into dogmatic theologians more than to make them good citizens and good Christians.

We have dwelt on the historical certainty of the fact that the Church of England was meant to include, and that it has always included, opposite and contradictory opinions, not only on the point now in dispute, but on other points, as important or more important than this. We have dwelt also on the inestimable advantage, if not absolute necessity, of maintaining this position, as the best means of dealing with the peculiar mission of a National Church, especially of a National Church in England, above all, of the Church of England in these times. But we feel that there is a yet higher ground to be taken—that there is a sanction and an example for our position almost too solemn to be insisted upon in these pages, were it not for the greatness of the interests at stake, and for the sincerity, in many instances, of the scruples which such a position excites in those who have not considered it in its true point of view. In the second of those vigorous, though mistaken letters, which have drawn down upon Mr. Maskell the anger of hundreds less plain-spoken or less clear-sighted than himself, — after an examination of the various points on which he truly conceives the Church of England to have expressed no dogmatic opinion, there occurs this (in his view) final and fatal question, — 'Has the world ever before seen, — does there now exist any where — another example of a religious sect or community which does not take one side or the other clearly and distinctly, upon at least a very large proportion of the doctrines of which we have been speaking?'

Yes: the world has seen one example, at least, of a religious community, whose highest authorities did refuse to take one side or the other clearly and distinctly on the questions which were brought for their decision. There was once a council, in which, 'after much disputing,' it was determined not to 'put a yoke upon the neck of the disciples, which neither their fathers nor they were able to bear;' and to whom 'it seemed good to lay upon the Church no greater burden than these necessary things, from which if the brethren kept themselves they should

* A Second Letter on the present position of the High Church Party in the Church of England, p. 40., by the Rev. W. Maskell.

‘do well.’* There was once a conference of those who ‘seemed to be the pillars of the Church’ to decide the claims between the two rival sections of the Christian community, of whom we are told, that ‘when they perceived that He who wrought effectually’ on one side, ‘the same was mighty,’ also on the other side, they ‘gave’ to both ‘the right hand of fellowship,’ that each should ‘go unto’ his own peculiar sphere.† There was once a controversy which distracted the Church with ‘doubtful disputations,’ and the answer which came from an authority, now revered by the whole Christian world, was a decision which decided nothing, except that each party might be left to its own convictions, however opposite and contradictory they might be. ‘Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind. He that regardeth the day regardeth it unto the Lord, and he that regardeth not the day, to the Lord he doth not regard it; he that eateth, eateth to the Lord, for he giveth God thanks; and he that eateth not, to the Lord he eateth not, and giveth God thanks.’‡ It is to the principle, not the subject-matter, of such decisions, that our attention is directed. The controversy to which they related, different as it was from those of modern times, agitated the Apostolical Church no less fiercely, and was invested by the contending parties with no less importance. It is enough for our purpose to learn that the Church of the first century gloried in the freedom which is now regarded as a disgrace, and directed its earliest and its most energetic efforts, not to the enforcement of a rigid uniformity, but to the toleration of wide diversities. It was, indeed, no empty figure of speech which in that early age of Christianity recalled the image of the ark prepared against the flood. It is not an empty boast, that we have now within our reach,—and it will be no imaginary guilt if we, of our own accord, refuse to maintain—a system which shares, in however imperfect a measure, one characteristic attribute of that perfect Church which was to float visibly upon the stormy waters, and gather within itself the characters of various conditions, opinions, and tempers, who fled to it for shelter from the waves of this troublesome world. The Church of England, however, in this respect, unlike the Churches of Rome or of Geneva, may console itself with the reflection that it presents a likeness, however faint, of the Church of the Apostolic age.

It is with reluctance that we descend from that sacred atmosphere to the earth-born mists of modern controversy. We

* Acts, xv. 7. 10. 28.

† Gal. ii. 8, 9.

‡ Rom. xiv. 1. 5, 6.

might well be content to leave the question as it reposes on the general principle so amply justified by the most solemn precedents which the world can furnish, and in this particular case so clearly enunciated by our highest legal functionaries, so wisely sanctioned by the silence of our highest ecclesiastical authorities, so irrefragably justified by the facts of history, so directly applicable to every party in the Church of England. We feel that, whilst taking the question on this its highest ground, we are not only occupying a position impregnable in the present controversy, but that we are defending interests far wider and far more sacred than those which that controversy involves, and are resting under the shade of an authority which the Bishop of Exeter himself will not dare to excommunicate. Long after the Gorham Case has been forgotten, the Church and nation will, we confidently trust, reap the fruits of that calmness and moderation which serve to protect from persecution the very party which is now indignant at being restrained from persecuting others. ‘Old religious factions,’ according to the felicitous image of Burke, ‘are volcanoes burnt out; on the lava and ashes and squalid scoræ of old eruptions grow the peaceful olive, the cheering vine, and the sustaining corn.’

But a few words must, before we conclude, be devoted to the subject of the controversy itself, which has given rise for the present to so much unhappy division,—for the future let us trust to so happy a prospect of ultimate union. Into the details of the question it is not our intention to venture. Of this, with perhaps even greater truth than of the kindred controversy on the Eucharist, we may well say, with Jeremy Taylor, ‘Men have turned the key in this lock so often, till it cannot be either opened or shut, and they have unravelled the clue so long, till they have entangled it.’ In the present instance such a task is rendered doubly hopeless by the shifting and purposeless character of the whole dispute. No sooner do we grapple with an argument or a statement in this Protean contest, than it suddenly turns into something else. Up to the moment of the judgment, ‘Regeneration’ was the word on which the whole question hinged. The moment that the judgment was pronounced, ‘Regeneration’ was discarded, and a totally different phrase and idea,—‘the Remission of Sins,’ was substituted for it. When we ask what is meant by ‘Remission of Sins?’ that expression itself changes into the ‘Remission of Original Sin;’ and if we ask further, whether that phrase is used in the sense of the early Church for the everlasting loss of unbaptized infants, we are repulsed with horror, and some new and equally ambiguous test is given us in its place. Again and again the statements

crumble in our grasp. Again and again we find that they are either so unmeaning that all parties alike conform to them, or so revolting that all alike repudiate them. Or if from words we turn to persons, the chase is still after a phantom. The conflict is like the midnight battle at Syracuse, where each party mistakes the watchword of the other, where Ionian pæans and Dorian pæans are heard alike on either side, where no one is able to draw the line between friends and enemies in the shadowy strife. The extremes, no doubt, differ from each other, but the intermediate stages which unite the extremes are absolutely indistinguishable. Can Mr. Gorham fall without involving Mr. Goode in his ruin? And yet, if Mr. Goode is to be lost, how shall we save the venerable Primate, who has so conspicuously marked him out for honour, and who has so frankly and generously thrown his shield over the oppressed party in the Church? And, then, is it possible to believe that the chasm between the Primate and the Bishop of London is really so vast as to prevent that eminent prelate from holding communion with his most reverend friend? And who shall venture to divide the innumerable shades of opinion which follow? If Archdeacon Manning* maintains that 'Baptism without repentance avails nothing,' how is he to be reconciled with Archdeacon Wilberforce, or how is he to be separated from Archdeacon Hare? Are those, who maintain the change in baptism to be an unconditional change of relation, divisible by more than a hair's breadth distance from those who believe it to be a conditional change of nature? Are those who believe in the conditional regeneration of adults so essentially different from those who believe in the conditional regeneration of infants that the same Church cannot contain them both? How shall we distinguish the view of the Bishop of Exeter, who asserts the former, from the view of Mr. Gorham, who asserts the latter? How can we compile a doctrine of baptism which is to exclude the Vicar, and retain the Bishop? What becomes of all the horror at the slightest variation from the literal sense of our formularies, if the Bishop is allowed to apply the very same interpretation to the service for adults which Mr. Gorham is precluded from applying to the very same words in the service for infants? In short, when those who have signed resolutions and remonstrances in behalf of precise dogmatic statements can themselves draw up a statement precise, dogmatic, and intelligible, which shall neither contradict itself nor themselves, nor each other — when the Bishop of Exeter,

* Manning' Sermons, vol. iv. p. 339.

who denies what Mr. Badeley* holds to be essential, can agree with his own counsel on the very point at issue in the whole dispute; — when, lastly, the Bishop of Exeter, who excommunicates the Primate in 1850, can be reconciled with the Bishop of Exeter who embraces the Methodists and Independents in 1833, — then, and not till then, will be the time to enter into the details of a controversy, of which the most remarkable feature is the marked absence of precision or unity in those who are endeavouring to enforce precise uniformity on the whole Church of England.

There are, however, two general considerations which may fairly be pressed even on the attention of the disputants themselves: I. It is important to observe that, so far from the question of the efficacy of Infant Baptism being an exception to the general comprehensiveness of the Church, it has, up to this time, been held to be one of its most signal exemplifications. The doctrine may be perfectly *true*: all that we are now maintaining is, that it has never been *authoritatively* regarded as *essential*. To those who are not well acquainted with ecclesiastical history, and who listen only to the numerous declarations and protests which speak as if ‘unconditional regeneration in and by baptism’ was the one article of a falling or a standing Church, it might appear as if in no age or country had there ever been any doubt on the subject — as if the doctrine in question had always stood in the very front of every creed and confession that ever was composed. The very reverse is the fact. We will pass over the first century. No one will venture to claim from that sacred age the semblance of a ground for the colossal importance of this new test. But what is true of the creeds of the first century is true also of the creeds of later ages. In the Apostles’ Creed, the great confession of faith through the whole Western Church† — the most venerable monument of primitive antiquity — the symbol at this moment of membership

* Speech of Mr. Badeley, pp. 56. 132. Letter of the Bishop of Exeter, p. 22.

† It may here be noticed by the way, that in the exposition of this creed by Bishop Pearson, although he connects ‘the remission of sins’ with the baptism of adults, so far as to use the two expressions in juxtaposition, there is no mention whatever of the baptism of infants — a material omission, inasmuch as on the question of adults the Bishop of Exeter has expressed his entire concurrence with Mr. Gorham; and, therefore, on the only point at issue, Bishop Pearson has expressed no opinion at all, and has declared that no opinion need be expressed. (*Pearson on the Creed*, Art. X.)

with the Church of England — there is not one word on the Sacrament of Baptism, infant or adult. In the Athanasian Creed, — carefully and awfully as it guards the doctrine of the Catholic faith, and precisely as it states wherein that Catholic faith consists, descending even into the minute question of ‘the double Procession,’ ‘which, unless a man do keep whole and undefiled, without doubt he shall perish everlastingly’ — there is not one word on what is now maintained, in direct contradiction to that celebrated confession, to be ‘an *essential* article of the Catholic faith.’ In the Nicene Creed, or rather in that later edition of it which appeared at the Council of Constantinople, there is a clause which acknowledges ‘one baptism for the remission of sins.’ But that clause is worded, not in the terminology of ecclesiastical controversy, but is taken direct from the large and general language of Scripture itself. Whatever sense is to be attached to it in the only two passages in the New Testament, where the phrase occurs — one relating to the baptism of John the Baptist, the other to the baptism by Peter on the day of Pentecost, — may be, or rather must be, attached to it in the Creed. The context of those passages, the words employed, the belief of the earlier Greek Fathers, the state of theological controversy at the time, — all not only do not enjoin, but almost forbid, the extension of the phrase (as originally intended) from the baptism of adults to that of infants, — from the remission of actual sins to the remission of that original sin of infants which could only by the most violent distortion of language be forced into connexion with the words of the Creed; and even if it were so forced, the question of the mode of remission, whether conditional or unconditional, is still left as open as ever.

And what the Creeds omit to declare as necessary to be believed, neither did the Councils enjoin. One only exception has been drawn up from the abyss of antiquity, which might at first sight seem to give the support of one General Council to something like the dogma now put forward. In that awful and menacing language, of which the Bishop of Exeter is so perfect a master, the Primate was presented ‘with a canon of the Fourth Council of Carthage, a council received generally, and one whose laws were adopted by the General Council of Chalcedon. The first canon of the Fourth Council of Carthage, which is thus seen to have had the authority of the whole Catholic Church, in giving rules for the examination of one elected to be a bishop, directs, amongst other things, as follows: — “Quærendum etiam ab eo si credat, &c., si in baptismo omnia peccata, id est, tam originale contractum, quam illa quæ voluntariè admissa sunt, dimittantur.” Thus it appears that no

‘one in the Primitive Church could possibly be ordained a bishop without its being first ascertained that he believed original sin to be remitted in baptism.’* We will not now inquire how far this alleged requisition from the ancient bishops agrees with the requisition by modern bishops from their clergy. It is sufficient to state, first, that there is much reason to believe that the canons of the Fourth Council of Carthage are, from beginning to end, a complete forgery; secondly, that, even were they genuine, there is no proof that they were adopted by the General Council of Chalcedon; thirdly, that, had they been so adopted, and thus ‘have had the authority of the whole Catholic Church,’ they contain, ‘amongst other things,’ these two regulations: ‘That *no bishop shall read a Gentile book* ;’ that ‘no bishop, on pain of deprivation of the right of ordination, shall ever ordain a clergyman who *has been twice married or who has married a widow*.’

Such is the result of the only instance alleged from the Primitive Church in behalf of an authoritative statement of ‘the doctrine of Holy Baptism.’ Through the tomes of the Mediæval Church we confess that we have not thought it necessary to search. To one work, however, of the Middle Ages we will refer, because it is in everybody’s hands, and because it refutes, more decisively even than the authority of Creeds and Councils, the alleged necessity for practically pressing forward this doctrine. If there be any one manual of devotion used with universal edification through the whole Catholic Church, it is ‘The Imitation of Christ,’ by Thomas à Kempis. From one end to the other of that admirable book, of which the very object is to build up the soul of the believer, there is not the remotest allusion to the doctrine which is now said to be the indispensable basis — the ever-recurring topic — in all Christian education.

From the Church of the Middle Ages we turn to the Church of England. We have already, to a certain extent, anticipated all that could be said. If our Reformed Church has not thought it right to decide authoritatively on the great questions of Calvinism and Arminianism, it must, *à fortiori*, have declined to decide on the subordinate question of grace in the baptism of children. From the mass of evidence to prove that on this point diversities of opinion were always regarded as admissible, we will select two facts. The first shall be given in the forcible language of Mr. Maskell: — ‘Perhaps without two exceptions

* Letter of the Bishop of Exeter to the Archbishop of Canterbury, p. 15.

‘ all the divines, bishops and archbishops, doctors and professors,
 ‘ of the Elizabethan age,—the age, be it remembered, of the
 ‘ present Common Prayer-book in its chief particulars, and of
 ‘ the Book of Homilies, and of the Thirty-nine Articles,—held
 ‘ and taught doctrines inconsistent with the [High Church] doc-
 ‘ trine of Baptism.’* The second shall be a quotation from Wall’s
 ‘ History of Infant Baptism,’—a book which is, as every one
 knows, recommended throughout the English Church as the stan-
 dard work on that subject, and in which the author had every
 inducement to exaggerate the importance of a topic, to the in-
 vestigation of which he had devoted the best years of his life:—
 ‘ Baptism itself does, indeed, make an article in several old
 ‘ creeds, as, for example, in the Constantinopolitan, which is
 ‘ now received in all Christendom,—“ I acknowledge one bap-
 ‘ tism for the remission of sins.” But the determination of
 ‘ *the age or manner of receiving it was never thought fit to make*
 ‘ *an article of faith.*’ (Vol. ii. p. 549.) And he adds, in a few
 pages afterwards, with a moderation which would almost seem
 to be directly aimed at the extraordinary positions maintained
 by some of our modern writers on the same subject:—‘ The
 ‘ sophisters in logic have a way by which, if any man do hold
 ‘ any the least error in philosophy, they will, by a long train of
 ‘ consequences, prove that he denies the first maxims of common
 ‘ sense. And some would bring that spiteful art into religion,
 ‘ whereby they will prove him that is mistaken in the least
 ‘ point to be that Antichrist that denieth the Father and the
 ‘ Son. If the Pædobaptist and the Anti-Pædobaptist be mis-
 ‘ taken, yet let them not make heathens of one another. The
 ‘ denial of the Quakers to be Christians,—those of them I mean
 ‘ that believe the Scriptures,—has such a dreadful consequence
 ‘ with it, that one would not willingly admit it (though they
 ‘ deny all baptism), because they, however, possess that which is
 ‘ the chief thing signified and intended by baptism.’ (Vol. ii.
 p. 570.)

Statements to the same effect might be multiplied indefinitely,
 but enough has been adduced to show that whatever heresy
 attaches (as Mr. Denison and his supporters declare that it does
 attach) to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, for
 leaving this doctrine an open question, attaches also to the Church
 of England, as represented in the compilers of its formularies,
 and in the work which its bishops and archbishops have for
 the last hundred years recommended as the one complete state-
 ment of the whole controversy; and not only to the Church of

* Second Letter, &c., by Rev. W. Maskell, p. 15.

England, but to the Creeds and Councils of the Primitive Church itself; above all to the authors of the Apostles' Creed, the Nicene Creed, and the Athanasian Creed; and to all Churches, ancient and modern, which accept those confessions as adequate expressions of Christian truth.

II. Such is a brief survey of the view which the Christian Church from the earliest to the latest times has taken of the *importance* of the doctrines connected with Infant Baptism. It would be a more instructive inquiry had we time to unfold the view which in different ages has been taken of those doctrines themselves; instructive not merely for the purposes of the present controversy, but as illustrating some of the most important features in the history of the Church itself. It would exhibit in striking relief the impassable gulf which exists between all modern views, Catholic and Protestant alike, on the one hand, and those of the ancient Church, to which so many zealots in the recent conflicts profess themselves adherents. It would show the immense elevation of the Apostolic times above those which immediately succeeded, and the long toil by which subsequent ages have laboured, consciously or unconsciously, to work back to that divine original from which the Church so suddenly and sadly fell. It would mark at once the weakness and the strength of that Church through all its later stages,—its weakness in allowing the peculiar influences of successive ages to colour and mould its form of belief,—its strength in constantly asserting, even against the most prevalent corruptions and amidst the most painful self-contradictions, the moral and spiritual element, which in any other religion than Christianity would have died away under the weight of heterogeneous materials, but which has always remained, dimly burning, yet never extinguished, and illuminating even the darkest recesses in which it was buried. It would show, lastly, how great is the agreement amongst all serious persons, certainly in this age, and, probably, in most ages, on the only point which really affects their practice, and how needless is the clamour for a precision of statement, which the nature of the subject either precludes or renders superfluous.

To treat such a subject worthily of its interest would fill a volume. Our present limits will only allow us to indicate abruptly and imperfectly its chief landmarks. What, then, was Baptism in the Apostolic Age? The fewest words will most reverently tell what indeed it requires but few words to describe. We must place before our minds the greatest religious change which the world has seen or can see. Imagine thousands of men and women seized by one common impulse,—abandoning,

by the irresistible conviction of a day, an hour, a moment, their former habits, friends, associates, to be enrolled in a new society under the banner of a new faith. Conceive what that new society was—a society of ‘brothers;’ bound by ties closer than any earthly brotherhood—filled with life and energy such as fall to the lot of none but the most ardent enthusiasts, yet tempered by a moderation, a wisdom, and a holiness such as mere enthusiasts have never possessed. Picture that society, swayed by the presence of men whose very names seem too sacred for the converse of ordinary mortals, and by the recent recollections of One, whom ‘not seeing they loved with love unspeakable.’ Into this society they passed by an act as natural as it was expressive. The plunge into the bath of purification, long known among the Jewish nation as the symbol of a change of life, was still retained as the pledge of entrance into this new and universal communion—retained under the express sanction of Him, into whose most holy name they were by that solemn rite ‘baptized.’ The water in those Eastern regions, so doubly significant of all that was pure and refreshing, closed over the heads of the converts, and they rose into the light of heaven, new and altered beings. Can we wonder if on such an act were lavished all the figures which language could furnish to express the mighty change: ‘Regeneration,’ ‘Illumination,’ ‘Burial,’ ‘Resurrection,’ ‘A new creation,’ ‘Forgiveness of sins,’ ‘Salvation’? Well might the Apostle say, ‘Baptism doth even now save us,’ even had he left his statement in its unrestricted strength to express what in that age no one could misunderstand. But no less well was he led to add, as if with a divine prescience of coming evils, ‘Not the putting away the filth of the flesh, but—the answer of a good conscience towards God.’

Such was the Apostolic baptism. It is startling to witness the abrupt descent from the first century to the third, the fourth, the fifth. The rite was, indeed, still in great measure what in its origin it had been almost universally, the great change from darkness to light, from evil to good; the ‘second birth’ of men from the corrupt society of the dying Roman Empire into the purifying and elevating influence of the living Christian Church.*

* As a general rule in the writings of the later Fathers, there is no doubt that the words which we translate ‘Regeneration,’ is used exclusively for Baptism. But it is equally certain that in the earlier Fathers it is used for *Repentance*, or, as we should now say, *Conversion*. See Clem. Rom. i. 9. Justin. Dial. in Tryph. p. 231. B. D. Clemens Alex. (apud Eus. H. E. iii. 23.) Strom. lib. ii. 8. 425. A.

Nay, in some respects the deep moral responsibility of the act must have been impressed upon the converts by the severe, sometimes the life-long, preparation for the final pledge, even more than by the sudden and almost instantaneous transition which characterised the baptism of the Apostolic age. But gradually the consciousness of this 'answer of the good conscience to-wards God' was lost in the stress laid with greater and greater emphasis on the 'putting away the filth of the flesh.' Let us conceive ourselves present at those extraordinary scenes, to which no existing ritual of any European Church offers the slightest likeness; when, between Easter and Pentecost, the crowds of catechumens poured into the baptisteries of the great basilicas; let us figure to our minds the strange ceremonies handed down to us in the minutest details by contemporary documents: the exorcism and exsufflation,—the torch-light of the midnight hour,—the naked figures, plunging into the deep waters of the bath,—the bishop, always present to receive them as they emerged,—the white robes,—the anointing with oil,—the laying on of hands. Among the accompaniments of these scenes there were practices and signs which we have long ago discarded as inexpedient or indifferent, but which were then regarded as essential. Immersion, which is now retained only in the half-civilised churches of the East, or by the insignificant sect of Baptists*, was then, even on death-beds, deemed all but absolutely necessary. The whole modern Church of Western Europe, according to the belief of those times, would be condemned as 'unbaptized:' because it has received, without the excuse of a sick bed, nothing but the clinical or sick bed aspersion—'Totus orbis miratur se non esse Christianum, sed Clinicum.' It was not the effect of divine grace upon the soul, but of the actual water upon the body, on which those ancient Baptists built their hopes of immortality. Let but the person of a human being be wrapt in the purifying element, and he was redeemed from the uncleanness of his birth. The boy Athanasius throwing water in jest over his playmate on the sea-shore in the name of the Holy Trinity, performed as it was believed a valid baptism: the Apostles in the spray of the storm on the sea of Galilee; the penitent thief in the water that rushed from the wound of the Crucified—(such were the wild excesses to which some ventured without censure to carry the doctrine)—received the baptism which had else been withheld from them. And this 'washing of water' was now deemed absolutely neces-

* The cathedral of Milan is the solitary exception in the churches of the West where the old practice still continues.

sary for salvation. No human being could pass into the presence of God hereafter unless he had passed through the waters of baptism here. 'This,' says the learned Vossius, 'is the judgment of all antiquity, that they perish everlastingly who will not be baptized when they may.' From this belief followed gradually, but surely, the dreadful conclusion that the natural end, not only of all heathens, but of all the patriarchs and saints of the Old Testament, was in the realms of perdition. And, last of all, the Pelagian controversy drew out the mournful doctrine, that infants, dying before baptism, were excluded from the face of Him whose presence we are solemnly told 'their angels do always behold;'—the doctrine when expressed (as it was expressed) in its darkest form, that they are consigned to the everlasting fire prepared for the Devil and his angels. There is no escape from the fact that at the close of the fifth century this belief had become universal, chiefly through the means of the great Augustine. It was the turning point of his contest with Pelagius. It was the dogma from which nothing could induce him to part. It was this which he meant by insisting on 'the remission of original sin in infant baptism.' In his earlier years he had doubted whether, possibly, he might not leave it an open question; but in his full age, 'God forbid,' said he, 'that I should leave the matter so.' The extremest case of a child dying beyond the reach of baptism is put to him, and he decides against it. In the Fifth Council of Carthage, doubtless under his auspices, the milder view is mentioned of those who, reposing on the gracious promise, 'In my Father's house are many mansions,' trusted that among those many mansions there might still be found, even for those infants who, by want of baptism, were shut out from the Divine presence, some place of shelter. That milder view is anathematised. Happily, this dark doctrine was, as we have already observed, never sanctioned by the universal creeds of the Church. On this, as on every other point connected with the doctrine of Baptism, they preserved a strange, we might almost say a providential silence. But among the individual Fathers we fear that from the time of Augustine the confession of Wall* is but too true: 'How hard soever this opinion may seem, it is the constant opinion of the ancients.'

It is from no wish to disparage those 'ancients,' or the noble character of Augustine himself, that we have insisted on this

* Wall's 'History of Infant Baptism,' vol. i. p. 200. In this work, and in Bingham's 'Antiquities,' will be found most of the authorities for the statements in the text.

melancholy fact. 'I am sorry,' says Bishop Hall, and we share his sorrow, 'that so harsh an opinion should be graced with the name of a Father so reverend, so divine, — whose sentence yet let no man plead by halves.' But the interests of truth demand that we should be reminded of what was the 'precise and dogmatic' doctrine of Baptism held by those to whom High Churchmen of the present day are for ever appealing in behalf of views which are really as far removed from those of Augustine as the nineteenth century is from the fifth, and as London is from Hippo. Do they or do they not believe that immersion is essential to the efficacy of baptism? Do they or do they not hold that unbaptized infants must be lost for ever? Do they or do they not hold that baptized infants must receive the Eucharist, or be lost in like manner? For this, too, strange as it may seem, was yet a necessary consequence of the same materialising system. 'He who held it impossible' (we again use the words of Bishop Hall) 'for a child to be saved unless the baptismal water were poured on his face, held it also as impossible for the same infant, unless the sacramental bread were received in his mouth. And, lest any should plead different interpretations, the same St. Augustine avers this later opinion also, touching the necessary communicating of children, to have been once the common judgment of the Church of Rome.*' Such were the doctrines of the Fathers on Infant Baptism; — doctrines so deeply affecting our whole conceptions of God and of man, that, in comparison, the gravest questions now in dispute shrink into utter insignificance; — doctrines so wholly different from those professed by any English, we may almost add any European, clergymen of the present day, that had the Bishop of Exeter or the Pope of Rome himself appeared for consecration before the Bishop of Hippo, he would have been rejected at once as an unbaptized heretic.

It is a more pleasing task to trace the struggle of Christian goodness and wisdom, by which the Church was gradually delivered from this iron yoke. Even in the Patristic age itself (in its earlier stage) the subjugation had not been complete. Tertullian and Chrysostom must have accepted with hesitation, if they accepted at all, the universal condemnation of unbaptized children. No general or provincial council, except the Fifth of Carthage, ventured to affirm it. The exception in behalf of martyrs, left an opening, at least in principle, which would by logical consequence no less admit other exceptions, of which the Fathers never dreamed. The saints of the Old Testament were

* Bishop Hall's 'Letter to the Lady Honoria Hay.'

rescued from their long prison-house by the hypothesis of a liberation effected for them through the Descent into Hell. But these were contradictions and exceptions to the prevailing doctrine; and the gloomy period which immediately followed the death of Augustine, fraught as it was with every imaginable horror of a falling empire, was not likely to soften the harsh creed which he had bequeathed to it; and the chains which the 'durus pater infantum' had thrown round the souls of children were riveted by Gregory the Great. At last, however, with the new birth of the European nations the humanity of Christendom revived. One by one the chief strongholds of the ancient belief yielded to the purer and loftier instincts (to use no higher name) which guided the Christian Church in its onward progress, dawning more and more unto the perfect day. First disappeared the necessity of immersion. Then, to the Master of the Sentences we owe the decisive change of doctrine which delivered the souls of infants from the everlasting fire to which they had been handed over by Augustine and Fulgentius, and placed them, with the heroes of the heathen world, in that mild Limbo or Elysium which every one knows in the pages of Dante. Next fell the practice of administering to them the Eucharistic elements. Last of all, in the fourteenth century, the great though silent protest against the magical theory of Baptism itself was effected in the postponement of the rite of Confirmation, which, up to that time, had been regarded as an essential part of Baptism, and, as such, was administered simultaneously with it. An ineffectual stand was made in behalf of the receding doctrine of Augustine by Gregory of Ariminum, known amongst his 'seraphic' and 'angelic' colleagues by the unenviable title of 'Tormentor Infantum'; and some of the severer Reformers, both in England and Germany, for a few years clung to the sterner view. But the victory was really won; and the Council of Trent, no less than the Confession of Augsburg and the Thirty-nine Articles, has virtually abandoned the position, by which Popes and Fathers once maintained the absolute, unconditional, mystical efficacy of the sacramental elements on the body and soul of the unconscious infant. The Greek Church, indeed, with its usual tenacity of ancient forms, still immerses, still communicates, and still confirms its infant members,—a living image of the Patristic practice. But in the Western Church the Christian religion has taken its free and natural course; and in the boldness which substituted a few drops of water for the ancient bath, which pronounced a charitable judgment on the innocent babes who died without the sacraments, which restored to the Eucha-

rist its original intention, and gave to Confirmation a meaning of its own, by deferring both those solemn rites to years of discretion, we have at once the best proof of the total and necessary divergence of modern from ancient doctrine, and the best guarantee that surely, though slowly, the true wisdom of Christianity will be justified of all her children.

It is unnecessary for any practical purpose to pursue the history of Baptism further. That unconditional efficacy which was once believed by the Fathers, and is still believed by the Eastern Church, to flow from both the sacraments alike to infants and adults, has been restrained within narrower and narrower limits, till, in this country at least, it has (except by a very few individuals) been withheld from infant communion, from adult communion, from adult baptism, and lingers only in the now disputed region of the baptism of infants. But, although it is foreign to our purpose to enter into that dispute itself, it is satisfactory to be assured how genuine and almost universal is the agreement which, after all this toil and conflict, prevails upon the practice around which the dispute rages. All Christian parents feel that in bringing their children to the font they are obeying the natural instincts of a Christian heart, by dedicating their newborn offspring to the service of God, in the hope and prayer that the rest of his life may be led according to this beginning. And, whatever may be the response which particular portions of the service of the Church of England may awaken in their minds, yet with its main spirit, with its fundamental idea, they recognise in themselves the most entire sympathy. They may be perplexed or instructed, exasperated or soothed, as the case may be, by those passages which crowd together, by a perhaps not unnatural anachronism and accommodation, into one brief act, at the commencement of life, the various forms which once expressed a long preparation, a deliberate intention, a complete reformation of character at the most critical moment of mature years; but they can all alike enter into the solemn words in which the Church recalls their thoughts to the touching scene in the Gospel narrative, on which, and on which alone, the Liturgy rests the practice of Infant Baptism,—when they are reminded of ‘the words of our Saviour Christ,’ ‘how He commanded the children to be brought unto Him; how He blamed those that would have kept them from Him; how He exhorted all men to follow their innocency.’ This is the true basis of Infant Baptism, as it appears in the New Testament. This is the doctrine of the Church of England, as it exists on the face of the Liturgy. This is the blessing which Christian parents seek and find in that sacred ordinance. On this immovable

basis they may rest, without fear of disturbance from any modern speculation. In this wise, and wholesome, and holy doctrine, and in its application to Christian education, they may find enough to occupy their thoughts and their energies, without craving for an authoritative statement on points which can be apprehended by the wisest and best of men only in faint and partial glimpses, and which, for the most part, lie altogether beyond the province of human discernment, certainly beyond the ordinary limits of religious edification. In the favour of Him who 'embraced little children in His arms, and laid His hands upon them and blessed them,' there is enough to satisfy the longings of every truly Christian heart, without insisting upon Mr. Gorham's 'prevenient grace' on the one hand, or on the Bishop of Exeter's 'unconditional change of nature' on the other hand.

We have now gone through the main points of interest in this controversy. Many topics have necessarily been omitted altogether; many treated most imperfectly. But there is one misconstruction which we would deprecate before we bid farewell to the subject. We have spoken of the dispute as a strife of words, rather than of realities,—we have spoken of its social effects and of its historical origin, rather than of the doctrine which it is supposed to involve. Such a view of the matter constantly exposes its advocates to taunts of indifference to truth, or of insensibility to the feelings of those whose interests and sympathies are warmly enlisted in the struggle. Against these insinuations, from whatever quarter they come, we most solemnly protest. We have spoken as we have spoken, in part from our profound conviction that the importance with which the controversy has been invested is adventitious only, not real. But we have spoken also from a conviction no less profound that there is a truth as lofty as ever Council decreed,—an image of Christianity as holy as ever won the admiration of Saint or Martyr,—which by such controversies is obscured, corrupted, denied. It is not this or that tenet of any particular school, but the moral and spiritual character of religion itself which suffers in struggles like these. It is not in behalf of any party in the National Church, but in behalf of the Church itself, in this its truly Christian and apostolic mission, that we have endeavoured, however faintly and humbly, to lift up our voice. The end of the controversy is still unknown. It has already, we are told, filled four octavo volumes, and may fill many more. Court after Court has been, and may yet again be, called to adjudicate the tortuous case. The effects of the judgment, to which we have endeavoured to render its deserved tribute, may

be marred by some new turn in this labyrinth of litigation. The malcontents of the Church may, from some mistaken point of honour, some imaginary grievance, some desperate step of their own choice, precipitate a rupture for which none but themselves will be answerable. But, whatever be the result, it will still be a satisfaction for those who have laboured to set forth the higher considerations of justice, mercy, and truth, in this disastrous agitation, that they have done what in them lay, faithfully to keep the deposit committed to their trust for future generations,—truly to build up the Church that is amongst us for the great and holy purposes for which it was established in these realms. Such purposes it may still accomplish, if it is but true to itself. And if, after all, it should lose—not by its own fault, but by their fancy—some who would else have been amongst its most distinguished ornaments, there will still be left for those who remain, the noble task of proving, by greater energy and devotion, that zeal is not inconsistent with toleration, nor the love of goodness incompatible with the love of truth.

‘These things,’—may we thus venture with due humility to conclude in the words of the great Chancellor,—‘these things have we, in all sincerity and simplicity, set down, touching the controversies which now trouble the Church of England, and that without all art and insinuation; and therefore not like to be grateful to either part. Notwithstanding, we trust what hath been said shall find a correspondence in their minds which are not embarked in partiality, and which like the whole better than a part: wherefore we are not out of hope that it may do good: at least, we shall not repent ourselves of the meditation.’*

* Bacon, on ‘Church Controversies,’ vol. iii. p. 60.

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EDINBURGH REVIEW,
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N^o. CLXXXVIII.

- ART. I. — 1. *The English Language.* By R. G. LATHAM, M.D.
Second Edition, 8vo. London: Pp. 581.
2. *Elementary English Grammar for the Use of Schools.* By
R. G. LATHAM, M.D. Second Edition, 12mo. London:
Pp. 219.
3. *The Rise, Progress, and Present Structure of the English
Language.* By Rev. M. HARRISON, A.M. 12mo. London:
Pp. 381.

ABOUT eleven years ago, in an article entitled 'Structure of the English Language,' we attempted to ascertain, with some approach to precision, the relations of Anglo-Saxon to modern English, and the extent to which the former modifies, or rather constitutes, the latter. It was shown that whether we look at a numerical comparison alone, or at the classes of words which Anglo-Saxon has given us, or at the degree in which it influences all our grammatical forms and most idiomatic constructions, — there is no comparison between the importance of this element and that of any other in our beautiful and copious, though very composite language. At the same time the magnitude and value, — absolutely, though not relatively, — of its classical element, were largely insisted upon.

Since the appearance of that article very much has been done to illustrate the grammar and history of our language, and to imbue the minds of our youth with a just knowledge of both. These subjects were formerly much neglected in the not, perhaps too eager, but certainly too exclusive, study of

the classical languages. Many a youth amongst us has been far more deeply acquainted with the structure of Latin and Greek than with that of his mother tongue; in the condition, in fact, of those worthy Englishmen who formerly made the 'grand tour,' and were yet strangers to the scenery and ignorant of the antiquities of their native land.*

Few have contributed to this beneficial change more largely or more meritoriously than the writer whose elaborate volume we have placed at the head of the present article, and who, in this, as well as in more elementary works, has given us the result of much solid learning and acute criticism, in relation as well to the history as to the grammar of the English language. It may not be displeasing to many of our readers, if we now append to our former article some few observations on the principal changes which our language has undergone since its formation, and on the fluctuations which contact with other nations, or the operation of internal causes, has produced in literary diction. In attempting thus much we shall freely avail ourselves of Dr. Latham's aid; and, studying a necessary brevity, shall content ourselves, wherever we can, with a simple reference to his copious chapters. We strongly recommend his entire work, however, to the attention of students: at the same time taking the liberty to remind Mr. Kemble that the sort of promise which he once held out, of a work on the History of the English Language from the eleventh to the fourteenth centuries, is not yet performed.

It is hardly necessary to inform any of our readers that the Anglo-Saxon was one of the numerous offshoots from the prolific stock of Gothic languages. Like the modern German, it had far more various and complicated inflections of its articles, pronouns, and adjectives, than the modern English; and in the verbs more inflectional forms than the latter at present exhibits. Like the modern German, it also admitted what appears to us an inverted and unnatural order in construction; and, lastly, it possessed a similar power of combining its elements, and of forming new compounds at its pleasure. This last is the singular advantage of a homogeneous language; for by a species of

* No inconsiderable benefit has resulted from that judicious regulation of the University of London, which includes among the subjects of the matriculation examination, 'The Grammatical Structure of the English Language.' Considerably more than a thousand youths have now passed that examination. That any university curriculum should, from first to last, dispense with all reference to a youth's native tongue, seems singular. A *liberal* education surely implies a knowledge of *that*, whatever else it implies.

elasticity, it can thus accommodate itself to any condition of the national mind. Contracted during the period of barbarism, it readily expands in proportion to the demands of knowledge and civilisation. By far the most momentous part of the change which has converted Anglo-Saxon into modern English, consists in the loss of many of the above-mentioned grammatical peculiarities, and in mere changes of form and orthography. The vocabulary of the older language has been to a vast extent transferred to the new. Five-eighths at least of the language spoken by Alfred still circulates in the veins of the modern English.

The Anglo-Saxons invaded Britain in 449, and in something less than a century had conquered nearly as much of the island as they ever conquered at all. They retained their language uncorrupted — by no means always the case with conquerors. As Gibbon expresses it, ‘a large army is but a small nation;’ the progress of conquest is slow; and the victors, in time, are apt to adopt, with some modifications, the language of the vanquished. The Anglo-Saxons, however, partly extirpated and partly expelled the ancient inhabitants, to such an extent, that with comparatively few exceptions (as in the case of great natural landmarks), even the names of places were changed, and received Saxon appellations. The word *Kent* (*Cantium*) is an exception; nor is it difficult to see why. The Anglo-Saxons did not make their first appearance as invaders, but ostensibly to assist the British against the Northern marauders, the Picts and Scots. It was some time before they assumed a hostile posture. While yet allies they were entertained in Kent, and they became accustomed themselves to call that province by its name, before they proceeded to eject the rightful owners. Not so with other portions of the island, where they had never planted foot except as conquerors, and to which, therefore, they naturally gave new names. Hence the retention of Celtic names is rare. In general, it may be observed, that the English possesses, *relatively*, few words of Celtic origin*; and in tracing the history of our language, that of the Britons, the original inhabitants of the island, demands but little notice.

The Anglo-Saxons during by far the greater period of their history were barbarous; their language, therefore, could not be

* Though more than was at one time supposed. Perhaps the tendency is now rather to overstate the amount of this comparatively slight element. See the remarks of Dr. Latham on this subject, who has carefully given the results of recent investigation in his chapters on the ‘History and Analysis of the English Language.’ *English Language*, part ii. chap. i.

expected to be very polished, or more copious, than the ideas of those who spoke it. Still, as already stated, it had great natural capabilities, and possessed resources far beyond the actual uses to which it was put; nor can there be any doubt, in case it had not passed into the modern English, and the nation had advanced, as it has since done, in science and civilisation, but that the Anglo-Saxon would have manifested the same facility of combination as the modern German; the same self-derived copiousness; the same power of evolving out of its own elements compound words for expressing new ideas. Ælfrie, in his Saxon Grammar, scorns to go further than the vernacular for any of the terms by which to express the technicalities of grammatical science; thus he translates *verbum*, *word*; *significatio*, *getacnunge*; *actio*, *dede*; *modus*, *gemet*; *tempus*, *tid*; *species*, *hiw*; *persona*, *hat**;—just in the same manner as the modern Germans have manufactured technicalities out of their plastic vernacular in all departments of science.

The Anglo-Saxon continued to be spoken, nearly in its purity, till the Conquest (1066). It may be reckoned to have reached its highest state of development in the age of Alfred,—a natural consequence of the encouragement given to literature and every species of culture by that truly enlightened and patriotic prince. The promise of improvement which his reign held out, was soon blasted by the renewed incursions and ultimate triumph of the Danes. They were a nation remotely of kindred origin, and spoke a language of the same stock,—though they were in a still stronger sense, barbarous. Ellis (in his *Specimens*) affirms that their incursions and, at last, ascendancy, ‘threw back our language almost into a state of pristine barbarism.’ It does not seem that this observation is at all justified by facts. As their language was of the Gothic stock, they introduced, it may be apprehended, comparatively few words radically different from such as were already in use.† The principal changes must have been dialectal, and the innovations chiefly in the inflections and pronunciation of words. To this, as well as to the comparative infrequency with which the Anglo-Saxon was written, we are no doubt to attribute those infinite varieties of orthography, with which the Anglo-Saxon student is at first so much perplexed. These, however, are not the sole cause of such varieties. There were, we know, dialectal differences among the original invaders, the

* Turner’s Anglo-Saxons, vol. ii. p. 440.; where the reader may see other examples, some of them very curious.

† See Latham’s observations on the subject, pp. 57—59.

Jutes, Saxons, and Angles, just as there are among the English of the present day; doubtless increased, however, by the frequent settlements, and at length ascendancy, of the Danes. These dialectal differences, as in our own day, would consist principally of the interchange of certain consonants, in sound very much resembling one another, (and which, as the whole history of language shows, are perpetually liable to be interchanged,) and in the broader or sharper sound of the vowels. These last varieties we are probably liable, in interpreting the written remains of a language, to exaggerate; since the vowels, in every language, have always had a most imperfect notation, — one symbol usually representing more than one sound; and often, many.

About the time of the Conquest, or rather a little before, commenced those changes, which terminated in the formation of what we must call a new language — the English. Yet it is not till two centuries after that event (1258), that we possess a document which shows us the transformation almost complete. To this document, and others contemporaneous with it, we shall presently allude. It may be desirable, at the point of view which we have now reached, to make a few concise observations on the probable causes of the change in question; the period during which it was being effected; and on its nature and results.

As to the first, there has been much dispute, nor can it be said that there is not still abundant scope for it. One point has been warmly contested; whether any influence, and if any, what, is to be ascribed to the Norman Conquest. In the estimate of many, it used to be considered as almost alone sufficient to account for the perplexing phenomenon; in that of others, and among them, some of the best critics of our time, it would be adjudged to have had very little to do with the matter. Thus Hallam says: — ‘It is probable, indeed, that
‘the converse of foreigners might have something to do with
‘those simplifications of the Anglo-Saxon grammar, which
‘appeared about the reign of Henry II., more than a century
‘after the Conquest; though it is also true that languages of a
‘very artificial structure, like that of England before that revolution, often became less complex in their forms, without any
‘such violent process as an amalgamation of two different races.’* Price, in his preface to Warton’s *History of English Poetry*, says, ‘That some change had taken place in the style of composition, and general structure of the language, since the days
‘of Alfred, is a matter beyond dispute; but that these mutations

* *Literature of Europe*, vol. i. p. 59.

‘were a consequence of the Norman invasion, or even accelerated by that event, is wholly incapable of proof. . . . Every branch of the Low-German stock from whence the Anglo-Saxon sprang, displays the same simplification of its grammar.’* Dr. Latham goes so far as to say,—‘What the present language of England would have been had the Norman Conquest never taken place, the analogy of Holland, Denmark, and of many other countries, enables us to determine. It would have been much as it is at present.’

Many plausible arguments may be adduced on both sides,—and the truth, probably, as in so many other cases, lies between the opposite views. Those who think the Conquest had almost everything, and those who think it had next to nothing, to do with the transformation of the language, will find it perhaps equally difficult to maintain so extreme a proposition. There is a sense, indeed, in which both theories may be accepted; namely, that some similar changes *would* have occurred without the Conquest; and that it did, in point of fact, greatly modify, accelerate, and augment them.

Dr. Latham’s statement, that if there had been no Norman invasion, the English would have proceeded to develop itself in grammatical forms analogous to those which its actual history presents, may be admitted as probable; for it seems difficult to deny that traces of the approaching revolution—the initial parts of the process—may be discerned in the closing period of the Anglo-Saxon rule; still it may, in our judgment, be also plausibly maintained that those changes were greatly more extensive and rapid in a given time than they would have been except for the Conquest. If it be asked how we shall account for those initial changes in the grammatical structure which we have admitted are not obscurely discernible even before the Conquest, and for those still more striking phenomena, referred to by Mr. Price and Mr. Hallam, in the Platt-Deutsch languages,—we must reply that there never has been any satisfactory solution of the problem. It may be worthy of question, however, whether these changes, though not attended by an ‘amalgamation of races,’ have not been in part produced by causes somewhat similar to those which come into play in such a condition of things, though feebler in their character, and slower in their operation,—we mean the contact, collision, and (so to speak) interpenetration, of different tribes speaking different dialects of the same languages; or of nations speaking different languages, though of the same stock. We must recollect that

* Warton’s History, vol. i. pp. 109, 110. *Preface.*

the original invaders, the Jutes, Saxons, and Angles, spoke different dialects, though of the same language; and if there be any force in such circumstances to break down the grammatical structure at all, the subsequent invasions, establishments, and at length ascendancy of the Danes, must have tended to produce still further changes in the same direction.* *A priori*, it certainly

* 'The Anglo-Saxon,' says Rask, 'appears to have been in its origin a rude mixture of the dialects of the Saxons, the Angles, and the Jutes; but we are not acquainted with it in that state, these dialects having soon coalesced into one language, as the various kindred tribes soon united to form one nation, after they had taken possession of England. With the introduction of Christianity and the Roman Alphabet, their literature began, and continued during all the wars and dreadful devastations which our rugged and warlike forefathers, the Danes, spread over the land; the nation itself, notwithstanding all its revolutions and misfortunes, having preserved a certain degree of antiquity. Even under the Danish kings all laws and edicts were promulgated in pure Anglo-Saxon, in which, with the exception of a few single words, no striking influence can be traced of the old Scandinavian or Icelandic, spoken by our forefathers at that period. On the contrary, the Anglo-Saxon rather exercised an influence on the old language, spoken in the northern kingdoms, particularly in Denmark. It was not till after the Norman conquest that French and Latin were introduced as the language of the court, while the Anglo-Saxon was despised and sank into a dialect of the vulgar; which, not till it had undergone a complete transformation, and been blended with the language of the old northern settlers, and with the French spoken by the conquerors, whereby the ancient structure was almost entirely lost, and after an interval of some centuries, reappeared as a new tongue,—the *modern English*. We thus find here the changes which took place in the languages of Germany and the North, though nowhere was the transition attended with such violence as in England, and nowhere has it left such manifest and indelible traces as in the English language. We have here an ancient, fixed, and regular tongue, which during a space of 500 years preserved itself almost without change; for King Ethelbert adopted Christianity about 593 or 596, and his laws, which we may refer to about the year 600, are perhaps the oldest extant in Anglo-Saxon. In the year 1066, William the Norman conquered England; but the highly cultivated, deep-rooted ancient national tongue, could not be immediately extirpated, though it was instantly banished from the court. This king's laws were even published in French. A fragment of the Saxon Chronicles, published by Lye, concluding with the year 1079, is still in pretty correct Anglo-Saxon; but, in the continuation of the same chronicle, from 1135 to 1140, almost all the inflections of the language are either changed or regulated, as well as the orthography and most of the old phrases and idioms. We may, therefore, fix the year 1100

does appear difficult to attribute such singular phenomena of a language to some mysterious internal necessity of so developing or rather of so vitiating itself,—a proposition by no means self-evident enough to be received without a more profound philosophy of the fact than has yet been given; and perhaps if we examine history, we shall see that the majority of facts favour the conclusion that changes of this nature are at least accelerated by the operation of some powerful external causes. It is, at all events, incontestable that the permanent occupation of a country, and the amalgamation of races, have been usually attended with the formation of a new language out of one of them; not by the amalgamation of both, but by a simplification of the grammatical structure of one, and a slender infusion of terms from the other. *Which* language shall yield will be dependent on circumstances; but where the races have thoroughly amalgamated, one of them has usually given way. Where the conquerors are few, the conquered have very generally imposed their language on the victors; where very numerous, and the colonies planted have been stable and extensive, (as in the case of the Roman occupation of Gaul) the victors have succeeded in subduing the language as well as the people. The original Celtic tribes in Gaul and the Spanish Peninsula yielded to the Latin. On the other hand, the Goths who invaded Italy, and the Normans who invaded France, received the language of the conquered territories. But, in either case the formation of new languages on the Roman stock was the result, and took place, contemporaneously at all events, with the complete amalgamation of the races. It would surely be curious if such a coincidence were merely accidental. In all these cases the bulk of the words of that language which ultimately maintained its ascendancy was retained; its forms, its inflections, its grammatical structure underwent great transmutations.

If so, does it not seem probable that those grammatical changes in the Platt-Deutsch languages, which are principally appealed to as indicating that such linguistic revolutions have been effected by some inexplicable internal necessity, may be accounted for in a similar manner? We must recollect that as far back as authentic history extends, the tribes speaking these languages have never been in possession of perfectly homogeneous languages; that they were all formations from older forms, and grafts on older trunks; that dialectal differences among those

as the limit of the Anglo-Saxon tongue. . . . The confusion that prevailed after 1100 belongs to the *old English period*. — *Rask: Anglo-Saxon Grammar, preface, p. 46.*

who spoke them, and who were in perpetual contact, have always been considerable: that collision of tribe with tribe; wars, invasions, and transient conquests; local disturbance from time to time of large masses of the population; the flux and reflux of migration, now in one direction, now in another, were for many ages perpetually at work. If, then, there be any force in these supposed causes at all, may we not expect changes of a similar kind with those produced in the case of 'amalgamation of races,' though less perceptible in their operation, and more moderate in amount; that is, may we not expect the gradual degradation and disintegration of minute particles of the language in the collision of different dialectal forms; a simplification in the grammatical structure; a violation of the refined and complicated system of a nearly homogeneous language? We suggest these questions, rather to elicit further investigation than as indicating any decision of our own upon them. Whether the amount and rate of change in the grammatical structure of the Platt-Deutsch languages, as compared with those in our own, at all correspond to any such more moderate and feeble influences, we must leave to the decision of philologists better acquainted with the remote history of these languages than we profess to be. But if so, we have every proof which induction admits, that the causes in question are not fanciful: for instance, in the case of the violent amalgamation of totally different races, we have usually the formation of a new language with a different grammar, on the base of one of them; and in the comparatively gentle collision and, so to speak, friction amongst one another, of the elements of a nation originally consisting of many different tribes, distinguished by as many different dialectal forms of speech, we have similar changes in the grammatical structure; only more moderate and more gradual. Such an hypothesis, at all events, would serve as a key to those initial changes in the Anglo-Saxon which were anterior to the Conquest.

On the other hand, it does not seem intrinsically very probable that a nation speaking a homogeneous language, with a complex system of inflections and terminations, and with corresponding capacities of a self-consistent development of its powers, should willingly exchange that more elaborate, and, abstractedly, more perfect type of language, for another and inferior system of grammatical forms. Price says, 'until it shall be shown that political commotions have a decided tendency to derange the intellectual and physical powers in the same degree that they disorganise civil society, and that under the influence of troubled times men are prone to forget the natural means of communicating their ideas, to falter in their speech, and recur to the babble of their infancy

‘ — we certainly have not advanced beyond the threshold of the ‘ argument.’* Surely it is equally obvious to remark, that by similar reasoning, we may infer that a nation does not of set purpose, without any external cause, exchange its established symbols of thought and forms of speech for others. Men universally cling with remarkable tenacity to their language; as is seen in the comparatively moderate changes which the language of a strictly isolated nation will admit in the course of many ages; and the slow rate of change observable even in those which are subjected to every conceivable cause of vitiation. The steps, by which what we now call dead languages severally died out, are seldom to be traced.

That some such change should take place from the aforesaid causes, — whether or not it would ever take place from any other causes, — must seem very natural, if we consider the exigencies under which intercourse between two races speaking different languages, or two tribes speaking different dialects of the same language, would take place. It would assuredly not be by fusing together the vocables of each language; as little likely is it that it would become an *olla podrida*, made up half of words supplied by the one language, and half of words supplied from the other; something like the address of the priest at St. Dominica to Mr. Coleridge: — ‘ Como esta, Monsieur? J’espère que usted ‘ se porte vary well. Le Latin est good ting, mais good know- ‘ ledge, sin et Latin, rien to be done.’ The probability is, that the vocabulary would be for the most part retained, and the grammatical forms undergo degradation. Some such process we see taking place continually, when a man, knowing little more of a language than a few of its nouns and verbs, — names of objects and their relations, — is yet compelled to give utterance to his thoughts. In that case, away go all the refinements of the language; and men talk much as Robinson Crusoe’s man Friday did to his master, — ‘ We save white mans from drown. ‘ . . . You do great deal, much good; you teach wild mans be ‘ good, sober, tame mans.’ Now if many thousands are compelled to hold intercourse together on such terms, we may well conceive the grammatical condition of the language will become much altered, though the vocabulary remain unchanged.

Gibbon, whose sagacity was admirably adapted to the investigation of such questions, lays great stress on similar causes in the formation of the Italian language. He says, ‘ The modern ‘ Italian has been insensibly formed by the mixture of nations; ‘ the awkwardness of the barbarians in the nice management of

* Warton, vol. i. p. 108.

‘declensions and conjugations, reduced them to the use of
 ‘articles and auxiliary verbs; and many new ideas have been
 ‘expressed by Teutonic appellations. Yet the principal stock
 ‘of technical and familiar words, is found to be of Latin deriva-
 ‘tion; and if we were sufficiently conversant with the obsolete,
 ‘the rustic, and the municipal dialects of ancient Italy, we
 ‘should trace the origin of many terms, which might perhaps be
 ‘rejected by the classic purity of Rome.’ (*Decline and Fall*, c. 45.)

Secondly, as to the *time*. In tracing the history of the change from Anglo-Saxon to modern English, it is impossible to assign any precise dates by which we can mark the origin of this change, or the principal epochs of its progress, or its completion. This necessarily results from the very gradual nature of the change itself: we might as well ask at what moment a child becomes a youth, or a youth a man; or when the plant becomes a tree. So gradual is the change, that, to adopt the language of Hallam, ‘When we compare the earliest English of
 ‘the thirteenth century with the Anglo-Saxon of the twelfth,
 ‘it seems hard to pronounce why it should pass for a separate
 ‘language, rather than a modification and simplification of the
 ‘former.’ Still, for the sake of convenience, we may fix on certain dates, somewhere about which the change commenced or was effected. About 1150, or a little less than a century after the Conquest, may be dated the decline of pure Saxon; about 1250, or a century later, the commencement of English. During the intervening century, the language has been called, by many of our writers, semi-Saxon.

As to the nature and extent of the transformation, we have already by implication described them. The change consisted essentially in the grammar, and not in the vocabulary. Particularly, it may be said that very many of the inflections were lost; in the noun, that of the genitive, and of one declension only, was retained and made universal; in the verb, those only of the past tense, past participle, and some of the persons.* For a

* Some of the terminations of the verbal forms were retained long, and yielded at last slowly and reluctantly. ‘The persons plural,’ says Ben Jonson, in his grammar, ‘keep the termination of the first person singular. In former times, till about the reign of Henry VIII., they were wont to be formed by *en*: thus, *loven, sayen, complainen*; but now (whatever is the cause) it hath quite grown out of use, and that other so generally prevailed, that I dare not presume to set this afoot again. Albeit (to tell you my opinion), I am persuaded that the lack hereof, well considered, will be found a great blemish to our tongue. For, seeing Time and Person be, as it were, the

detailed enumeration of the principal grammatical forms which chiefly discriminate the Anglo-Saxon and English, as well as those which severally mark what may be called the *old* English (Henry III. to Edward III.), and *middle* English (Edward III. to Elizabeth), we must content ourselves with referring the curious to the excellent chapters of Dr. Latham's work which treat of these matters.*

There was undoubtedly a certain infusion of French derivatives; but these were far too few sensibly to colour the stream of diction, as may be easily seen if any one will be at the pains to inspect the earliest specimens. Perhaps it would have been well had we avoided the term Anglo-Norman in tracing the pedigree of our speech; it is certainly apt to suggest an idea, never realised in the history of our language,—probably in the history of no language under heaven,—the deliberate blending together of two totally different tongues, in equal proportions and as co-ordinate elements. This idea is apt, we say, to be suggested to the reader who is not acquainted with the documents which disclose to us the history of the language; and, in some cases, the term has certainly been employed to express some such idea. Thus, Ellis, in his 'Specimens of the Early English Poets,' has used the term to designate the 'jargon,' as he calls it, 'employed in 'the commercial intercourse between the conquerors and the 'conquered.' Hallam justly remarks that Ellis has drawn upon his imagination in this account. Ellis more correctly describes the matter, when he says, 'that the language of the Church 'was Latin,—that of the king and nobles, Norman,—that of 'the people, Anglo-Saxon.' There he should have stopped. When applied to any remains, *not* imaginary, Anglo-Norman means, as already said, compositions essentially French, in which the original language—like the Anglo-Saxon—may have suffered grammatical degradation, but exhibits comparatively little foreign tincture.

On inspecting the remains of early English and Anglo-Norman (as for example in the 'Political Songs' published by the Camden Society, where the specimens of either language lie in convenient proximity), we see these statements as to the nature of the change illustrated. Each language, indeed, exhibits some deflection from the grammatical structure of the language from which it is derived; but each retains its vocabulary nearly incorrupt; the interchange of words is comparatively very

* 'Right and Left hand of a Verb, what can the maiming bring else, 'but a Lameness to the whole Body?'

* Part II. ch. ii. sections 48—54.

slight. The so-called Anglo-Norman is in diction French, — the so-called English, Anglo-Saxon.*

It would be easy to show that much later, even when that powerful agent, extensive translations from French by Chaucer and others, had led to a much more extensive adoption of French terms, — the coinage or importation of new words was not so large as seriously to alter the ratio of the elements of the language. That the infusion of such foreign terms, during the important period in which the change was principally effected, — that is, from 1150 to 1250, — was almost a vanishing quantity, is proved by all its literary remains which have come down to us. For example, the Saxon Chronicle, which was continued by different compilers till the death of Stephen (1154), just within the critical century, is all written in Anglo-Saxon. There are, indeed, some French words in the latter parts; but they are very few. Several of the grammatical rules, however, are neglected, which shows that great changes in the grammatical structure of the language had already taken place.† Another proof that the infusion of French words was small, is afforded by Layamon's translation of Wace's 'Romance of Brut.' The best authorities do not fix this translation by our 'English Ennius' earlier than 1200. A long extract may be seen in Ellis's Specimens; who admits that it contains no word which we are under the necessity of referring to a French root. But the entire translation has since been published by the Society of Antiquaries. They describe it on the title-page as a semi-Saxon poetical paraphrase: and on a stricter comparison of the two versions of Layamon (for there are two, the second being some years later than the first), Sir Frederick Madden observes that 'if we reckon ninety words of French origin in both texts, containing together more than 56,000 lines, we shall be able to form a tolerably correct estimate, how little the English language was really affected by foreign converse even as late as the middle of the thirteenth century.' For details of the extent to which the Anglo-Saxon predominates over every

* 'The Anglo-Norman language is a phrase not quite so unobjectionable as the Anglo-Norman constitution; and as it is sure to deceive, we might better lay it aside altogether.' — *Literature of Europe*, vol. i. p. 58.

† This was compiled at Peterborough, a purely English monastery; its abbots Saxon; consequently a greater change may be supposed to have taken place in the vicinity of London and the court. 'The political spirit the chronicle breathes in some passages is that of the indignant subjects, *servi ancor frementi*, of the Norman usurpers.' — *Literature of Europe*, vol. i. p. 59.

other element of our language, we must refer the reader to our previous article; contenting ourselves with remarking, that few but those who will take the pains to inspect the Anglo-Saxon, have any adequate idea how large a bulk of Anglo-Saxon words, with various alterations, indeed, of form, have been transferred to modern English: even of those which are no longer used, very many are still preserved in derivatives from them; while many others which have lost their original meaning are still retained in a secondary one.

Of the language in its transition state, it is not our purpose to give any specimens; which, to confess the truth, are not very seducing compositions even to the antiquary. A more harsh and rugged vehicle of thought it is hardly possible to conceive; nor can there well be any thing more inharmonious than those first preludial strains in which the English Muse indulged herself before Chaucer strung her lyre. As to the prose, the little that we have is still harsher. Suffice it here to say, that the resemblance between the words and those of our own day is, to the young student of our elder language, greatly disguised by the differences of *form*; not merely by those which are the consequence of the natural development and progress of the language, — the abbreviations and elisions which have taken place; nor, again, by those interchanges of letters of the same organ, to which all languages are liable, and which being comparatively few, and complying with certain laws, are soon learnt and remembered; but by those enormously capricious varieties of spelling, which a language little written necessarily displays. Each man, to a great extent, forms his own system of orthography; and so it must be, till a tolerably general habit of writing prevails, and grammar and criticism are, to some extent, cultivated. Even the interchanges of the most similar letters, — similar in power to the ear, yet totally unlike to the eye, — few indeed as they are, though they make a great show on paper, often strangely disguise, in appearance, the most familiar words; and when to this are added the influences of caprice or ignorance in orthography, we are necessarily led to those infinite variations which Ritson sacredly preserved with all the zeal of a purist in barbarisms. His scrupulosity was not absolutely useless, however, though his estimate of the importance and sacredness of his duty was ludicrously extravagant. From the very variations of faithfully edited MSS. the philosophical philologist will always deduce many facts worth knowing.*

* The same thing of course affected the Anglo-Saxon and every language which is rarely written; or when written, written only by

We may imagine what would be the consequence if, by some strange hallucination, men all at once forgot the actual modes of spelling, while they remembered pretty well the powers of the letters, and proceeded to give, by ear alone, the notation which, in their extemporaneous orthography, seemed to convey the sounds. We should have, doubtless, many examples of the ingenuity of the man who managed to spell his name (Jacob) without a single letter which there ought to have been in it, namely, 'Gikup;' and accounts sent in similar to that which had for its inexplicable items 'osafada,' 'agetinonimome!' — which, however suspiciously they may look like some South Sea or Malay combination of vocables, were really meant to signify no more than 'horse half a day,' and 'a getting on him home.' Combinations almost as uncouth as these often present themselves in the old romances. When we find our most familiar words thus transformed, — 'earves' written 'keruys,' and 'kcrues;' 'blows,' 'blawus;' 'bowls,' 'bollus;' 'victualled,' 'vetaylet;' 'laws,' 'laes;' and thousands more in similar masquerade; sometimes even the same word put through half a dozen disguises, it is not difficult for the eye to imagine that it is gazing on a foreign language; nor is it impossible that, if one of our ancestors of the thirteenth or fourteenth century were to rise from the dead, we should understand his spoken words better than his written speech: just as we catch by the ear the variations of our provincial dialects more rapidly than when we read them in a book.

So much for the revolution by which the modern English evolved itself from the Anglo-Saxon.

If William the Conqueror had *designed* the substitution of the Norman for the English throughout his new dominions (efforts which must have been necessarily ineffectual at the

the imperfectly educated. 'The Anglo-Saxon orthography,' says Rask, 'is extremely confused; yet, to judge of it from Hickes and Lye, it appears to be much more so than it is in reality; for those scholars were quite ignorant how to extract rules for it, and to separate that which is of rare occurrence, or the result of carelessness, from that which is essential and correct.' The imperfect achievement of such a perplexing task may well be pardoned even to a Rask. Perhaps the lexicographer in such a case has no other choice than that of presenting the varieties of orthography, however anxiously he may endeavour to establish some general rules. This is the course taken by Bosworth in his lexicon. Specimens of varieties may be taken in the word 'heaven;' spelt *heofon*, *heofen*, *heofun*, *hiofon*; and in the word 'hinge;' spelt *heor*, *hior*, *horr*, *hearre*, *heorra*.

best), steps could hardly have been adopted more stringent than those actually resorted to. It is hard to suppose, however, that he cherished any design of the kind, for it is certain that he himself took some pains to acquire the Anglo-Saxon. The invidious preference given to the French, was no more than the natural consequence of its being the native tongue of himself and his nobles. But, be this as it may, it was the language of the court, the nobility, and the courts of judicature; pleadings were carried on in it, and fashion spoke it.* Hume, whose literary tastes and philosophical opinions led him to regard the French with extravagant admiration, attributes a far greater influence to these things than any modern student of our literary history will admit them to have possessed; and, what is worse, is pleased to represent that influence as highly beneficial. His words are, 'From this proceeded that mixture of French which is, at present, to be found in the English tongue, and which composes the greatest and best part of our language.' Most well-informed Englishmen are now-a-days prepared to deny both the fact and the inference, and to maintain on the contrary that the glory and strength of our language consist in the breadth and solidity of its Anglo-Saxon basis. But whatever the preferences which were given to the French after the Conquest,—and whether the result of necessity or design,—they could never lead to the suppression or material degradation of the English. It was the language of the mass of the people; and as the conquerors, after all, were but few in numbers, it was far more probable, as in other cases, that the conquerors should eventually adopt a modification of the language of the vanquished, than that the vanquished should adopt that of the victors.

The specimens which we possess of the earliest English, though scanty, are sufficient to show that the change in the language was nearly complete about the epoch fixed upon above, namely, 1260. Probably the first extant specimen of modern English, is a proclamation addressed to the people of Hunting-

* Notwithstanding the statements of Blackstone and many other writers, the proceedings of the Legislature and Acts of State remained a remarkable exception to this supremacy of provincial French over its humbled rival during the first two centuries after the Conquest. Palgrave has observed that English was used in their charters by the kings until the reign of Henry II., when Latin, which had been the invariable usage before Alfred, regained its ascendancy: while neither deed nor law in French has been discovered earlier than the reign of Henry III. The learning on this point will be found collected by Luders, in his *Tract on the Use of the French Language in our ancient Laws and Acts of State.*

donshire by Henry III. in 1258.* A song of triumph (probably composed in London), on the victory of the confederate barons, in 1264, at Lewes, is somewhat less obsolete in its style; which is what one would expect. Robert of Gloucester (about 1300) made a metrical version of Geoffrey of Monmouth. By this time it appears a considerable number of French words had been received into the English language, — but still in no such quantity as to justify the representation of Dr. Johnson, who says rather vaguely, that he seems to have ‘used a kind of ‘intermediate diction, neither Saxon nor English.’ Vaguely, we say, for the passage might suggest the notion that French was found in a very large proportion: this, however, he does not mean; for, he is evidently referring principally to the change in the grammatical character of the language. Warton, speaking of the same author, calls him ‘full of Saxonisms.’ Hallam says, ‘On comparing him with Layamon, a native of ‘the same county, and a writer on the same subject, it will ‘appear that a great quantity of French had flowed into the ‘language since the loss of Normandy.’ The historian must be supposed to be speaking comparatively with the French previously existing. The style of Robert of Gloucester may be easily estimated by any one curious enough to look into the accessible and copious extracts in Warton and Ellis; it will at once be seen that, relatively to the Saxon, the French is still a very subordinate element.

It was not till the middle and towards the close of the four-

* Since this document is highly curious, and usually cited as the first authentic specimen of modern English, it may be as well to state that it may be consulted in Henry’s History of Great Britain, vol. viii. Appendix No. 4., or in Latham, pp. 77, 78. For a catalogue of specimens of early English, see Latham, p. 78. It is singular that the reign of Henry III. should thus present us, within less than ten years of each other, with both the first extant Act of State in modern English (1258, as in the text), and also with the first Statute (1266, de *Scaccario*,) in French. And it is not less difficult to account for the first statutory appearance of the French language at that time, than for its having continued to be the ordinary language of the Statutes until 1 Richard II. 1483:—especially after its abolition from Pleadings, 36 Edward III., on the popular reasons set forth in the preamble: ‘Reasonably the said laws and customs the rather shall be ‘perceived and known and better understood in the Tongue used in ‘the said Realm, and by so much every man may the better govern ‘himself without offending the Law, and better defend his Heritage: ‘and in divers countries where the King and Nobles have been, good ‘governance and just right is done to every person, because that the ‘Laws and Customs are used in the Tongue of the Country.’

teenth century, that English became, to any considerable extent, the language of literature. The first prose work was Sir John Mandeville's travels, which appeared in 1356. Wickliffe's translation of the Bible—alas! still existing only in manuscript—is referred to 1383*: Trevisa's translation of Hygden's Polychronicon to 1385: and Chaucer's immortal works were all produced in the latter half of the same century. The statute of 1362, which decreed that the pleadings in courts of justice should be conducted in English, in consequence of the general ignorance of French, had been just preceded (1354) by an order that no ecclesiastical preferment should be given in England to any person not conversant with the English language, and resident there, cardinals alone excepted.† Shortly after it appears to have become the common language of the court and nobility, as well as of the people.

We are not to suppose for a moment that the changes in the language were exactly simultaneous, and proceeded *pari passu* through every part of the kingdom. We might be sure, if we reasoned only *à priori*, that they *would* not,—and we know from historic evidence that they *did* not. The more remote parts of the island,—those which were least likely to be influenced by the court,—long retained, and retain even to this day, a larger portion of Anglo-Saxon words; as well as some of those idioms and grammatical forms which did not permanently adhere to the national speech. Trevisa, observing on the great diversity which Englishmen had in the sound and speaking of their own language, as a great wonder, says that it is departed in three: and 'the men of Mercii that ben of middle England, as it were
'partners with the ends, understanden better the side languages,
'northern and southern, than northern and southern under-
'standeth either other.'

* Many proposals have from time to time been made for publishing this highly curious work. Surely, if too hazardous for private enterprise, it might be easily undertaken by the Camden Society, or some kindred fraternity. Their subscribers, would, we apprehend, willingly accept it by instalments. Independently of the high philological interest of the work, and the light it would probably throw on the history of our language, it has peculiar value to every religious mind as the first translation of the entire Scriptures. Wickliffe's version of the New Testament has been thrice printed, and stimulates curiosity to see that of the Old. Trevisa also is mentioned by Caxton, as having translated both the Old and New Testament at the instance of Lord Berkeley: but no copy of his translation is now known to remain.

† Southey's Common Place Book, third series, 391.

Whatever mystery may attach to the causes by which the revolution in the language was effected, we may speak with confidence of some by which it was *not* effected. It was certainly not by the influence of *literary* composition. The language, till long after the date at which, as stated, the change may be supposed to have been nearly complete, was very little written at all; certainly in no compositions likely to affect the development of the language. The higher classes exclusively spoke French, from the Conquest to the reign of Edward III. Brompton relates that as Henry II. was returning from Ireland, through Pembroke-shire, and was addressed as the *gode olde Kynge*, he was obliged to ask his squire the meaning of the words; and Hovden mentions that Longchamp, Bishop of Ely and Chancellor to Richard I., did not know a word of English: though, as Hallam remarks, 'it seems probable that the higher classes were generally acquainted with English, at least in the latter part of that period.' All letters, including those of a merely private nature, were written in Latin till 1270, after which French was used. There is in Rymer a dispatch in French as late as Hen. V., while Prince, addressed to his father: notwithstanding Thierry's criticism upon it, the fair Katharine would have understood it better than, according to Shakspeare, she afterwards understood his English. The fact that French was long the language of power, rank, wealth, and fashion, had naturally led to its more sedulous cultivation, and as naturally to the neglect of the vernacular,—which, though the language of the mass, must have been subject during all that period to manifold deprivations from its not being critically studied.

The preference given to French on the part of the noble and opulent, naturally for a time encouraged its extensive adoption on the part of that numerous class—numerous in every age and country—who are led by fashion, and who would of course ape the phrasology and manners of their masters. These would be likely to lend their aid in the corrupting or the slighting a speech, of which they had so little manliness as to feel ashamed. Trevisa, writing in the early part of the reign of Richard II., has given us,—in a passage too often quoted to need more than reference here,—an amusing account of this silly ambition on the part of even many 'country-folk' of his time. It also furnishes us with an entertaining proof that, however language and all other things appertaining to man may change, man himself remains much the same. 'Also uplondische men' [country-folk], says he, 'will liken himself [themselves] to gentlemen, and fondeth [affect] with great besynesse to speak French for to be told of.' He also tells us the exact date at which English

began to be systematically taught in grammar schools; and the gentry to desist from teaching their children French. ‘Children ‘in scole,’ says he, ‘against the usage and manir of all other ‘nations, beeth compelled for to leve hire own langage, and for ‘to construe hire lessons in Frenche; and so they haveth sethe ‘the Normans came first into Engelond.’ He goes on to say that this ‘mauir’ had since ‘some dele changed,’ and that, ‘in the year ‘1385, in all the grammar scoles of England,’ children were taught English. At the same time, he thinks it a disadvantage attending the change that ‘now they learn no French, *ne con* ‘none; which is hurt to them that shall pass the sea. And also ‘gentlemen have much left to teach their children to speak ‘French.’ The two school-masters, John Cornwaile and Richard Pencriche, to whose instrumentality this salutary revolution is, according to our author, to be mainly ascribed, deserve to be held in lasting remembrance.

Since, however, up to the reign of Edward III., French was the language of the sovereign and the nobility, and the courts of law,—since it was the universal practice up to that time (clearly shown in the extract above referred to), to construe Latin into French,—and since, as we learn from the statutes of Oriel College, Oxford, so late as 1328, students were ordered to converse either in French or Latin, of course as being the two polite languages,—we may be sure that the new language, if we must call it so, which had been forming in silence and obscurity, could have been little written; and the revolution, therefore, is in no degree to be ascribed to any such cause. Even in the reign of Henry VIII., when Leland had the pilaging of all the great libraries in the kingdom, he found only two or three books in English.

A long passage from ‘Sir John Mandeville’s Travels’ is quoted among the chronologically arranged specimens in the introduction to ‘Johnson’s Dictionary,’ and has since been copied into many other works. It is a fair specimen of Mandeville’s usual style, and is still interesting for far other than philological reasons.* In this respect, however, it serves to show how completely

* A cheap edition of Mandeville’s Travels has been lately published. With all his extravagant credulity (and be it recollected that in one place he describes the site of Paradise as exactly as if he had been employed to take a trigonometrical survey thereof the day after our first parents had left it), Sir John must have had great powers of observation and much sagacity. He vehemently contends, in the passage quoted by Johnson, for the sphericity of the earth. As he travelled south he noticed that the circumpolar stars gradually set;

the language was formed; and relatively to the change from Anglo-Saxon, how little its character has been altered even to the present day. Most of the differences are those of orthography, on which account it is better understood by the ear than by the eye. The chief other differences consist in the retention of a few inflections of the verbs, since dropped, certain antique forms of some of the nouns and pronouns, the double negative, and the usual prolix use of conjunctions and prepositions. The diction is every where English, and as incontestably Anglo-Saxon. In the passage referred to, and which consists of many hundred words, very few are even in appearance of French extraction; and perhaps some of these might, with greater reason, be referred immediately to the Latin.

The writer, however, who at this earliest epoch of our literature exerted the greatest influence on the language, was unquestionably Chaucer; and he certainly introduced a large number of words from the French, as might be expected from his early familiarity with the metrical romances, and his extensive translations from them. He also endeavoured, though unsuccessfully, to introduce innovations of accent and pronunciation in his attempt at a more unexceptionable harmony. But though the importations from the French are large, relatively to the like element in such writers as Mandeville and Wicliffe, they are not such as to defraud his works of the praise of Spenser's celebrated eulogy, that in them is to be found the 'well of English undefiled;' nor such therefore as to justify the nickname that was given him of the 'French Brewer.'

We must bear in mind that, when it is said that at this period of our language there were many words introduced from the French, the word *many* is relative; there were many compared with what there had been before, just as was the case with Latin words in the reigns of Elizabeth and James. But neither in the one instance nor in the other were they so numerous as greatly to disturb the ratio of the elements of the language. Five hundred are many in relation to a thou-

that in a certain latitude the pole-star appeared on the horizon, and that as he still travelled south, new constellations and a south lodestar, as he expresses it, came into view. He is not indeed altogether successful in replying to the wise objections of those who proved the absurdity of his doctrine, from the fact that our Antipodes must live with their heads downwards. But he has one answer which is still very powerfully applicable to all prejudices, philosophical and otherwise: — 'In fro what partie of the earth that men dwell, outhere aboven or benethen, it seemeth always to hem that dwellen there, *that they gon more right than any other folk.*'

sand, but not to a million. Now we think it might be maintained that throughout our whole literary history our most idiomatic writers have never admitted more than a tenth that is not Anglo-Saxon; our least never less of Anglo-Saxon than two thirds. Of course the language of common life has ever exhibited the vernacular in far larger proportion.

Chaucer will more than bear the *latter* test, even in those writings in which the foreign element might be expected to be found in the greatest excess, both as being translations, and as having been produced when his mind was most deeply imbued with the language of the originals. Take his 'Romaunt of the Rose' for example. Let the French and Anglo-Saxon words in any passage of five hundred words be counted; we question whether there is any in which the former are one third of the whole. If so, even these unfavourable specimens contain less of the foreign element than the writings of Johnson, Hume, or Gibbon. At the same time, the class of words in question would certainly be found in far less proportion — and that for very obvious reasons — in his 'Canterbury Tales,' in Sir John Mandeville's Travels, or in Wicliffe's Bible.* All the writings of the last, rude in style though they be, are characterised (as are those of all popular reformers) by a liberal and, so to speak, instinctive adoption of the vernacular diction.

If we take specimens of Chaucer's original compositions — the products of his maturer genius — then he will more than bear the *former* test. Excepting a very few passages in which he makes a large demand on general and abstract nouns (as of ethical qualities), or of terms of art (as of physic or alchemy), his diction is more purely Saxon than that of Swift. In his most graphic descriptions of character and incident, it will be found that all the more vivid and expressive words and phrases — those which are most poetical in their effect — are Anglo-Saxon; as, for example, in his picture of the jovial monk of whom he says that

'When he rode, men might his bridle hear
Gingling in a whistling wind, as clear
And eke as loud as doth his chapel bell;'

and of the poor parson, of whom he writes

'That Cristes lore and his apostles twelve
He taught — but first he followed it himselve.'*

* The beautiful imitation by Dryden of Chaucer's description of the genuine minister of Christ is decidedly inferior, in simple force and vividness, to the original. Nor have Goldsmith or Cowper, in treating the same theme, equalled the graphic touches of our antique poet.

That in the translations of the French romances many French words should have been adopted was natural, for very many of the terms connected with chivalry were wanting in our own language. It was also natural that this species of literature should, to a certain extent, colour the diction of those who employed themselves in translating it. ‘The great pest of speech,’ says Johnson, ‘is frequency of translation. No book was ever turned from one language into another without imparting something of its native idiom.’ But the extent to which this importation of French words was carried in the translations of the metrical romances, affords no criterion whatever of the extent to which it generally prevailed, or any proof that an equal number of foreign terms had found their way into ordinary language. The moment we break away from these ‘translations’ to our original poetry and its appropriate themes, and still more when we come to plain prose, the proportion of the foreign element is at once seen to be much smaller: and as to colloquial language, it would be nearly as absurd to suppose the *Frenchisms* of Chaucer equally prevalent there, as to take the diction of Hume for a specimen of the extent to which Latin and French derivatives characterised the ordinary Scotch of his day. The number of such words was at no period greater than that of Latin words after the revival of classical literature — nor so great; and we have, therefore, just as little reason to represent the language as having derived its principal riches (as Hume says) from French derivatives, as there would be in similarly designating the yet more important importations from the Latin.*

* Ample facilities are now given to every student, curious in the history of our language, of studying its earlier phases and peculiarities, and of verifying and impressing on the mind the generalised statements of Dr. Latham and other philologists. Among the chief, are the large and often valuable publications of the ‘Camden Society’ and of other learned confederacies actuated by a similar spirit. The sedulous preservation of the older forms of orthography and inflection gives all such publications a peculiar value, and constitutes them a museum of philological specimens and curiosities. Those who have not access to these can consult Warton’s History of English Poetry, Ellis’s Specimens, both of Poetry and Romance, Weber’s Romances, the Paston Letters, and the two series of Letters (from the fifteenth century downwards) published by Sir Henry Ellis from the original documents in the British Museum. They were designed to be illustrative of English history, but are certainly as strongly illustrative of the English language. Being the familiar letters of the parties whose names they bear, they are excellently well adapted to disclose to us the condition of the language of common life at the periods they were composed; — of its vocabulary and grammar

The writers, to whom reference has been made, flourished in the latter half of the fourteenth century. Our language was now fully formed; and in substance, whatever modification it may have undergone, it has never altered. We proceed briefly to trace the principal modifications to which it has been since subjected. The language, as the nation made progress in knowledge and civilisation, became cultivated, and began to be written with some approach to uniformity. But it was still rude and unpolished; and such it long remained. A language may be fully formed; its grammar uniform, and even highly artificial, like that of the old Latin or of the Anglo-Saxons; and yet be extremely clumsy and uncouth. A long series of efforts and improvements is required to render it compact, energetic, and harmonious; to give composition either the requisite grace, or the requisite condensation. This cannot be done till the language is much written — till there is a *literature*. It is not till then that men become aware of the necessity of having an instrument which not only fulfils the first condition of a language — that of conveying thought with perspicuity; but of fulfilling the next great condition — that of conveying it with brevity and elegance. It is not likely that men will see the desirableness of compactness in the forms of words and in the modes of combining them, half so soon when they merely speak as when they write a language, unless it be in single phrases, which (like the ‘*ooh clo*’ of Coleridge’s Jew) are to be repeated some scores of times in as many minutes. When a language is generally written, the saving of labour to the writer, the gradual generation of a feeling of taste, and the desire to impart and enjoy the appropriate pleasures of it, suggest at once manifold improvements. The necessity of dispatch, indeed, even in speech, has in all languages, from time immemorial, led to the formation of those *ἔπεα πτερόεντα* — those conjunctions and prepositions, to the office and origin of which Horne Tooke first called due attention, though it must be admitted that his criticism is far from being always worthy of his original conception. But there are other ‘winged words’ to which similar impulses and exigencies equally prompt an author, when language is generally written, and especially when it lives and breathes through a national literature. This second class of contrivances Horne Tooke half promised to investigate, but never did.

at all events, though they afford no adequate indications of what were even then the capabilities of the language as a vehicle of literature. This can never be estimated except by inspecting the deliberate compositions of writers of acknowledged genius.

The slightest inspection of the English of the age of Mandeville and Chaucer will serve to show how much was required to be done in this direction. Many large classes of abbreviations were still requisite; such as contractions in the forms of nouns and verbs, and the rejection of useless or unmusical consonants and syllables; more refined and elliptical idioms; the suppression or amputation of sundry compound prepositions and conjunctions; the curtailment of many other superfluous or polysyllabic particles, as well as of some of the most prolix, yet most frequent constructions. Those brief formulæ, those refined ellipses, which give so much trouble and perplexity to the grammarian in his analysis—more especially in relation to Syntax—are very generally among these secondary formations in language. They are often anomalous enough to him, and resolutely refuse the proffered place in his laboriously invented classifications; but they were resorted to because people feeling the convenience of them had adopted them with a very natural indifference about the amount of trouble which they might be giving to grammarians.* This class of ab-

* There are few examples of over refined grammatical speculation more absurd than some of those in which Horne Tooke himself indulges; speculations which almost expose him to the condemnation of grammarians which he quotes from Athenæus. ‘Grammarians would be the greatest fools in existence, if there were no physicians’—*εἰ μὴ ἰατροὶ ἦσαν*. Such is his explanation of the meaning and origin of the word *to* as the sign of the infinitive mood. First, ‘*to*’ is equivalent to ‘*do*,’ though no similarity of *meaning* can be imagined; and as to *form*, the correspondent words in all the Teutonic languages will serve to show that they are from totally distinct roots. It is more droll still to find a sensible man like Crombie adopting the so-called explanation a generation afterwards, and even refining upon it; talking as if the English were an aboriginal language, and had no historical connexion with pre-existing dialects; in a word, as if it had been formed by a set of languageless savages, and that he had had the whole process revealed to him. ‘I have remarked that the first care of men in a rude and infant state would be to assign names to surrounding objects, and that the noun, in the natural order of things, must have been the first part of speech. . . . Thus I shall suppose that they assigned the word *plant* as the name of a vegetable set in the ground. To express the act of setting it they would say *do plant*, that is, *act plant*.’ (P. 100.) A little history sets all this refined metaphysics at rest. The Anglo-Saxons had an infinitive with a characteristic termination; also a gerundial form, or verbal noun, to which the *preposition* is affixed: infinitive *lufian*, *to love*; gerundial form, *to lufiyenne*, also *to love*. Now when so many other terminations were dropped in the formation of English, those of both infinitive and gerund were dropped; the preposition *to* was

breviations had been but partially established in our own language, at the close of the fourteenth century, nor till two centuries afterwards. And this is one of the reasons why we so often find the writings of the authors of the olden time so intolerably tedious. It is not, that we do not understand them; for, with the exception of a comparatively few obsolete words, the language is intelligible enough; but the modes of expression are too clumsy for the impatience of modern ears. After perusing the writings of Addison or Swift, the reader feels, when he opens the pages of Sir John Mandeville, as though he had exchanged the rail-road carriage of the present day for the broad-wheeled waggon of the last century. An irresistible drowsiness comes over him at the constant repetition of such phrases as 'and eke right so as he told me, right so I told him;' with the prolific family of 'all be it,' and 'how be it;' the 'for-as-muches,' and the 'in-as-muches;' the 'if thats,' the 'in thats,' and the 'for thats;' with the 'gouty joints,' and 'darning-work,' as Shaftesbury calls it, of 'whereat,' 'whereunto,' and 'wherein-soever;' and the perpetual drawl of those huge *megatheria* among particles, 'peradventure,' 'notwithstanding,' and 'nevertheless.' Hume scolded Robertson for the old-fashioned word *wherewith*. 'I should as soon take back *whereupon*, *whereunto*, and *wherewithal*. I think the only tolerable decent gentleman of the family is *wherein*: and I should not choose to be often seen in his company.' From the accumulation of such phraseology, the composition of our forefathers resembles the long-winded narrative of some rustic lout, who is an hour in doing something, and then two hours in telling you how he did it. Independently, indeed, of the defects of the language, prolixity itself is one of the deadly sins of our elder writers.*

however retained, and has since served as a sign of the infinitive form of the verb.

* Perhaps, after all, it is in the epistolary compositions of the age, and the never-ending formulæ of salutation, that the drawl of our ancestors strikes us most forcibly, as most in contrast with the dispatch and conciseness of these 'penny-post' days. 'Right worshipful, and my reverend and most special lord, I recommend me unto your good grace in the most humble and lowly wise that I can or may, desiring to hear of your prosperity and welfare as to my most singular joy and special comfort;' such is the concise exordium of 'honest John Northwood,' in the Paston Letters, when about to narrate events of a nature which in our day would assuredly abridge ceremony. The general air of these very curious letters is equally deliberate. But we are not to forget that in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries the pen was a far more unwieldy instrument than the sword, and the art of writing, and still more of thinking, a most operose proceeding.

This prolixity will always more or less characterise a rude and infant literature; but it was a fault of special magnitude in our own,—rendered doubly glaring, however, by the awkwardness of the language. Let us take a single sentence of Sir John Mandeville. He designs to express the notion, not certainly very original, that wherever he had wandered, he had seen human beings essentially the same; none that had two heads on their shoulders or were altogether destitute of understandings and consciences. In short, he had just to say what Lady Mary Montague expresses in two lines. ‘In all my travels,’ says she, ‘I have met with but two sorts of people — men and ‘women.’ Sir John addresses himself to the business on this wise, — ‘And yce shulle undirstonde, that of all theise contrees, ‘and of all theise yles, and of all the dyverse folk, that I have ‘spoken of before, and of dyverse laws and of dyverse belceves ‘that thei have, yit is there non of hem alle, but that thei have ‘sum resoun within hem and understondinge, *but gif it be the ‘fewere. . . .*’

The first English printer, the celebrated Caxton, died in 1491. Southey’s friend, Burnett, in his ‘Specimens of English ‘Prose Writers’ (which may be called almost their joint production), notices, as remarkable, what Caxton says of Trevisa’s Translation. We should like to compare the Translation, as Caxton altered it on printing it, with the Cottonian or some other MS., so as to judge for ourselves by the difference between the two of the effect of the intermediate hundred years:—‘I, ‘William Caxton, a simple person, have endeavoured me to write ‘first over all the said book of *Polychronicon*,—somewhat have ‘changed the rude and olde English, that is to wit, certain ‘words, which in these days we neither used ne understood.’ And again:—‘Some gentlemen blamed me, saying that in my ‘translations, I have over curious terms, which could not be ‘understand of common people, and desired me to use olde ‘homely terms in my translations. As I fain would satisfy ‘every man, so to do, I took an old book and read therein: ‘but certainly the English was so rude and broad that I could ‘not well understand it. Also the Lord Abbot of Westminster ‘did show to me late certain evidences written in old English, ‘for to reduce it into our English then used: but it was ‘written in such wise, that it was more like to Dutch than ‘English; so that I could not reduce, ne bring it to be under- ‘stonde. And certainly, our language now used, varyeth far ‘from that which was spoken when I was born; for we ‘Englishmen ben born under the domination of the moon, ‘which is never stedfast, but ever wavering; waxing one ‘season and waneth and decreaseth another season; and common

‘English that is spoken in one shire, varyeth from another.’ Of the magical power of the instrument, which had now come into Caxton’s hands, there can, at all events, be no doubt. With it, he himself probably exercised a greater influence on the language than any other man between Chaucer and the Reformation; and the changes wrought in it by his wondrous art were almost immediately conspicuous.

Owing partly to the more general writing, and still more to the printing of the language, a sensible improvement took place between the age of Caxton and the death of Henry VIII. The compositions which remain to us exhibit progressively greater brevity of expression, as well as compactness of construction, and even some degree of occasional elegance. To give the language, however, that polish and refinement which it was destined ultimately to reach, another cause still more powerful was to come into operation contemporaneously with the above causes; we mean the revival of classical literature. The formation of *taste* was the certain, though gradual, result of contact with the graces of diction and style so prodigally displayed in the pages of the great writers of Greece and Rome. It would perhaps be too much to assert that the English language, supposing the progress of the nation to have continued steady in knowledge and civilisation, might not in time have attained a polish and elegance equal to what it now possesses, even though classical literature had not interposed its natural influence. But there can be little doubt that a much longer process would have been required. There can be as little doubt that the process we actually went through might have been still further abridged (and it would have been certainly safer), if, as classical literature became generally cultivated, our authors had contented themselves with insensibly imbibing the classical *spirit*, and not absurdly aspired to copy the classical *forms*; if they had endeavoured to transfer *similar* graces to the English, instead of vainly endeavouring to reproduce the *same*; if they had sought to refine and polish their native tongue, and to develop its resources in a manner which harmonised with its peculiar genius and analogies, instead of too deeply tincturing its diction (as they often did), and distorting its syntax (as they sometimes did) and even its metres in compliment to those of Greece and Rome. The process by which the classics ultimately produced their appropriate and never-failing effect was necessarily a long one, and was characterised by certain fluctuations at different stages. The primary effects appear to have been simply advantageous. The classics were at first too little studied to produce pedantry—to cause extensive innovations in diction—or perverse transfers of un-

congenial idiom—or indeed any foolish attempt at wholesale, indiscriminate, or factitious imitation.* They simply and unconsciously led to an effort in those who were at all imbued with them to make the most of their native language such as it was,—to reduce its elements to greater uniformity,—to mould them into greater elegance and harmony,—to diminish the uncouthness and deformities which still attached to it.

A favourable instance of this influence operating on a mind of the first order may be found in the writings of the bosom friend of Erasmus, Sir Thomas More. Ben Jonson tells us that ‘his works were considered as models of pure and elegant style;’ and Hallam is of opinion that his history of Richard III. ‘is the first example of good English language;’ ‘pure and conspicuous, well chosen, without vulgarisms or ‘pedantry.’ The interval between Mandeville (such as we have seen him) and Sir Thomas More was little more than a century and a half; yet many of the sentences of the latter, making allowance for an obsolete term here and there, are even now models of easy and elegant English. The same comparative freedom from Latinised diction may be asserted of the fathers of the English Reformation, more especially of Latimer. Their writings are certainly less largely tinged with exotic terms than those of the next age; though the construction is often, it must be confessed, uncouth to the last degree, and deserves to be characterised by Pliny’s description of Seneca’s style, ‘arena sine calce,’ ‘sand without lime.’ Their more limited use of Latinisms, limited as compared with that of the divines and philosophers of the age of Elizabeth and James, may be attributed to two causes. First, classical literature had not yet been so exclusively studied; and, secondly, the writers in question were perpetually engaged in active life, everywhere coming in contact with the people, and naturally falling into a more vernacular diction. It is the recluse scholars, the philosophers and divines, who flourished at the conclusion of the sixteenth and the first half of the seventeenth century, who indulged in the largest coinage of Latin terms. ‘Generally it may be observed,’ says Mr. Craik, ‘with regard to the English prose of the earlier part of the sixteenth century, that it is both more simple in its construction and of a

* Many of the classical remains reappeared, it is true, not more strangely disguised by incongruous introduction of the ideas and language of modern romance and chivalry, than deformed by a diction rude and inelegant. Not a few versions or perversions of classic authors deserved, no doubt, the description which Gawain Douglas gives of Caxton’s romance founded on the *Æneid*—‘That it was no more like Virgil than the devil was like St. Austin.’

‘ more purely native character in other respects, than the style
 ‘ which came into fashion in the latter years of the Elizabethan
 ‘ period. When first made use of in prose composition, the
 ‘ mother tongue was written as it was spoken in genuine
 ‘ Saxon words and direct unenumbered sentences; no painful
 ‘ imitation of any learned or foreign model was attempted.
 ‘ The delicacy of a scholarly taste no doubt influenced
 ‘ even the English style of such writers as More, and his more
 ‘ eminent contemporaries or immediate followers; but whatever
 ‘ elegance or dignity these compositions thus acquired was not
 ‘ the effect of any professed or conscious endeavour to write in
 ‘ English as they would have written in what were called the
 ‘ learned tongues.’

Not only was the first effect of the revival of classical literature on language and style simply beneficial, but it continued to be so till Elizabeth had ascended the throne. The critical cultivation of the language proceeded for some time on right principles and by a safe method. Nay, some of the learned men of the century might be considered almost *purists* in their views upon this subject. Thus we are told that Sir John Cheke (1514—1557), the famous Professor of Greek at Cambridge, under whom studied Roger Ascham, the celebrated tutor of Elizabeth herself, projected a plan of reforming the English language by eradicating all words except those derived from Saxon roots! The project was very visionary and hopeless, it is true; nay, unwise and ungrateful; for our language was already composite, and the words derived from the Latin and French not only formed an integral part of the language, but could not be dispensed with, except by the violent and impossible expedient of reviving obsolete roots. The project however, at all events, shows that *he* had no desire to overrun the language with the words and the idioms of his cherished classics. His own style—he has left but little—is remarkably idiomatic, and makes us regret that we have no more of him. His pamphlet on Ket the tanner’s rebellion, 1549, ‘ The Hurt of
 ‘ Sedition,’ would be necessarily plain and popular, being printed to be dispersed among the rebels. A few lines will show that Cobbett could not have written more to the level of the parties than the Greek Professor. ‘ Ye pretend to a commonwealth.
 ‘ How amend ye it by killing of gentlemen, by spoiling of
 ‘ gentlemen, by imprisoning of gentlemen? A marvellous
 ‘ *tanned* commonwealth! Why should ye hate them for their
 ‘ riches or their rule? Rule, they never took so much in hand, as
 ‘ you do now. They never resisted the king, never withstood his
 ‘ council, be faithful at this day, when ye be faithless, not only
 ‘ to the king, whose subjects ye be, but also to your lords whose

‘ tenants ye be. Is this your true duty, in some of homage, in
 ‘ most of fealty, in all of allegiance, to leave your duties, go
 ‘ back from your promises, disobey your betters and obey your
 ‘ tanners, to change your obedience from a King to a Ket, and
 ‘ submit yourselves to traitors?’ A similar freedom from any
 ill consequences of familiarity with classical literature appears
 in the pages of Ascham, whose style is also comparatively pure
 in diction and for the most part simple in construction.

The changes, however, which we have now to trace were fast
 approaching. It is to be attributed not solely to familiarity
 with the ancient languages, but in part also to the vanity of
 those travelled gentlemen who then, as at other times, frequently
 brought home a larger accession of affectation than of knowledge,
 and a richer treasure of words than of thoughts. So early as 1580
 we find Wilson, the author of the first English work on Rhetoric,
 thus expressing himself: ‘ Among other lessons this should first
 ‘ be learned,—that we never affect any strange *inkhorn* terms,
 ‘ but speak as is commonly received, neither seeking to be over
 ‘ fine, nor yet being over careless, *using our speech as most men*
 ‘ *do, and ordering our wits as the fewest have done.* Some seek so
 ‘ far outlandish English, that they forget altogether their mother’s
 ‘ language. And I dare swear this, if some of their mothers
 ‘ were alive they were not able to tell what they say; and yet
 ‘ these fine English clerks will say they speak in their mother-
 ‘ tongue, if a man should charge them with counterfeiting the
 ‘ king’s English. Some far-journeyed gentlemen at their return
 ‘ home, like as they love to go in foreign apparel, so they will
 ‘ powder their talk with over-sea language. He that cometh
 ‘ lately out of France will talk French-English, and never blush
 ‘ at the matter. Another chops in with English-Italianated, and
 ‘ applieth the Italian phrase to our English speaking. . . .
 ‘ The fine courtier will talk nothing but Chaucer; the mystical
 ‘ wise man and poetical clerks will speak nothing but quaint pro-
 ‘ verbs and blind allegories, delighting much in their own dark-
 ‘ ness, *especially when none can tell what they do say.* The un-
 ‘ learned, or foolish fantastical, that smells but of learning (such
 ‘ fellows as have *seen* learned men in their days), will so Latin
 ‘ their tongues, that the simple cannot but wonder at their talk,
 ‘ and think surely they speak by some revelation. I know them
 ‘ that think rhetoric to stand wholly upon dark words, and he
 ‘ that can catch an *inkhorn* term by the tail, him they count to
 ‘ be a fine Englishman, and a good rhetorician.’ The folly
 had got so common, that Shakspeare amused his audiences with
 ridiculing Euphuists, and other the like coxcombs.

The language towards the middle of Elizabeth’s reign may be
 said to have consisted of much the same elements as at present,

and to have deserved the eulogium that Dr. Johnson has passed upon its copiousness (—the singularity of excluding Shakspeare from the dialect of poetry, and of confining him to that of common life, is nothing to our present purpose): ‘From the authors,’ says he, ‘which rose in the time of Elizabeth a speech might be formed adequate to all the purposes of use and elegance. If the language of theology were extracted from Hooker and the translators of the Bible, the terms of natural knowledge from Bacon, the phrases of policy, war, and navigation from Raleigh, the dialect of poetry from Spenser and Sydney, and the diction of common life from Shakspeare, few ideas would be lost to mankind for want of English words in which they might be expressed.’ Now the bulk of this language is, and has ever been, Saxon; at the same time, the obligations to Greek and Latin have been neither few nor small. The derivatives from these add much to its wealth, especially in those departments in which it was weakest—science, philosophy, and art. It has often been made a subject of lamentation that it should have thus resorted to the perilous experiment of calling in the aid of foreign auxiliaries; that it did not depend on its home-born strength, and adapt itself, as the modern German has done, to the demands of increasing knowledge by combinations of its own elements. But it must never be forgotten, that the change in grammatical structure, rendered harmonious combinations of its once homogeneous elements no longer possible; that the new terms for the most part supplied the place of words, which the language did not possess, and could not for the above reason readily frame; that where this was not the case they enriched it with many synonyms, in which our language is peculiarly copious; and that though some portion of the old Anglo-Saxon words became obsolete, there never has been a period since the formation of the language in which the proportion of its principal element has been seriously diminished. For some further remarks, tending to show that a decided preponderance of advantages, on the whole, attended the influence of the classical languages on our own, we must refer our readers to our previous article on the Structure of the English Language.

Up to Elizabeth’s reign there was, perhaps, no great reason to complain of the extent of classical importations; after that period, however, we certainly find the Latin element making undue encroachments; and those encroachments continued for nearly half a century onward, producing a very perceptible difference for the worse in diction, and introducing a species of construction utterly unsuited to the genius of the English language. A word or two on both these points.

These changes were in great part to be attributed, not simply

to the too exclusive culture of classical literature, and to the pedantry which was consequent upon it, — especially under the patronage of the first James, who himself was fit for nothing except to be king-pedagogue of a nation of pedants, — but to the recluse life of many of the principal writers of the first half of the seventeenth century. Latin was the language of European literature; many learned men read little else — often wrote in it — and inevitably imbibed the habit of transferring Latin terms and idioms almost without being conscious of it. Johnson justly says, that ‘he that has long cultivated another language will find its words and combinations crowd upon his memory; and haste and negligence, refinement and affectation, will obtrude borrowed terms and exotic expressions.’ Some further apology may be allowed to these writers, and, indeed, to all writers of that day from the necessities of the case: they were often compelled to create new terms to express new thoughts; for knowledge rolled in at that memorable era in a full tide, and overflowed the narrow channel of the language. Still this apology is not sufficient; for they did not restrict themselves to necessary innovations: wherever they found terms which, to their morbid taste, appeared more energetic or brilliant than those which the vernacular stock supplied, they at once Anglicised them, sometimes with so little regard to the analogies of the language, that the words themselves betrayed in their very form, as well as in their roots, their foreign origin.

So extensive were these importations, that there are comparatively few terms of classical origin now in use (if we except the additions to the nomenclature of modern science), which are not to be met with in some shape or other in the writers who flourished from the accession of Elizabeth to the Restoration. Subsequent writers have had no occasion to dig in that mine; their task has been to mould into greater harmony with the analogies of the language the terms which they deemed fit to reserve and consecrate for perpetual use. From the writings of Sir Thomas Browne, Jeremy Taylor, Donne, and about a score more of our authors of this period, might probably be collected two or three thousand Latin derivatives, which have since become obsolete; many of them among the *ἅπαξ λεγόμενα*, as critics would say, of the authors themselves. Some such audacities were ventured on among his ‘native wood notes wild’ even by Shakspeare, — at least some pass under his name.

But the familiarity of these writers with Greek and Latin often led them beyond the mere multiplication of terms of classical origin. They not only imported words before unknown

to the language, just giving them an Anglicised form and termination; but they not seldom employed words of foreign derivation, which had been already appropriated to a different meaning, in their *original* sense. Thus Jeremy Taylor employs 'immured' for 'encompassed;' 'extant' in the sense of 'standing out' (as applied to bas-relief); 'insolent' for 'unusual;' 'irritation' for 'making void.' One of the most ludicrous instances of this is a passage in which, having occasion to refer to the 'bruising of the serpent's head,' he speaks of the '*contrition* of the serpent;' to which may be added another noticed by Bishop Heber,—the use of the word 'excellent' for 'surpassing.' In this sense of the word, Taylor in one place speaks of an '*excellent* pain!' A still stronger evidence of the injurious effects of classical erudition upon taste, is supplied in the prodigal waste of it displayed even in the pulpit, and in popular harangues. The discourses both of divines and lawyers, strange to say, seem to have been often the objects of admiration in proportion to the amount of what was unintelligible to their hearers. There is an age, however, in every country when pedantry is popular.

But it was not simply in the extensive importation of foreign terms that we discover the undue influence at this period of the study and imitation of the classics; it was seen as conspicuously in the almost universal adoption of a periodic structure of sentence, unsuited to the genius of our language. To those of Greece and Rome, which possessed a more elaborate system of inflections and terminations, and were less encumbered with what Campbell calls the 'luggage of particles,' than any modern languages, the periodic structure was admirably adapted. Sentences of almost interminable length unroll themselves with perfect perspicuity; clause is linked to clause with no loss of meaning, yet with great addition to compactness and harmony. It has been justly observed, that we often find, in a sentence of inordinate length, the most important words reserved to the very last, as, for example, in the orations of Demosthenes; where they have all the effect of a sudden explosion. This is seldom possible with us. Yet this complicated structure of sentences was wonderfully affected in the time we are now treating, perhaps more in Hooker and in the prose of Milton than anywhere else. He who can read the sentences from these writers, cited below, without any more than the requisite pauses, must have sound lungs.*

* 'Albeit, therefore, I must needs in reason condemn myself of over great boldness for thus presuming to offer to your lordship's view my poor and slender labours; yet, because that which moves me so to do, is a dutiful affection some way to manifest itself; and

There have not been wanting, in modern times, writers who have greatly admired the stately march, and sometimes majestic and organ-like harmony, of this style. Thus Coleridge speaks with rapture of its 'difficult evolutions' and solemn rhythm; though he confesses, at the same time, its inaptitude in relation to our language. Many single passages of our greatest writers of the seventeenth century, composed in this style, are, however, among the noblest to be met with in all literature.

Of the writers of this epoch who so largely imported Latinisms into the language, Jeremy Taylor is perhaps the one who, as little as any, affects the periodic style. Though his sentences are often long, inordinately long, his connectives are usually extremely simple. One favourite and much abused conjunction is his general link. How exquisite is the harmony, as well as the conception, of the following sentence! The close is music itself:—'So much as moments are exceeded
' by eternity, and the sighing of a man by the joys of an angel,
' and a salutary frown by the light of God's countenance, a few
' frowns by the infinite and eternal hallelujahs, so much are the
' sorrows of the godly to be undervalued in respect of what is
' deposited for them in the treasures of eternity. Their sorrows

glad to take this present occasion, for want of other more worthy your lordship's acceptation; I am in that behalf, not out of hope your lordship's wisdom will the easier pardon my fault, the rather because myself am persuaded that my faultiness had been greater if these writings concerning the nobler parts of those laws under which we live, should not have craved with the first your lordship's favourable approbation, whose painful care to uphold all laws, and especially the ecclesiastical, hath by the space of so many years so apparently showed itself, that if we, who enjoy the benefit thereof, did dissemble it, they whose malice doth most enjoy our good herein would convince our unthankfulness.'—*Hooker's Dedicatory Epistle.*

'But much latelier in the private academies of Italy, whither I was favoured to resort, perceiving that some trifles which I had in memory, composed at under twenty or thereabouts (for the manner is that every one must give some proof of his wit and reading there), met with acceptance above what was looked for, and other things which I had shifted in scarcity of books and conveniences to patch up amongst them, were received with written encomiums, which the Italian is not forward to bestow on men on this side the Alps, I began thus far to assent both to them and to divers of my friends here at home, and not less to an inward prompting which now grew daily upon me, that by labour and intense study, which I take to be my portion in this life, I might perhaps leave something so written to after-times, as they should not willingly let it die.'—*Milton on Church Government*, B. II.

‘ can die, but so cannot their joys. And if the blessed martyrs
‘ and confessors were asked concerning their past sufferings and
‘ their present rest, and the joys of their certain expectation,
‘ you should hear them glory in nothing but in the mercies of
‘ God, and in the cross of the Lord Jesus. Every chain is a
‘ ray of light, and every prison is a palace, and every loss is the
‘ purchase of a kingdom, and every affront in the cause of God
‘ is an eternal honour, and every day of sorrow is a thousand
‘ years of comfort, multiplied with a never ceasing numeration,
‘ —days without night, joys without sorrow, sanctity without
‘ sin, charity without stain, possession without fear, society
‘ without envying, communication of joys without lessening;
‘ and they shall dwell in a blessed country, where an enemy
‘ never entered, and from whence a friend never went away.’

With the Restoration (1660) commenced a striking series of changes in English construction and style, terminating at the commencement of the next century in those forms, usages, and laws of composition, which with very limited and transient exceptions have prevailed ever since. Immediately after the accession of Charles II., the periodic style began to give way, and a more simple structure to take its place; the license of coining Latin derivatives also ceased: indeed, our language was substantially the same as it is at present. What was required was to file away asperities, to throw out redundancies, to refine barbarisms, to bring into greater accordancy with the analogies of the language words half exotic in form, to refine what was worthy of being refined, and to reject the ore which would not pay for the cost of smelting.

The first changes, however, which commenced with the Restoration were such as might well make a thoughtful student of the language question whether they would not deteriorate rather than benefit it; whether, whatever might be the defects of style now about to undergo a change, the remedy would not prove worse than the disease.

At first it seemed, as if the language had but exchanged one set of hazards for another, — or rather, as if causes of depravation which had pretty well reached their limit, and to which the language had in a measure adapted itself, were now to be followed by others far more active for mischief, and having the powerful aids of novelty and fashion in their favour. The stream of classical derivatives had been well nigh dried up; and if here and there a pedant still persisted in introducing them, there were no longer any prevailing tendencies that way. One of the new dangers, though not the chief, was of a flood of affected Gallicisms, with which the young monarch and his merry court

naturally came stored, and which they seemed as willing to impart to our barbarous countrymen, as those vices which had the same source, and in which they were, unhappily, equally proficient. This class of innovations at first seemed fraught with far greater dangers than could attend a too profuse and pedantic resort to the classical languages. They were sanctioned by the authority and example of a young and, for a time, highly popular monarch ; by the influence of a court half French in taste and associations ; and what was quite as mischievous, by the pretension to higher polish and gentility, — the notion that gentlemen and ladies *ought* thus to speak ; a notion which, if it once fairly takes possession of the heads of said gentlemen and ladies, is quite sufficient to reconcile them to the practice of any absurdity. Discourses accordingly were garnished with a trimming of French terms and phrases ; and happy, doubtless, was the fop, who, like the fops of all other generations, could most astonish his country neighbours by new names for objects which they had been accustomed to call all their lives by plain English ones ; and give seeming substance to his inanities of thought by clothing them in a fantastic frippery of affected Gallicisms. In a word, the language appeared still inclined for a masquerade, only in a new dress, and that not even so becoming as the former one. If our older authors sought, somewhat too assiduously, to induce themselves in the grave and solemn vesture of the ancients, their successors were determined that French costume should now be all the vogue. But the danger passed away. Those causes which have already been represented as rendering our language impregnable even to a foreign victor, more than sufficed to secure it against this new peril. The innovations, if for a time extensive, were extensive only within the precincts of the court, and among that class of people to whom court influence is as the breath of their nostrils ; and the majority of them were not permanent even there.

In the mean time some of the words thus introduced really became serviceable ; and in spite of the ridicule with which they were treated, stood firm and have obtained a permanent footing. It is curious that many of the foreign terms and affected phrases with which Dryden, in one of his plays, has interlarded the discourse of one of his fine ladies, by way of satire on the prevailing practice in the circles of fashion, have received the sanction of usage, and are now parts of the language. The gradual introduction and ultimate naturalisation of foreign terms, at first ridiculed and satirised, often afford us a striking proof of the precarious influence even of the most enlightened criticism, when sustained by the best reasons. We have other striking

proofs of this in the following century, when authors no less celebrated than Swift and Addison set themselves against certain innovations, and were only partially successful. Speaking of sundry long polysyllabic words which had been introduced 'in the course of the war,' the Tatler (No. 230.) says, 'if they attack us too frequently we shall certainly put them to flight and cut off their rear.' 'Every one of them,' remarks D'Israeli, 'still keep their ground.'

But it was not in an importation of Gallicisms that the chief danger was to be apprehended. The periodic style as well as Latinistic diction of the preceding generation had been abandoned—and very properly so; and it now seemed but too probable that our authors would fall into an opposite extreme, and adopt a vulgarised style; free, it is true, from the stiffness and formality of their predecessors, but without one particle of its majesty and grandeur; without even any of the decorum which ought to belong to all styles. The colloquialisms of everyday speech were extravagantly affected; colloquialisms, often pardonable enough elsewhere, but offensive in literature. The writers of that day weary and disgust us with their perpetual use of vulgar contractions and abbreviations, with their 'tis' and 'tisnt,' with their 'aints' and 'donts,' and 'wonts' and 'shants;' with their 'by ems' and 'at ems,' and many other affected imitations of the freedom of ordinary speech.* Seeking ease and nature, as they thought, they forgot dignity and decorum; or rather, like upstarts assuming a false gentility, they mistook vulgarity for ease, and impudence for freedom. The fault particularly prevails in the political writings of that age; writings, by the way, which form no inconsiderable portion of its literature. None was more signally guilty of it than Roger L'Estrange, known chiefly *now*, and that only obscurely, by his translations; better known *then*, as a most voluminous and virulent political pamphleteer. A few flowers gathered from a single paragraph will be more than sufficient to illustrate this distinctive peculiarity.†

* This slipshod style is excellently well mimicked in the above-mentioned number of the Tatler.

† 'She was easily *put off the hooks*, and *monstrous hard* to be pleased again; she was *as bad, 'tis true, as bad might well be*, and yet Xanthus had a kind of hankering for her still. . . . The man was willing to *make the best of a hard game*. . . . Come, come, master, says Æsop, pluck up a good heart, for I have a *project in my noddle* that shall bring back my mistress, &c. *What does my Æsop* but away immediately to the market. . . . This way of proceeding set *the whole town agog*. . . . And for *that bout* all was well again between master and mistress.'

It is not without reason that Coleridge observes that the ‘cavalier slang’ of L’Estrange, and his contemporary party writers, infected even the divines of the reign of Charles II. We acknowledge thankfully, however, that during this period there was at least one author by whom pure and nervous English was written with rare felicity. The poems and prose of Dryden anticipate the improvements in the language which were not generally recognised till the age of Addison. His plays — utterly unworthy of his genius — are disfigured by all the usual vulgarisms of the times.

At the commencement of the following century, those changes of construction and style which commenced with the Revolution were completed. The elements of the language were in fact just what they are still, both in form and construction; not taking into account such additions as the mere increase of knowledge has necessitated. New thoughts will of course require new terms. Meanwhile the periodic structure had disappeared at the same time that the vocabulary was adjusting itself. In this second fermentation, the language worked itself clear from all the feculence which had hitherto clouded it, — till at length, fully refined and clarified, it flowed transparent as crystal from the pen of the elegant Addison.

During the next generation the vocabulary of the English language fluctuated but little. An affectation, indeed, of French idiom and phrasology was manifested by many authors from time to time, and is conspicuous enough in Bolingbroke. Of this fashion Johnson and Campbell both subsequently complained. Its principal cause was the extensive influence of French literature, then in its glory, and which was translated wholesale. It was not uncommon to hear these innovations justified by the assertion that the French was much the finer language of the two, and that the introduction of words and idioms from it was but enriching our own. Campbell has well met this argument in the following paragraph: —

‘But the patrons of this practice will probably plead, that as the French is the finer language, ours must certainly be improved by the mixture. Into the truth of the hypothesis from which they argue, I shall not now inquire. It sufficeth for my present purpose to observe, that the consequence is not logical, though the plea were just. A liquor produced by the mixture of two liquors, of different qualities, will often prove worse than either.* The Greek is doubtless a language much

* Ascham had anticipated the same argument and the same answer, expressed with a pleasant homeliness. ‘Once I communed

‘superior in riches, harmony, and variety to the Latin; yet, by
 ‘an affectation in the Romans of Greek words and idioms (like
 ‘the passion of the English for whatever is imported from
 ‘France), as much perhaps as by any thing, the Latin was not
 ‘only vitiated, but lost almost entirely in a few centuries
 ‘that beauty and majesty which we find in the writers of the
 ‘Augustan age. On the contrary, nothing contributed more to
 ‘the preservation of the Greek tongue in its native purity, for
 ‘such an amazing number of centuries, unexampled in the
 ‘history of any other language, than the contempt they had
 ‘for this practice. It was in consequence of this contempt that
 ‘they were the first who branded a foreign term in any of their
 ‘writers with the odious name of *barbarism*.’ And Johnson, a
 little before the appearance of Campbell’s work, had alluded
 to the same tendency, fostered by the extensive translations
 from the French. His opinion, recorded at the close of the
 Preface to his Dictionary, is as follows: — ‘If an academy
 ‘should be established for the cultivation of our style, — which
 ‘I, who can never wish to see dependence multiplied, hope the
 ‘spirit of English liberty will hinder or destroy, — let them,
 ‘instead of compiling grammars and dictionaries, endeavour
 ‘with all their influence to stop the license of translators, whose
 ‘idleness and ignorance, if it be suffered to proceed, will reduce
 ‘us to babble a dialect of France.’

The last considerable fluctuation in literary diction was produced by the great critic and censor himself, — whose theory, as it often happens, was more perfect than his practice. Johnson is sometimes somewhat unjustly represented as having actually *introduced* into the language many new words of Latin lineage. In truth, however, he is rarely, if ever, chargeable with coining derivatives absolutely new. Almost every word he employs was already in the language, and had been used by the writers of the first half of the seventeenth century; they had simply been disused for a time, or had been rarely used. Words of the latter class Johnson used more freely, and in larger proportion to the vernacular stock than any other modern writer. It was Johnson’s familiarity with certain authors, as Sir Thomas Brown, Jeremy Taylor, Burton, which supplied him with his Latinisms,

‘with a man which reasoned the English tongue to be increased and
 ‘enriched thereby, — saying, who will not praise that feast where a
 ‘man shall drink at a dinner both wine, ale, and beer? Truly, quoth
 ‘I, they be all good, every one taken by himself alone; but if you
 ‘put malmsey and sack, red wine and white, ale and beer, and all
 ‘into one pot, you shall make a drink neither easy to be known, nor
 ‘yet wholesome for the body.’

In brief, if Johnson rendered turbid the pure ‘well of English,’ it was not by pouring in a foreign admixture, but by stirring up the sediment which had sunk or was sinking to the bottom. Of his Latinisms, those in his well-known definition of network may be taken as a specimen; they were not new; but what a heap of them in the same sentence! ‘Any thing reticulated *or* decussated, with ‘interstices at equal distances between the intersections.’

It is not easy for those who have not inspected contemporaneous literature, — especially its second-rate productions, — to conceive to what an extent Johnson’s style was imitated by his admirers. His genius and long undisputed literary reign would indeed have secured for him a train of this kind, had his style been difficult of imitation; unhappily, it was imitated with the greatest ease, — and its chief faults most easily of all. They even fell in with the universal tendencies of all young writers. As regards his diction, for example, young writers have uniformly a strong appetite for the ornate and sonorous; for ‘fine words’ as they are usually called. They think that terms of foreign or learned origin give to their compositions greater dignity; forgetting that frigid stateliness is but a poor exchange for idiomatic strength and simplicity; and that if the coveted terms are more sonorous, they are less vivid. Even when they are fully understood, they are feeble, because they are not those long-established symbols, the very voice of which clusters around them the whole band of appropriate associations. Between sounding Latinisms and homely idiomatic Saxon, there is all the difference as to power of awakening association that there is between a gong and a peal of village bells. Similar remarks apply to Johnson’s profuse use of antithesis. Contrast, in which it originates, and in which its power consists, heightens effect, and therefore the young writer thinks he cannot employ antithesis too frequently; not aware as yet that a figure which is constantly employed not only loses its effect, but wearies by its repetition. But what is worse, the love of antithesis is apt to mislead ordinary writers, as it did indeed Johnson himself, into an antithesis of words, where there is little or none in the ideas. Extensive as the imitation of Johnson was, it could not last long. The rage of imitation is always a violent, but transient epidemic. Meantime Sir James Mackintosh (no incompetent judge) had so strong a sense of the pernicious influence of Johnson’s style on our language generally, that so late as 1831 he declared, that ‘from the corruptions introduced ‘by Dr. Johnson, English style was only then recovering.’ Other critics, besides Dr. Parr, would probably think this an exaggeration. True genius, even in Johnson’s time, witness

Goldsmith and Burke, could not descend to imitate; and, long before 1831, Johnson's writings, though always and deservedly popular, had ceased to exercise any appreciable influence on mere style.

One of the most extravagant caricatures of the imitations of Dr. Johnson's style we recollect to have seen was a new model of a translation of the 23rd Psalm. Two of the verses, if we remember rightly, ran thus, 'Deity is my pastor, I shall not be indigent. . . . Thou anointest my locks with odoriferous unguents—my chalice exuberates.' And perhaps the absurdity of this style is best seen by thus trying its effect on a composition of exquisite simplicity. We recommend all who aspire to this species of style to study the peroration of Sir Thos. Urquhart's Jewel: 'I could have introduced, *in case of obscurity* (!), synonymal, exargastic, and palilogetic elucidations; for sweetness of phrase, antimetathetic commutations of epithets; for the vehement excitation of matter, exclamations in the front, and epiphonemas in the rear. I could have used, for the promptier stirring up of passion, apostrophal and prosopopœial diversions; and for the appeasing and settling of them, some epanorthetic revocations, and aposiopetic restraints. I could have inserted dialogisms, displaying their interrogatory part with communicatively-pysmatic and sustentative flourishes, or proleptically, with the refutative schemes of anticipation and subjection: and that part which concerns the responsory, with the figures of permission and concession.'

Since 1830, the tendency to innovate has been on the part of students of the German. So far as this tendency confines itself to occasional, gradual, and cautious transplantation of genuine and expressive words from the German vernacular; or, better still, so far as it leads us, by a reflex influence, to cherish the Saxon element in our own language, to keep the other elements in check, and to give this its proper place, it is matter of congratulation. The influence of the study of the German within these limits is wholly beneficial. But wholesale, tasteless importations of unsanctioned words, even though less pernicious than when introduced from languages of less affinity with our own, would be still pernicious. To quote a sentence from our former article: 'A philosophical mind will consider that whatever deflection may have taken place in the original principles of a language, whatever modification of form it may have undergone, it is, at each period of its history, the product of a slow accumulation, and countless multitude of associations, which can neither be hastily formed, nor hastily dismissed; that these associations extend even to the modes of spelling and pronouncing, of inflecting and com-

‘ binning words; and that anything which does violence to such associations, impairs, for the time at least, the power of the language.’

In truth, however, the words we have really naturalised from the German have been very few. ‘ Handbook,’ ‘ fatherland,’ and a score more, would exhaust the catalogue. Unhappily, the Germanised style, of which we have so much reason to complain at the present day, consists either in an absurd imitation of German idiom and construction; or in a free resort to compounds founded in the intermarriage of words within the prohibited degrees, and which is apt to result in a progeny of illegitimates, or downright hybrids; or (especially in relation to philosophy), in an eminently *Latinistic* diction, partly made up of a literal rendering of Latin terms which the German has itself incorporated, and partly (which is still worse) of translations of their vernacular philosophic terms into Latin derivatives, often previously appropriated in another sense, and sometimes in many other senses by ourselves. ‘ Objective,’ ‘ subjective,’ ‘ momentum,’ ‘ transcendental,’ ‘ egoism,’ ‘ concrete,’ the ‘ absolute,’ the ‘ reason,’ &c. are instances in the one kind or the other; and by conjuring with these, aided by a due abstinence from definitions, and by a certain mixture of German constructions, a man may, and sometimes does, write volumes which neither his reader nor himself understands.

There is nothing for which we more deeply regret the loss of those variable terminations of our once homogeneous language, which gave it an unlimited power of forming compounds, — the significance of which may be gathered immediately from the separate elements, — than the consequent multiplication of *scientific* terms, having a foreign origin. The evil is becoming almost intolerable; and we should be thankful to believe that there is any mode of successfully checking it. We are not ignorant that there are some advantages attending the present practice; but as the nomenclature of science increases without limit, its exotic character becomes a serious nuisance; the memory cannot retain it; and, what is worse, it loses all power of association, and renders the scientific style intelligible only to the deeply initiated. It is a hieroglyphic for a priesthood.*

* Many think that the evil is capable of being checked by a free resort to the Saxon: whether they would go so far as the man mentioned in an instructive paper on ‘ English Adjectives ’ in the Philological Museum, who suggested that ‘ the impenetrability of matter ’ might be expressed by the ‘ unthoroughfaresomeness of stuff,’ we know not. By the way, we strongly recommend the above paper,

The number of Greek and Latin derivatives which have been introduced in the course of the last fifty, and especially the last thirty years, in consequence of the immense extension of the physical sciences, must be immense. In botany, geology, conchology, mineralogy, and, above all, chemistry, the nomenclature has increased at a most prodigious rate. If all these terms were considered as much English words as those which enter into the dialect of common life, of poetry, of eloquence, of historic composition, we could hardly say that the Anglo-Saxon now forms so decidedly preponderant an element as it has done throughout the whole previous course of our literary history. At all events, the ratio of that element to the sum of all the others which enter into competition with it, would be very appreciably diminished. In fact, however, a vast number of these terms are found exclusively in works of science; rendered really, or apparently, necessary by our difficulty of compounding words from the vernacular. They are regarded simply as a concise notation, and as little affect the general relations of the language as the symbols of algebra. When, for example, the zoologist tells us, that if we ‘take the head of an opossum, contract the cranium, widen the orbits and parietal crests, elevate the occiput, shortening at the same time the basilar part, &c., and we shall only require the differences of projection of some parts, the presence of an external pterygoid apophysis, the direction downwards of the curvature of the zygomatic arch, &c., to arrive at the head of a hog;’ or when the botanist tells us that a genus of plants has a ‘3-parted half-inferior calyx, rotate monopetalous 5-10-parted corolla, imbricate in æstivation, indefinite stamens inserted in the lobe of the corolla, with the filaments cuspidate at the apex, and polyadelphous at the base;’ or when the chemist tells us that ‘æther is supposed to be an oxide of ethereum, alcohol a hydrated oxide, and sulphovinic acid a hydrated bisulphate of oxide of ethereum;’ or discourses of a gas which boasts of the three brief names, ‘superolefiant gas,’ ‘terhydrocarbon,’ and ‘tritocarbohydrogen;’ every one feels that, convenient to science as may be such a peculiar style, it is disguised Greek and Latin that he is reading rather than English.

But though, in strictly scientific treatises, the unsparing use of terms of art may be very necessary, and not only tend to economise expression, but (by obviating prolixity) be even conducive to clearness, at least for those who previously understand the

and some others on related topics in the same publication, to the perusal of every student of the English language.

terminology, there is often in half scientific men an excessive fondness for this species of language, when they are *not* addressing scientific readers or not addressing them exclusively. Under the notion of being more philosophical, they commit the same error as the young writer or speaker who employs the most general and abstract terms he can find, instead of the most specific and vivid, or who substitutes the sonorous Latin for the strong homely Saxon. It would be well for every scientific writer, who is addressing his discourse in any degree *ad populum*, or not exclusively to the scientific world, to peruse with care the observations of Whately in his 'Rhetoric,' on the use and abuse of technical language; and to study as models the writings of such men as Paley, Sir John Herschel, and Sir Charles Bell. To express the results of science without the ostentation of its terms, is an excellent art indeed, and known to but few. An amusing example of the impropriety in question not unfrequently occurs in courts of justice, when a surgeon undertakes to enlighten a wondering jury as to the results of a *post mortem* examination: he finds a wound 'in the parietes of the abdomen, opening the peritoneal cavity;' or an injury of some 'vertebra in the dorsal or lumbar region.' A judge lately rebuked a witness of this character by saying, 'You mean so and so, do you not, sir?' — at the same time translating his scientific barbarisms into a few words of simple English. 'I do, my Lord.' 'Then why can't you *say* so?' He *had said so*, but not in English.

If the Saxon cannot supply us with a nomenclature, science must continue her demands on the plasticity of Greck and the condensation of Latin, to aid her in giving expression to her novel thoughts and teeming discoveries. Such an alternative leaves us no choice. But the precedent is contagious; and it is too much to be threatened with a wanton inundation of similar learned terms, to dignify the achievements of the common arts of life, and of the most vulgar handicrafts. It is to degrade these languages, not less than to insult our own, to employ them, as they too often are employed, to stimulate public curiosity towards some obscure nostrum, or some novelty of dress or furniture. 'Eureka Shirts,' 'Resilient Boots,' 'Eupodistic Bootmaker,' 'Panklibanon Iron-works,' 'Antigropelos,' 'Euknemida,' 'Soterion,' are a few examples of this most classical vulgarity*; we only wonder that the 'Patent Knife Cleaner' has been contented to be unbaptized in 'well-sounding Greck.'

* *Punch* is the proper party to deal with such follies.

The principal excellences of a language consist in copiousness, meaning by that word distinct expressions for distinct things; in variety, or different expressions for the same thing; in precision; in ductility; in energy and in harmony. The English language, on the whole, will probably sustain comparison with any ever spoken by man. In ductility and in power of transposition it yields to Greek and German; and to many other languages in some one point or other. But few have ever combined *all* the excellences of language in so high a degree. Coleridge doubts whether it yields to the Greek and German even in those points in which their superiority has been generally conceded. 'It may be doubted,' says he, on one occasion, 'whether a composite language like the English is not a happier instrument of expression than a homogeneous one like the German;' and on another he declares, 'As to mere power of expression, I doubt whether even the Greek surpasses the English.'

When we reflect on the enormous breadth both of the Old World and of the New, over which this noble language is either already spoken, or is fast spreading, and the immense treasures of literature which are consigned to it, it becomes us to guard it with jealous care as a sacred deposit—not our least important trust in the heritage of humanity.* Our brethren in America must assist us in the task.

* Mr. Harrison's volume contains many instructive observations on the structure of the language, and a very copious and useful collection of illustrations on most points connected with English syntax and composition; but as regards the history of the language, and its relation to the other members of the Teutonic family, his work is far inferior to that of Dr. Latham. The latter is in fact only too full and profound for young students; and we think the author would confer an important favour on such (especially on that increasing class of youths who require a manual for the matriculation examinations of the London University), by inserting in a future edition of his 'Elementary Grammar' those chapters of the larger work which strictly bear on the history of the English language and its dialects. Like Grimm's 'Deutsche Grammatik,' to which Dr. L. so frankly acknowledges his obligations, the larger volume largely overlaps his immediate subject.

ART. II.—1. *A Second Visit to the United States of America.*

By Sir CHARLES LYELL. 2d edit.

2. *The Western World, or Travels in the United States in 1846-7; exhibiting them in their latest development—social, political, and industrial—including a chapter on California.*
By ALEXANDER MACKAY, Esq., of the Middle Temple, Barrister-at-Law. 3 vols. 1849.

3. *Reed and Matheson's Visit to the American Churches.* 2 vols. 1835.

4. *Tenth Annual Report of the Massachusetts System of Common Schools.* Boston: 1849.

5. *Speech of the Hon. Daniel Webster upon the Subject of Slavery, delivered in the Senate of the United States, March 7. 1850.*

IF books are now like the sea sand, good and true books are but as the rarer shells; and voyages and travels, having passed on beyond the interest of mere discovery, are to be estimated by those deeper qualities which make civilised nations *truly* acquainted with each other.

To this end, judgment and candour are more than all the arts of composition, and true candour is perhaps even more than judgment. Sir Charles Lyell's books upon the inexhaustible field of America are distinguished by both these qualities, but more especially by the last, and are worthy therefore to be studied for real increase of knowledge.* They comprise observations upon every thing in that theatre of great experiments which would naturally attract the attention of a liberal and cultivated Englishman, possessing those advantages of access and intercourse which were at the command of a man not only eminent in science, but conversant with the best society of Europe; a gentleman by station, and a gentleman by nature. He has visited the United States twice (which it would not be so pleasant for many *writers* upon them to do), and had the advantage, therefore, of revising his first impressions, and also of noting many signs of progress made during his absence, which indicate how fast the social tree will grow in virgin soil. Mr. Lyell crossed the Atlantic first in pursuit of his geological vocation; and we can imagine the interest of the New World to him in its mere physical features—for a geologist looks at a continent as an anatomist looks at

* We can very honestly say the same for both Mr. Mackay, and Messrs. Reed and Matheson.

an animal — he sees with his mind's eye the internal organisation, and the fire and the water in digestive action, and the peristaltic earthquakes, and thinks he knows what the monster was like in its infancy and youth, and what it will be like in its old age — he sees the valleys rising from the sea, and the mountains rising from the plain — he sees nature laying in her coal measures, and commonwealths coming down in the mud of primeval rivers — he looks backward to the Saurian aborigines, and onward perhaps to undefinable developments of the type of man. A geologist thus full of the great generalisations of his proper science will hardly confine himself within the sensible horizon when he comes to the historical period. The kingdoms, constitutions, creeds, and rituals of men, he will be apt to regard as less permanent than Niagara, — which is itself no immortal cascade. Yet, these he investigates as phenomena, with the fidelity of a naturalist, and applies the inductive method to thoughts no less than to things. There can be no doubt of the light, as well as the impulse, which physics have lent to metaphysics, and nature to divinity, since Pascal declared for Galileo and Newton became a saint in the English calendar, and since the Protestant schools and churches have given so many professors to geology.

The sun at the centre, and the earth among the stars, and that star of ours in unceasing mutation and development, are suggestive of thoughts which are themselves but developments — which must revolve with man, who must revolve with his world, which is invisible from the Great Bear. Geology includes the whole visible creation, and is neutral ground on which all students meet, and all philosophies must adjust themselves to Nature's dimensions — and historians and politicians learn to recognise other occult agencies and dynamic forces, besides the climate of Montesquieu, underlying the institutions and controlling the schemes of men! It is, at any rate, unquestionable that political speculations are now largely turned from the dramatic, dynastic, and personal interests of history, to the life of nations, the destinies of races, and the ultimate prospects of mankind — our fathers' generation and our own have been marked by changes so vast and rapid as to strike the least imaginative minds with an anxious sense of temporal instability, and to fill the most imaginative with solemn instincts of an undeveloped providence, and dim visions of a future which no theorems of the schools and the churches will contain. So much for the aptitudes, in our estimate, of a geological professor to report upon the social stratification of the great North American Republics.

The book, in point of arrangement, like Sir C. Lyell's account of his former visit, is of the nature of a diary, taking up subjects as they arose by the way, or were suggested in conversation. But as his first visit was chiefly scientific, his second is chiefly popular, the mixture of geology and natural history, giving the same variety of interest to the reader which it must have given to the daily progress of the traveller. 'It is an agreeable novelty,' he says, 'to the naturalist to combine the speed of a railway, and the luxury of good inns, with the sight of the native forest; the advantages of civilisation, with the beauty of unreclaimed nature: no hedges, few ploughed fields, the wild plants, trees, birds, and animals undisturbed.'

Landing at Boston, he begins with the New England States, where lies the interest that most comes home to us. The foresight of Bacon could not have predicted what would come of those Pilgrim Fathers within 200 years: But observers of far inferior penetration, on looking back, may discern and trace downwards a natural expansion from that vigorous root. There was cast at once into fresh earth the seed of civil liberty, and the seed of independent belief, both included in that indomitable Protestantism which fled from the bondage of Europe to worship God in the wilderness. The Mayflower carried over to new shores the germ of a great nation, whercin, physically, there was nothing strange to experience; but she carried over also a spiritual venture of vaster capabilities under less visible promise — universal toleration latent in the most inhuman of school-born theologies — universal religion in a husk of Calvinism! No rational observer of the United States will now overlook *that* grain of mustard-seed in studying the moral phenomena of the Anglo-American nations.

Anglo-Saxon America is the land of progress, whatever the end of it is to be; and in that respect, and not for any results yet attained, is so deserving of our attention. The vigour of population corresponds there to the scale of nature. All the wants of civilised men are developed, and all the means of satisfying them are within reach; the war against the wilderness keeps all energies alive, feeding them with victory and hope; and all the experience of the Old World comes in aid to guide, to encourage, and to warn. If freedom be doomed to end in rebellion against God and anarchy among men, America will unteach the world an error of 2000 years. If, on the contrary, self-government be the secret of society, or the right way towards it, America is the land of promise, and the object of highest hope as well as of liberal curiosity.

But without presuming to decide this momentous question,

or to assume it, let us hear Sir Charles Lyell's evidence. He is very curious about all religious manifestations, as every wise man must be, who knows how much may be inferred from them as to popular intelligence, and the state of education, and the moral heart of a community. The faiths of the multitude must be studied by those who would know their own times, and the thoughts of the wise by those who would foresee the coming time. The convictions of the many are the laws of the living world—the negations of the few mark the spiritual path which the next generations will follow; for the fear of God in the hearts of the wise tends ever to enlarge itself, to reject school definitions, and to purge the popular creed. To the ancient *vates* every part of nature was a separate God; to the modern poet universal nature is but a part of God. Consider the decline of faith, yet the progress of truth, in the Church, the schools, and the world, from Tertullian to Bishop Butler, from Ptolemy to Sir J. Herschel, from St. Louis to the King of Prussia! Now sectarianism is the beginning of the end of a blind reverence for human authority; and as Old England is the land of sects, compared with Europe, so New England is the land of sects compared with Old England; and the sects of America, like her factions, have the salient energy of youth. It requires a true philosopher to report of them fairly; and the habits of a natural philosopher to investigate them calmly and piously,—as he would the interesting peculiarities of animals. Behold, these are some of God's creatures, and these are some of their ways.

New England is in truth a museum of sectarian curiosities; no maternal church keeps down fanaticism, and no court manners suppress or chasten the free expression of it by word and by deed. Here, if any where, we must be careful to learn what such a state of things naturally comes to—whether to internecine war, or to mutual forbearance and gradual comprehension. It is a most practical question for all Christendom. At Portland, in Maine, Sir C. Lyell found a 'happy family' of sects—all, except the Roman Catholics and Episcopalians, of Puritan derivation—but all without exception reconciled to live and eat together in the same cage. The late governor had been a Unitarian, the present governor was a Roman Catholic! Now according to the theory of *exclusive truth*, and a State conscience, either these sectaries can not be sincere in their differences, or they have no sense of the awful gulph that lies between the Church and the world;—and in either case, that State has no conscience. Yet, judging the tree by its fruit, here is an impartial observer, who finds himself bound to report well of it,

and to prefer a friendly diversity to an intolerant uniformity. Sir C. Lyell enumerates eight sects in this town of Portland; and the American Almanac for 1849 gives twenty-eight in all for the United States, with an estimate of their respective numbers. Statistics, however, are a rude, and must be a most vague measure of spiritual quantities; but take the Roman Catholic Church on the one hand, which strives to be the same in all lands, and multitudinous Protestantism on the other; and among the popular heresiarchs of the Union in our generation, let Dr. Channing stand at the top and Mormon Smith at the bottom; — and then let us consider the gradations of faith and polity that must lie between them. If amity be an *accomplished fact* in such a conflux of opposites, the spirit of peace must be strong, after all, in the world, and the problem of ‘happy families’ no longer desperate. The variety of sects is in truth not a subject either for satire or for tears, unless we could say how religion could otherwise adapt itself to the unequal growth of intellect in society. The polity of the Roman Church was perfect in itself, and for its own purposes. It grasped the whole body of the State, and left no grade or member of it uncared for. But when heresy broke into the fold, and conviction, instead of submission, was made the basis of the new Church, and every man had to choose his creed, or at least the keeper of his conscience, uniformity became impossible, and sects inevitable. Then arose the proverb, *ubi una, ibi nulla!* And if a civilised commonwealth is ever again to be one fold, under one Shepherd, it must be by getting through the sectarian stage, as the individual mind can best do, and resolving moral as well as material phenomena into general laws and a universal providence.

To this end, the first step is not that sects should cease to be, — far from it, — but that they should agree to be. And this is what we rejoice to learn has been brought to pass in New England, as exemplified in the above-mentioned instance in the State of Maine. The same phenomenon is repeated and recurred to in many places; and instead of exaggerations and contrasts, Sir C. Lyell endeavours to give us things in their natural colours and proportions, the result of which is, a more intelligible picture of religion in America, than we usually meet with. Revivals, and camp meetings, and fanatical excesses are reported too, but not in a satirical style or spirit, nor with undue inferences drawn from them as to national character. Such fanaticism is the religion of an uninstructed but awakening vulgar. It is religion, however, having reference to conscience and the moral condition of man. A fixed superstition belongs to a wholly ignorant and stationary people.

The free enthusiasm of a democracy is error in agitation and transition, and we may hope will correct itself on the way.

Revivals are made up of all the arts of excitement and some of the arts of fraud, which mingle strangely together in spiritual zealotry. Sir C. Lyell quotes from a New York paper the following advertisement:—‘A protracted meeting is now
‘in progress at the Church in ——— Street: there have been a
‘number of Conversions, and it is hoped the work of grace has
‘but just commenced. Preaching every evening. Seats
‘free!’ At a revival in Bethlehem, attended by sixteen ministers, Methodists, Baptists, and one Orthodox, ‘there were
‘prayers and preaching incessantly from morning to night, for
‘twenty-one days.’ Sir C. Lyell was assured by a Boston friend, that, when he once attended a revival sermon, ‘he heard
‘the preacher describe the symptoms which they might expect
‘to experience on the first, second, and third day previous to
‘their conversion, just as a medical lecturer might expatiate to
‘his pupils on the progress of a well known disease; and the
‘complaint, he added, is indeed a serious one, and very contagious when the feelings have obtained an entire control over the
‘judgment, and the new convert is in the power of the preacher;
‘he himself is often worked up to such a pitch of enthusiasm
‘as to have lost all command over his own heated imagination.’ But such a preacher belongs to a well-known genus in church history. The most memorable of them was perhaps Peter the Hermit. Religious madness is also a form of mania well known in lunatic asylums and out of them. ‘It is admitted, however, and
‘deplored by the advocates of revivals, that, after the application
‘of such violent stimulants, there is invariably a reaction, and
‘what they call a flat or dead season; and it is creditable to
‘the New England clergy of all sects that they have in general,
‘of late years, almost discontinued such meetings.’

Then we have an account of the Millerites, followers of one Miller, who had appointed the 23d of Oct. 1844 for the final destruction of the world, and who found such faith on earth that, in the autumn of that year, many of his neighbours would neither reap their harvest nor let others reap it, lest they should tempt Providence in that awful hour: and, *after* the 23d of October, though they saved what they could, or had it saved for them by the parochial authorities, yet the failure of the prediction was resolved into miscalculation merely, and the sect continued to flourish and believe, and Boston shops advertised ascension robes for going up to Heaven; and an English bookseller at New York assured Sir C. Lyell ‘that there was a
‘brisk demand for such articles even as far south as Phila-

‘delphia, and that he knew two individuals in New York who
‘sat up all night in their shrouds on the 22d of October!’
‘Several houses were pointed out to us between Plymouth
‘and Boston, the owners of which had been reduced to poverty
‘by their credulity, having sold their all towards building the
‘tabernacle in which they were to pray incessantly for six
‘weeks previous to their ascension.’ In this tabernacle —
which was afterwards sold and converted into a theatre—the
Author saw Macbeth; and was told by some of his party ‘that
‘they were reminded of the extraordinary sight they had wit-
‘nessed in that room on the 23d October of the previous year,
‘when the walls were all covered with Hebrew and Greek
‘texts, and when a crowd of devotees were praying in their
‘ascension robes, in hourly expectation of the consummation of
‘all things.’

Now fanatical excesses like these have been worked up with much effect by satirical and declamatory writers, as evidence against the general intelligence of American society; but when Sir Charles Lyell alleged the numerous followers of Miller and Smith to a New England friend, as ‘not arguing much in favour
‘of the working of their plan of national education,’ he received, we think, a very sensible reply, which, without vindicating the younger world, laid upon the elder its due share of the reproach.

‘As for the Mormons, you must bear in mind that they were largely recruited from the manufacturing districts of England and Wales, and from European emigrants recently arrived. They were drawn chiefly from the illiterate class in the Western States, where society is in its rudest condition. The progress of the Millerites however, though confined to a fraction of the population, reflects undoubtedly much discredit on the educational and religious training in New England; but since the year 1000, when all Christendom believed that the world was come to an end, there have never been wanting interpreters of prophecy who have confidently assigned some exact date, and one near at hand, for the millennium. Your Faber on the Prophecies, and the writings of Croly, and even some articles in the Quarterly Review, helped for a time to keep up this spirit here, and make it fashionable. But the Millerite movement, like the exhibition of the Holy Coat at Treves, has done much to open men’s minds; and the exertions made of late to check this fanatical movement have advanced the cause of truth.

‘The same friend then went on to describe to me a sermon preached in one of the north-eastern townships of Massachusetts, which he named, against the Millerite opinions, by the minister of the parish, who explained the doubts generally entertained by the learned in regard to some of the dates of the prophecies of Daniel, entered freely into modern controversies about the verbal inspiration of the Old and New Testament, and referred to several works both of German,

British, and New England authors, which his congregation had never heard of till then. *Not a few of them complained that they had been so long kept in the dark; that their minister must have entertained many of these opinions long before, and that he had now revealed them in order to stem the current of a popular delusion, and for expediency, rather than the love of truth.* "Never," said they, "can we in future put the same confidence in him again."

'Other apologists observed to me, that so long as part of the population was very ignorant, even the well educated would occasionally participate in fanatical movements; for religious enthusiasm, being very contagious, resembles a famine fever, which first attacks those who are starving, but afterwards infects some of the healthiest and best fed individuals in the whole community.'

This last observation and similitude, which Sir Charles Lyell thinks 'plausible and ingenious but fallacious,' seems to us to have both force and truth in it. All excitability beyond the bounds of reason is a matter of temperament, and subject to strange sympathies which reason can neither control nor explain. But whoever seriously believed the end of the world to be at hand, would be in a state of *reasonable* excitement; and the doctrine of literal inspiration had, long before America was known, seemed to give all men an absolute warrant for that belief. The behaviour of the New England sectaries under such persuasion was natural enough. The opinion was a delusion; but if one honest sermon proved sufficient to dispel it from the minds of one congregation, let the theology both at home and abroad, which dares not speak plainly to the people, and hardly dares to open its own eyes, bear the blame of all such epidemic extravagance.

But we must follow Sir Charles Lyell further into this subject, on which, in his 12th chapter, he has written fully, earnestly, and wisely, in a tone that can give just offence to nobody. And if we can draw more general attention to that chapter alone, we shall render a seasonable service to truth and charity on both sides of the Atlantic.

Religion is rightly assumed, by all who believe in a power above them, to be the basis and soul of education. Yet religion, as moulded by most schools of theology in Europe, is found in unnatural opposition to free teaching; and it puzzles the wisdom of senates to discover how this fatal schism is to be healed. But in New England the problem has been solved already. There are free schools there and independent sects in amicable fellowship; and it is well worth further inquiry whether toleration has produced the schools or the schools have produced toleration. Sir Charles Lyell quotes, from the farewell charge of Pastor Robinson to his congregation at

Leyden, before they set sail in the Mayflower, the following passage:—

‘ I charge you before God, and his holy angels, that you follow me no further than you have seen me to follow the Lord Jesus Christ. The Lord has more truth yet to break forth out of his holy word. For my part I cannot sufficiently bewail the condition of the reformed churches, who are come to a period in religion, and will go at present no further than the instruments of their first reformation; the Lutherans cannot be drawn to go beyond what Luther saw. Whatever part of his will our good God has imparted and revealed unto Calvin, they will die rather than embrace it, and the Calvinists, you see, stick fast where they were left by that great man of God, who yet saw not all things. This is a misery much to be lamented; for though they were burning and shining lights in their times, yet they penetrated not into the whole council of God: But were they now living, they would be as willing to embrace further light as that which they first received. I beseech you to remember it: It is an article of your Church covenant, that you will be ready to receive whatever truth shall be made known unto you from the written word of God. Remember that, and every other article of your most sacred covenant.’

Now the principle which is contained in these pregnant words it is probable that neither the preacher himself nor the most reflecting of his hearers would have been ready to follow out to its destined results. The zealous exiles were as positive and intolerant under their new heaven as the brethren they had left behind them under the old. But no philosopher ever stood wholly clear of his own times and associations—how much less any religious enthusiast. The progress which Pastor Robinson foresaw was something that should enlarge only, and enforce, but not confute, or altogether outgrow, the teaching of Calvin. It was indeed a great step to admit that Calvin himself saw not all things. It is a further and greater step to admit that Calvin saw many things that were not, and that the progress of truth includes unlearning much as well as learning more. It is Coleridge, we think, who remarks of political disputants and parties, that, seeing half the truth, they are generally right in the principles which they assert, and wrong in those which they deny;—in the same sense in which opposite proverbs are the complements of each other—both true, and yet both false. But as much can hardly be said of religious sects—for, in religion, the positive, from the nature of the case, is far more likely to be wrong, because the horizon there is infinite; and we have no data for a doctrine of the *moral* sphere. The Pastor’s rule, however, ‘be ready to receive whatever truth shall be made known unto you,’ though it has already led whither he would not, is a rule

for all times, and will outlive all the systems in the world. Then how, and by what steps has it led the posterity of the Puritan pilgrims so wide of their father's pathway, and rolled out their narrow Calvinistic synagogue into this umbrageous confederation of Gentile Christianities? Sir C. Lyell ascribes it all to the peculiar polity of the congregational churches, and to the natural recoil of religious feeling from the strain of Calvinism. A notable example of such reaction at the fountain head has been seen in the church and clergy of Geneva; but the spiritual independence of every separate congregation is among the issues of Protestantism, which it was reserved for New England to sanction by law, and to make the basis of an extensive ecclesiastical discipline. It is a principle, indeed, inconsistent with truth, if religion be a catechism and a confessor; but if it be a compound of instinct, reflection, faith, and experience, a light of the soul itself—it must feed upon free incitation; and the independence of any body of consenting worshippers is but the natural right of so many individual minds to obey the laws of thought and the conditions of their intellectual being. Now, by insight, foresight, self-assertion, or self-defence—or why not by the providence of God?—the Puritans of New England, before they were tolerant themselves, adopted the essential polity of toleration, and also of progress. The law gave effect to it; and in every congregation, if the creed of the majority change, the minority must secede and set up no rights of frechold against rights of conscience. Such is the principle of the congregational churches, of which, according to the list in the Almanac of last year, there are in the United States 1727, with 1584 ministers called orthodox, and 300 with 250 ministers called Unitarian. Sir C. Lyell says that the separate congregational churches in England, both Old and New, are, in all, above 3000; which would seem to indicate a greater proportion for New England than we should have inferred from the figures in the Almanac. But whatever their number may be, they were the true root of American Protestantism, and of American education; and Sir C. Lyell gives a very interesting account of them in both those relations:—

‘It is now,’ he says, ‘the settled opinion of many of the most thoughtful of the New Englanders, that the assertion of the independence of each separate congregation was as great a step towards freedom of conscience as all that had been previously gained by Luther’s reformation. . . . To show how widely the spirit of their peculiar ecclesiastical system has spread, I may state that even the Roman Catholics have, in different States, and in three or four cases (one of which is still pending in 1848), made an appeal to the courts

at law, and endeavoured to avail themselves of the principle of the Independents, so that the majority of a separate congregation should be entitled to resist the appointment by their bishop of a priest to whom they had strong objections.

‘ But to exemplify the more regular working of the congregational polity within its own legitimate sphere, I will mention a recent case which came more home to my own scientific pursuits. A young man of superior talent with whom I was acquainted, who was employed as a geologist in the State survey of Pennsylvania, was desirous of becoming a minister of the Presbyterian Church, in that State; but when examined, previous to ordination, he was unable to give satisfactory answers to questions respecting the plenary inspiration of Scripture, because he considered such a tenet, when applied to the first chapter of Genesis, inconsistent with discoveries now universally admitted respecting the high antiquity of the earth, and the existence of living beings on the earth long anterior to man. The rejected candidate, whose orthodoxy on all other points was fully admitted, was then invited by an Independent congregation in New England to become their pastor; and when he accepted the offer, the other associated churches were called upon to decide whether they would assist in ordaining one who claimed the right to teach freely his own views on the question at issue. The right of the congregation to elect him, whether the other churches approved of the doctrine or not, was conceded; and a strong inclination is always evinced, by the affiliated societies, to come, if possible, to an amicable understanding. Accordingly, a discussion ensued, and is perhaps still going on, whether, consistently with a fair interpretation of Scripture, or with what is essential to the faith of a Christian, the doctrine of complete and immediate inspiration may or may not be left as an open question.’

Now the close connexion of all this with the moral culture of a people cannot be questioned upon general grounds; nor can anybody turn away from it, as remote from the business of life, who reflects upon our actual religious difficulties at home, upon our public divisions and our domestic estrangements, all springing from the old passion for doctrinal uniformity.

The love of truth is honourable in all; and with the disciples of an infallible church we will not dispute. But there can be only one infallible church; and if the Protestant world be but seeking for that through free inquiry, then the freer the inquiry, the greater the hope of ultimate unity. In the present state of the world, unity is irreconcilable with freedom; and, in default of unity, the outward simulation of it is plain falsehood. We may agree that sincerity is not everything in religion: but insincerity, even on the right side, must be something worse; and how much of that there is in Old England, we should be sorry to see computed in a question of national character.

Religious insincerity, commonly called cant, is one of our special vices; and yet it does not seem natural to us, but results insensibly from our conservative love of old forms of speech which have survived their meaning, and ancient rites that have no life left in them. This is notable in Church and State alike; in our constitutional and legal fictions; in our public testimonials, tributes, toasts, epitaphs, and oaths, no less than in our solemn creeds, confessions, and thanksgivings. Consider, for example, in things sacred, our universal conventional indifference to the vows of sponsors in baptism, although the awful old service is scrupulously retained. So of the Ordination Service. Consider, also, the weekly recitation of the fourth commandment, and *the response to it*, without one word of comment or qualification on the part of the Church, notwithstanding that nobody believes a *Jewish* Sabbath to be either binding upon Christians or possible in modern life; and not the strictest Puritan of us all, not Scotland herself, even thinks of observing it as such. The immense variance between the letter of this law and the most rigid practical interpretation of it, confounds all English ideas of Sabbath keeping and Sabbath breaking; creates unnecessarily an awful *malum prohibitum*; and lays snares in the path of innumerable honest and devout men and women. If the fourth commandment be, indeed, a law of the Christians, it is too certain that all Christians deliberately break it; but if it be a law of the Jews only, then all the scandal is chargeable upon those who, professing to have divine truth in their keeping, recite this law weekly from the altar, as if it were part of the Sermon on the Mount. In the same way, chapters from the Old Testament and from the New are read out to a congregation, with no other distinction than that one is the first, the other the second lesson.

Such inconsistencies, to those who will reflect upon them, will appear far more important and more fruitful of evil consequences than most of us are aware of. Then there are the deliberate dishonesties of the learned, imposing upon the people what they do not believe themselves, for the sake of the end it is supposed to answer. Sir Charles Lyell adduces at length the text of the three heavenly witnesses, which no scholar, since Porson's investigation of it, professes to believe genuine, but which is still, nevertheless, retained in our Bibles, and also in those of the episcopal church of America, notwithstanding their opportunity of expunging it when the American Episcopalians revised the liturgy and struck out the Athanasian creed. This disingenuous timidity has long been a reflection upon all our religious teachers. It is now becoming extremely dangerous to

their influence and authority. There is no meeting an age of inquiry except in the spirit of perfect candour. The question which lies at the root of all dogmatic Christianity, is the authority of the letter of Scripture; yet, strange to say, that question is neither a settled nor an open one even among Protestants. All the clergy of almost all sects are afraid of it; and the students of nature, intent only upon facts that God has revealed to our senses, have to fight their way against the self-same religious prejudice which consigned Galileo to his dungeon. The geologists, following in the track of the astronomers, have made good some very important positions, and number among them many eminent churchmen of unquestioned fidelity to their ordination vows. It is now, therefore, admitted that the text is not conclusive against physical demonstration. Is the text conclusive against moral induction and metaphysical inquiry? Let a layman put that question, and an awful silence is the least forbidding answer he will receive. No minister of a parish, no master of a school, no father of a family in England feels himself free to pursue any train of instruction that seems in conflict with a familiar text or a dogmatic formula, excepting only the subject of the opening verses of Genesis. He is either fearful of the ground himself, or he cannot clear his own path for others without opening a discussion, which is discountenanced on all sides and branded with reproachful names. He, in spite of himself, must take refuge in evasions and reserve, and close a subject of perhaps the liveliest interest to the most reverential minds, lest the works of God should *seem* to be at variance with his word. Here is the dilemma which will be found at the bottom of the education question in England. This is what is consciously or unconsciously meant in many important quarters by the cry against secular instruction. This is why the natural sciences were so long frowned upon in our grammar schools and colleges, and ancient knowledge preferred to modern as a sounder and a holier lore. The theology of the Vatican was at home among the Pagan mythologies, the Aristotelian physics, and the Hebrew cosmogonies; yet stood in awe of 'the Tuscan artist's optic glass;' and the spirit of the ancient Church has ever since been true to that instinct. But Protestantism, we say again, and printing have admitted the light of nature into the schools; and, in the unlimited ecclesiastical freedom of the United States, religion and education go hand in hand.

'Certainly,' says Sir C. Lyell, 'no people ever started with brighter prospects of uniting the promotion of both these departments than the people of New England at this moment. Of the free

schools which they have founded, and the plan of education adopted by them, for children of all sects and stations in society, they feel justly proud, *for it is the most original thing which America has yet produced.*

The Puritans introduced the congregational polity — the Puritans introduced also the free schools. In the log huts of the early settlers in Massachusetts were commonly found the Bible and ‘Paradise Lost.’

‘Full of faith,’ says Sir C. Lyell, ‘and believing that their religious tenets must be strengthened by free investigation, they held that the study and interpretation of the Scriptures should not be the monopoly of a particular order of men, but that every layman was bound to search them for himself. Hence they were anxious to have all their children taught to read. So early as the year 1647, they instituted common schools, the law declaring “that all the brethren should teach their children and apprentices to read, and “that every township of fifty householders should appoint one to “teach all the children.” Very different was the state of things in the contemporary colony of Virginia, to which the cavaliers and members of the Established Church were thronging. Even fifteen or twenty years later, Sir Wm. Berkeley, who was Governor of Virginia for nearly forty years, and was one of the best of the colonial rulers, spoke thus, in the full sincerity of his heart, of his own province, in a letter written after the restoration of Charles the Second: —

“I thank God there are no free schools or printing, and I hope we shall not have them these hundred years. For learning has brought heresy, and disobedience, and sects into the world, and printing has divulged them, and libels against the best government. God keep us from both.”’

Such are two opposite views of the value of learning which still agitate the world; and the question between them is no speculative question, but by many degrees the most practical of all the questions of our time. But here it seems right to call in the other witnesses whose works are enumerated at the head of this article, that no conclusion in this important inquiry may rest upon any prejudice of ours, or of any single writer, however discerning or dispassionate. The problem of the civilised world is, how to promote the continual improvement of our race by means of free institutions; for there is no sign that the principle of despotism either in Church or State can do it. Let the admirers of the absolute in human affairs mark the contrasts of history and of the living world. The political order of China is to British and American disorders like a cage of tame animals to the lords of the forest; the civic order of Rome is to the civic order of Boston like a cage of *untamed* animals to a park of friendly deer and kine.

Anglo-Saxon polity was extant 1800 years ago in the forests of Germany. ‘De minoribus rebus principes consultant; de majoribus omnes; ita tamen ut ea quoque quorum penès plebem arbitrium est apud principes pertractentur.’ The ‘de majoribus omnes’ has developed into parliament and congress; the ‘apud principes pertractentur’ into Downing Street and Washington cabinets. But the principle of jury trial appears also in that ancient picture, ‘Licet apud concilium accusare quoque et discrimen capitis intendere;’ and the principle of election was applied to their State governors or Sheriffs and Lords Lieutenant, ‘Eliguntur in iisdem conciliis et principes qui jura per pagos vicosque reddunt.’ This popular polity, we say, is historically traceable from Tacitus to Blackstone, and from the Rhine and Danube to the Potomac and the Hudson. And what results has it not brought to pass in things spiritual as well as things temporal? There are Eastern despotisms and Eastern idolatries over boundless realms, the same to-day as they were when the Druids sacrificed in Stonehenge; but the Druids and their followers are transformed into Romanists and Protestants, into learned Tractarians, devout Baptists, followers of Chalmers, followers of Channing, Anglicans, Presbyterians, Independents, and Universalists. Messrs. Reed and Matheson, two pious English dissenting ministers, have written each a volume on religion and education in America; and in Mr. Mackay’s very copious and sensible work there is a chapter on each of those subjects. We have also before us the tenth annual report of the Massachusetts’ system of Common Schools, 1849; and all these authorities agree in representing the United States generally, but the New England States in particular, as excelling all other nations in the general education of the people. Reed and Matheson were deputies from the Congregational Union of England and Wales to the American churches in 1834 — devout, earnest Calvinistic dissenters — not unprejudiced, therefore, but very honest and open-hearted; and from Mr. Matheson’s letter on ‘general impressions’ we select the following passage, remembering what Sir C. Lyell, a witness of such a different class, has said to the same effect: —

‘Allowing, as I did, for the difficulties of a newly settled country, and for the disadvantages of emigration, the state of education, morals, and religion was decidedly better than I expected to find it; indeed, I have never visited a country in which I have seen them equalled. *England herself painfully suffers in the comparison.* There are undoubtedly some points in politics, in science, and in domestic life, in which the advantage may still be with the parent country; but on the subjects in question, and which are legitimate to this inquiry,

the advantage is with America. Education with us may, in certain cases, be more refined and recondite; but it is not spread over so large a surface, and is less in the sum total; and if, as Johnson says, the state of common life is the true state of a nation, the nation must be considered to be better educated. In morals too you are constrained to receive the same impression.'

Such is the testimony of the pious dissenting minister, looking at every thing in the light of religion. Take next the verdict of the English barrister, looking at spiritual things from neutral ground, with a feeling by no means irreligious, but wholly unsectarian, liberal, and humane, — half philosophic, half worldly wise: —

'There is much in the general polity of America to strike the stranger with surprise, but nothing more calculated to excite his admiration than the earnestness with which education is there universally promoted by the State, as a matter in which the State has the most deep and lasting interest. The American government is one which shrinks not from investigation, but covets the intelligent scrutiny of all who are subjected to it. It is founded neither on force nor fraud, and seeks not therefore to ally itself with ignorance. Based upon the principle of right and justice, it seeks to league itself with intelligence and virtue. Its roots lie deep in the popular will; and in the popular sympathies is the chief source of its strength. It is its great object therefore to have that will controuled, and those sympathies regulated by an enlightened judgment. It thus calls education to its aid, instead of treating it as its foe.' (*Mackay*, vol. iii. p. 225.) Again: — 'The results of the general attention to popular education characteristic of American polity, are as cheering as they are obvious. It divorces man from the dominion of his mere instincts, in a country the institutions of which rely for their maintenance upon the enlightened judgments of the public. Events may occur which may catch the multitude in an unthinking humour, and carry it away with them, or which may blind the judgment by flattering appeals to the passions of the populace; but on the great majority of questions of a social and political import which arise, every citizen is found to entertain an intelligent opinion. He may be wrong in his views, but he can always offer you reasons for them. In this how favourably does he contrast with the unreasoning and ignorant multitudes in other lands! All Americans read and write. Such children and adults as are found incapable of doing either, are emigrants from some of the less favoured regions of the older hemisphere, where popular ignorance is but too frequently regarded as the best guarantee for the stability of political systems.' (*Ibid.* vol. iii. p. 238.)

Now surely this, in all unjaundiced European eyes, ought to seem the noblest and most hopeful political spectacle which the world affords. It is giving democracy the fairest of trials, and goes far to explain and justify the great part which seems assigned to the Anglo-Saxon race in the occupying and civilising of the

earth. For allowing fully the advantage of an unlimited territory, and unlimited employment, as contrasted with the perennial pauperism of old countries; yet here is a nation which takes measures before-hand against the degradation of the people by making the ignorance, which is the main source of it, impossible. Of course, if anybody doubts the progressive destiny and continual improvability of our race, and thinks, with Lord Byron, that 'man always has been, and always will be, an unlucky rascal,' it is easy to point to rocks on which American civilisation must suffer shipwreck. The union will be rent asunder by factions and slavery — population will at last overflow the temperate regions — pauperism will overwhelm polity — and society must start again round the old circle. But what, if there be no such circle? or if the true circle be an ever-enlarging one, and the measure of it beyond historical ken? The power of knowledge has never yet been tried upon the majority — the old world has not dared to try it. But thoughtful men are looking now — some it may be with doubt, and some with fear, but every one of them with the deepest interest — to the issue of that 'experiment solitary' in America. As for the system and machinery of American education, it is of less importance than the principle, but of great importance notwithstanding. All the authors we have named give us detailed accounts of it; but we had better resort to the Massachusetts' report itself, where the system is most perfect, and the results the most satisfactory. Mr. Horace Mann, the compiler of the report, is ardent in the cause; and some allowance must be made for a style coloured by enthusiasm; but this volume is indeed a noble monument of a civilised people; and, if America were sunk beneath the waves, would remain the fairest picture on record of an ideal commonwealth! From the second section of the fifth chapter of the constitution of Massachusetts, he gives us the following passage: —

'Wisdom and knowledge, as well as virtue, diffused generally among the body of the people, being necessary for the preservation of their rights and liberties; and as these depend on spreading the opportunities and advantages of education in the various parts of the country, and among the different orders of the people, it shall be the duty of the legislatures and magistrates in all future periods of the Commonwealth, to cherish the interests of literature and the sciences, and all seminaries of them; especially in the University of Cambridge, public schools, and grammar schools in the towns; to encourage private societies and public institutions, rewards and immunities for the promotion of agriculture, arts, sciences, commerce, trade, manufactures, and a natural history of the country; to countenance and inculcate the principles of humanity and general bene-

volence, public and private charity, industry, and frugality, honesty and punctuality in their dealings; sincerity, good humour, and all social affections and generous sentiments among the people.'

In England it is the doctrine of a certain school of liberal politicians (we fear a large one), that education should be as voluntary as religion, and that both should be left to supply and demand. But we have in the United States the authority and example of the freest republic in the world in favour of a very different principle, viz., that religion should be free, and education compulsory — that the state should train all its subjects to the duties of men and citizens, upon a basis of absolute religious equality. And we venture to say that this rule has its root in reason, as well as in the essential conditions and necessities of a Protestant commonwealth.

Take the following article from the 'Massachusetts Declaration of Rights: ' —

'It is the right, as well as duty, of all men in society, publicly, and at stated seasons, to worship the Supreme Being, the great Creator and Preserver of the universe, and no subject shall be hurt, molested, or restrained, in his person, liberty, or estate, for worshipping God in the manner and season most agreeable to the dictates of his own conscience; or for his religious professions or sentiments, provided he does not disturb the public peace, or obstruct others in their religious worship.' (*Art. 2.*)

'All religious sects and denominations demeaning themselves peaceably, and as good citizens of the Commonwealth, shall be equally under the protection of the law; and no subordination of any one sect or denomination to another shall ever be established by law.' (*Amendments to the Constitution of Massachusetts. Art. 11.*)

'Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion or prohibiting the free exercise thereof.' (*Constitution of the United States. Amendments, Art. 1.*)

'The School Committees shall never direct to be purchased or used, in any town schools, any school books which are calculated to favour the tenets of any particular sect of Christians.' (*Revised Statutes, c. xxiii. sec. 23.*)

Now, a State Religion would be acceptable to all men, if there were one religion only in the State; but where there are many, it is difficult to conceive it consisting with religious liberty, and with a universal or harmonious system of public education. We know too well our own dilemmas upon this subject, from which we vainly attempt to escape by compromises which invade both theories, and give satisfaction to nobody: and we see, as a matter of fact, that the United States have delivered themselves from our difficulties, by altogether rejecting a State Religion, and putting all sects upon one footing.

Upon this foundation is built the great system of which this Massachusetts' Report is a full and complete delineation; and we must confess that the pilgrim fathers were truly prolific men, and that their free schools have spread as far and wide, and outgrown the original type, as much as their first Puritan churches. The area of Massachusetts is about 8000 square miles, divided into 314 towns or cities. Each town and city is a body politic and corporate, required by law to provide one or more schools for the free admission and free education of all its children; and is indictable for not doing so: the law fixes the minimum, but not the maximum of schooling. And though fact so often follows law with tardy and unwilling steps, yet in Massachusetts this law has been superseded by the zeal of the people to obey it! — 'the towns taxing themselves for an amount of schooling many times greater than the law requires.' 'In this respect,' says Mr. Mann, 'the towns are like a righteous man who acts from a higher motive than a legal mandate — who does right because it is right, and has no occasion to think of penalties.'

To the same effect Sir C. Lyell says: —

'My informants in general were desirous that I should understand that the success of their plan of national education does not depend so much on the number and pay of the teachers as on the interest taken in it by the entire population, who faithfully devote more time and thought to the management of the schools, *than to any other public duty*. About one million of dollars, is spent in teaching a population of 800,000 souls, independently of the sums expended on private instruction, which in the city of Boston is supposed to be equal to the amount levied by taxes for the free schools, or 260,000 dollars (55,000*l.*). If we were to enforce a school rate in Great Britain, bearing the same proportion to our population of twenty-eight millions, the tax would amount annually to more than seven millions sterling, and would then be far less effective, owing to the higher cost of living, and the comparative average standard of incomes among professional and official men.'

The system of Massachusetts, from the building of a school to the choice and qualifications of the master, is most elaborate and complete; and supported at every step by acts of the legislature and decisions of the Courts; and by the co-operation of the whole community. Democracy works it all!

Each town, in public meeting, determines its school districts; votes the money, collects and deposits it in the town treasury, determines the distribution of it, for 1. The wages of teachers; 2. The board of teachers; 3. Fuel for the schools; then appoints what is called a 'Prudential Committee,' *i. e.* one person or three, charged like our churchwardens, with the care of the

school fabric and furniture, also at the public expense; then elects a *School Committee* of three, five, or seven persons, 'to have the general charge and superintendence of all the public schools in the town.' The members of this last important committee are entitled to one dollar a day for their actual working days, and their duties are prescribed by law; viz., to keep a record book of all their own proceedings; to select and contract with teachers; to examine them and certify to their qualifications, 1. in respect of morals; 2. in respect of literature; 3. in respect of 'capacity to govern;' and 4. in respect of 'good behaviour,' i. e. good manners; also to visit the schools *at least* quarterly, and to prescribe the books that shall be used in them. Then we have a 'Board of Education, whose duty is to obtain information respecting the true principles of education, and the best means of promoting it; and to diffuse that information among the people.' And to this end we have school registers, directions and explanations, inquiries and returns, school committees' reports, school abstracts, reports of the Board of Education and its secretary, school libraries and apparatus, State normal schools, teachers' institutes, aids and encouragements towards universal education, teachers' association, county associations of teachers, *schools for the Indians*, for the deaf and dumb, for the blind, for idiots, for prisoners, and a State reform school 'for the instruction, employment, and reformation of juvenile offenders.'*

Into the details of all these of course we cannot enter; but the foregoing summary is enough to show that here is no republic of barricades, or of national workshops, or of twenty-four hours' pillage, but a most earnest endeavour after a commonwealth of intelligent, industrious, just, and humane men.

'He who studies,' says Mr. Mann, 'the present or the historic character of Massachusetts will see — and he who studies it most profoundly will see most clearly — that whatever of abundance, of intelligence, or of integrity, — whatever of character at home, or of renown abroad, she may possess — all has been evolved from the enlightened, and at least partially christianised mind, not of a few, but of the great masses of her people.'

If there is national pride here, it is surely pride that has much to say for itself — 'a noble passion, misnamed pride' — and we must not forget what our four English witnesses have testified to the same effect, and generally in favour of the state of society in New England. It is a country without native pauperism

* We wish our Education Committees would look at a volume on *School Architecture*, by H. Barnard, Commissioner of Public Schools in Rhode Island. We have no such book, even for the *Lodges of Country Seats*.

and without native ignorance; a country where domestic peace, wealth, science, piety, and the refinements and charities of life have flourished for seventy years under an absolute democracy.

Of course there is no perfection in the case. National follies and vices are the follies and vices of those who compose the nation. But the way to judge a nation justly is the way to judge a man — to look not at his virtues alone, still less at his vices alone — but at the whole of his character, and the general tenor of his conduct. There are democrats who applaud everything in America, because there is universal suffrage and ballot there. There are Tories and High Churchmen who condemn everything in America, because they have cast off the crown and mitre; and Whigs who judge them, because they have not got rid of slavery; and men of taste, because the odour of Puritanism is yet strong upon them, and because in two hundred years of pioneering through the forests of a hemisphere, they have not advanced with equal steps in court graces, the belles lettres, and the fine arts. But all Englishmen should remember this, that these their brethren of the New World have sown the institutions of Alfred, and the language of Shakspeare, broad cast, from the Atlantic to the Pacific! that in the north-eastern States at least, they have cherished and improved upon the virtues of their fathers, and outgrown many of their vices; that the slavery of the southern States is a legacy from the parent land, and that all the ignorance and pauperism of New England is an overflow from Europe!

Thus far we have confined our views to the moral aspects of American society — taking material developments for granted. The industrial, commercial, mechanical, business-loving, money-making virtues and vices of the British race are conspicuous throughout the world, and are the indispensable groundwork of whatever other and higher conquests that race may have achieved. But if to feed and clothe and lodge himself better and better were the whole duty of man upon earth, history would soon lose its interest for us. It is what he will make of the world when he has won it, that we look to with anxious and curious eyes; — and New England is, we think, a hopeful specimen of what at least he is aiming at in the western world. The number and energy of the sects there, bespeaks the life of religion among the people; and popular religion is popular philosophy — the love and study of wisdom — the cultivation of the spiritual part of man — the counterpoise and corrective of mere animal existence; and the *amity* of so many zealous and independent sects is an answer we think to the question — Can the majority be just when it is supreme? Every sect is a small minority, among a multitude of rivals — yet the conscience of

every sect is respected both by the law and by society — and nobody appears afraid of free inquiry and the light of knowledge. We say, therefore, that society in New England is at least as civilised and as secure as in Old England. ‘There is no country,’ says Sir C. Lyell, ‘where a woman could, with so much comfort and security, undertake a long journey alone.’ And when he was animadverting upon the evils of universal suffrage, the turbulence of demagogues, and the strife of elections perpetually going on, he was asked in reply, ‘whether any of the British colonies are more prosperous in agriculture, manufactures, or commerce, are doing so much to promote good schools, as some even of their most democratic States, such as New Hampshire and Maine? Let our institutions, they said, be judged of by their fruits. To this appeal an Englishman, as much struck as I had been with the recent progress of things in those very districts, and with the general happiness, activity, and contentment of all classes, could only respond by echoing the sentiment of the Chancellor Oxenstiern, “*Quam parvâ sapientiâ mundus gubernatur.*” How great must be the amount of misgovernment in the world in general, if a democracy like this can deserve to rank so high in the comparative scale!’ Perhaps a juster reflection would have been that it is not upon what we call government that the world essentially depends; but upon certain laws of nature and of Providence, which the more that men will study and submit to, each in his private sphere, the more the world will go as its Creator designed it to do; and to this end it is essential that thought, and inquiry, and conscience, and worship should be free.

And now let us glance at the question of the federal government, and see whether we gather from our witnesses more grounds for fear that the south will break with the north, or for hope that the civilisation of the north will peaceably spread to the Gulf of Mexico and the Pacific, and the Union continue to hold together this great brotherhood of British nations.

Mr. Mackay upon this, as upon all other points, is abundant in details and inferences, and has one chapter which he is adventurous enough to entitle ‘a peep into the future.’ But Sir C. Lyell is more cautious, and so far a better pilot in unknown seas. The following passage we have noted particularly in chapter nine, just after an account of a Whig *caucus*, and a moderating speech from Mr. Webster in reference to the Oregon dispute with England, and also to certain party divisions in the Union:—

‘It was satisfactory to reflect that in Massachusetts, where the whole population is more educated than elsewhere, and more Anglo-American, having less of recent foreign admixture, whether Euro-

pean or African, the dominant party is against the extension of slavery to new regions like Texas, against territorial aggrandisement, whether in the north or south, and against war. They are in a minority, it is true: but each State of the Union has such a separate and independent position, that, like a distinct nation, it can continue to cherish its own principles and institutions, and set an example to the rest, which they may in time learn to imitate. The Whigs were originally in favour of more centralisation, or of giving increased power to the federal executive, while the democratic party did all they could to weaken the central power, and successfully contended for the sovereign rights and privileges of each member of the confederation. *In so doing they have perhaps inadvertently and without seeing the bearing of their policy, guarded the older and more advanced commonwealths from being too much controlled and kept down by the ascendancy of newer and ruder States.*

Here then is a source of moral strength latent in the very weakness of the federal bond; for we take for granted that it is the influence and example of the more enlightened States that gives tone and dignity to Congress; and those centres of civilisation would lose their proper light and heat, if their domestic administration were dependent upon the will of a ruder democracy. This will be manifest to any one who makes for argument's sake an extreme supposition in the matter of slavery. Suppose the south strong enough not only to withstand the opinion of the north upon that subject, but also to impose the institution of slavery upon New England! The whole civilised world would then pray for the dissolution of the Union for civilisation's sake. In such a march of allied nations through the wilderness, all depends upon the rear following the front; and unless not only the white man can govern the black and the red, but the wiser whites can lead the ruder, and light prevail against darkness by its own inherent power, the western world must relapse almost into its original condition; and what vantage-ground has the old world from which it could look undismayed upon such a fall?

But we are hopeful of American civilisation and of American democracy, which two must stand or fall together; and we would not willingly believe the slavery schism so fundamental, as to sever all the natural and habitual ties which bind the southern States to the common interests and glory of the Union. It is not only material interests against moral, which can never prevail in the long run; but, the material interests of the present against the material interests of the future. A republican league upon the basis of slavery, or a war of independence for such a cause, could not prosper in the modern world. The north would hold its own, and the south would fall a prey to civil discord and servile war. This, we think, must be so clear to

reflecting men on both sides, that in the last extremity it will save the Union. On the one hand are the great natural ties of blood and language, — similar political institutions, — the same proud memories of the past, — the same high anticipations of the future, — one Washington, — one thanksgiving day, — one star banner, — one Mississippi! On the other hand, only the black man, and the unblest dominion over him.

It is, however, confessed and proclaimed that the difficulties of the slavery question have increased formidably since the annexation of Texas and the Mexican war. Both those transactions had their origin and impulse from the worst and not the best side of American democracy; and though national errors ought not to reflect upon the character of the minority that opposed them, they lower the character of the government whose action is determined by votes, and which represents the country in its foreign relations. And see how the millstone of slavery hangs about the highest interests and prospects of the Union. It is no longer that blot upon the constitution which was not to be mentioned by name, no longer that evil inheritance which North and South alike were eager to repudiate before emancipation had become the religion of England. Slavery is now a 'peculiar institution' — a right and a privilege for which secession or war can be openly spoken of on both sides! and Fugitive Slave Bills proposed and probably carried! Slavery began to be cherished for the sake of cotton, and new States have been annexed for the sake of slavery, and the result is not only increasing complications upon the slavery question in particular, but imminent dangers to the Union itself, from an overbalance, not so much of territory, as of impulsive and untrained democracy. Texas was annexed against the best and wisest opinions in the United States — the most moral and the most prudent — against the opinions represented by Channing — and against the opinions represented by Webster. Texas, which was free under Mexico, is enslaved under the Union! Texas led to the Mexican war, to the western territorial mania, and to California: and here, in the course of five years, we have progress upon such a scale, and under such a momentum and velocity, as to create political complications unknown to the long experience of Europe.

No wise man will predict the future of America; and yet to avoid speculation wholly, we must shut our eyes upon the most interesting phenomena of the living world: and to see American civilisation swallowed up in barbarism would chill the hopes of the most sanguine friends of man, as they have never been chilled hitherto in the darkest eras of the past. Doubtless there are dangers; and the peril of the Union supersedes at this moment

every other question in the United States. For though the cause of civilisation is not bound up with the present confederacy, a dissolution would involve wars and backslidings, and a century of lee-way, and would react heavily upon the fortunes of Europe.

Let us look, therefore, if there be no elements of hope in the conditions of the question as it now stands.

We began our survey of the United States on their bright side, where, in New England, civilisation has achieved its greatest triumphs, and achieved them under a democracy: from which we drew this inference, that civilisation is compatible with democracy. And if so in the North, why not in the South? If in the East, why not in the West? It is at any rate more a question of blood and breed than of latitude and climate. There are great races of men in the world that have never shown a genius for polity. But our race has shown it eminently under every sky, and for 1000 years, from Alfred to Washington, has never for any considerable interval been retrograde. The English tongue is a compound of all languages, and British institutions are a compound of all the politics of the world. The war against the American wilderness is the same now as it was from the beginning; or, if upon a vaster scale, with corresponding advantages of experience and power. Consider how greatly physical and mechanical apparatus have been brought to bear upon civilisation: and if parish boundaries in America are meridians of latitude and longitude, let us remember the steamship and the steam-press, the electric post and the flying train! The scale of operations is nothing if the ways and means be commensurate; and in the *rasa tabula* of America those ways and means have only the natural intractability of men to contend with, and not the adventitious obstacles of the prejudices and prescriptions of the Old World. Should the civilisation of the old and free States be but secure, their character cannot suffer by those accessions from the backwoods which lower the average character of the Union. It is incident to popular government, and still more to federal constitutions, that the nation in its collective form and action is a balance of the best and worst sense which it contains; and the United States must pay this penalty for the glory of subduing a continent;—their progress will be constantly retarded and checked from time to time by the influx of wild brethren and of raw levies from the far West. But what help is there for this, except in the constant resistance and protest kept up against it? No sharp line of demarcation can be drawn: no moment of maturity can be predetermined for the admission of a new State. It is the task of

tame elephants to subdue the wild. It is the very commission of the civilised States to leaven the mass, and to annex that they may leaven. And has not so much hitherto been done and made good in that way as to forbid despair at this or any other season? It is Texas and slavery which have raised the present excitement and brought on the present crisis. But the ferment, we think, is more likely to be healthful than destructive. To every bane there is an antidote. As the spirit of the slave interest is embittered, the moral spirit of abolition is reanimated and reinforced; and as the barbarism of the West presses upon Congress, the civilisation of the East puts on its armour and stands on more vigilant guard. Then in the West itself, against Texas is to be set off California and New Mexico, 'which,' says Mr. Webster, in his great speech in the Senate of the United States, on the 7th of March last, —

— 'are likely to come in as free. What I mean to say is, that African slavery, as we see it among us, is as impossible to find itself, or to be found, in California and New Mexico, as any other natural impossibility. California and New Mexico are Asiatic in their formation and scenery. They are composed of vast ridges of mountains of enormous height, with broken ridges and deep valleys. The sides of these mountains are barren, entirely barren, their tops capped by perennial snow. There may be in California, now made free by its constitution, and no doubt there are, some tracts of valuable land. But it is not so in New Mexico. Pray what is the evidence which every gentleman must have obtained on this subject, from information sought by himself, or communicated by others? I have inquired and read all I could find, in order to acquire information on this important question. What is there in New Mexico that could, by any possibility, induce any body to go there with slaves? There are some narrow strips of tillable land on the borders of the rivers, but the rivers themselves dry up before midsummer is gone. All that the people can do in that region is to raise some little articles, some little wheat for their tortillas, and all by irrigation. And who expects to see a hundred black men cultivating tobacco, corn, cotton, rice, or anything else, on lands in New Mexico, made fertile only by irrigation? I look upon it, therefore, as a fixed fact, to use an expression current at this day, that both California and New Mexico are destined to be free, as far as they are settled at all, which, I believe, especially in regard to New Mexico, will be very little for a great length of time, — free by the arrangement of things, by the Power above us. I have therefore to say, in this respect also, that this country is fixed for freedom, to as many persons as shall ever live in it, by as irrepealable, and more irrepealable, a law than the law which attaches to the right of holding slaves in Texas; and I will say further, that if a resolution, or a law, were now before us to provide a territorial government for New Mexico, I would not vote to put any prohibition into it whatever.● The use of such a prohibition

would be idle, as respects any effect it would have upon the territory ; and I would not take pains to reaffirm an ordinance of Nature, nor to re-enact the will of God.'

Now though Mr. Webster thinks that New Mexico will be slowly peopled, yet the rush of adventurers upon California will certainly raise up some rapid masses of population there—and of population trained in the Old World, and in the oldest parts of the New—so that the Union will have some groundwork of allegiance, and many peaceful interests, already established on the Pacific, and the backwoods may be attacked in the rear. Then among moral agencies, to say no more of the Protestant sects which sow some seed of Christianity everywhere, we would not overlook the Romanist religion of the French races in the valley of the Mississippi. The Church of Rome, though no friend to intellectual freedom, and therefore to the progress of mankind, has always been the nursing mother of humanity in rude times and regions. Compare, for instance, her missionaries and ours, even in China ! Her pastoral system is benign and all-embracing, and, for simple men, her ritual the most elevated of all mythologies. Mr. Mackay is alarmed for the Protestantism of Western America.

'The Church of Rome,' he says, 'has in a manner abandoned the comparatively popular States of the sea-board, and fixed its attention upon the valley of the Mississippi. In this it has discovered a far-seeing policy. Nineteen-twentieths of the Mississippi valley are yet under the dominion of the wilderness. But no portion of the country is being so rapidly filled with population. In fifty years its inhabitants will, in number, be more than double those of the Atlantic States. The Church of Rome has virtually left the latter to the tender mercies of contending Protestant sects, and is fast taking possession of the great valley.

'In her operations she does not confine herself to the more populous portions of the valley, her devoted missionaries penetrating its remotest regions, wherever a white man or an Indian is to be found. Wherever the Protestant missionary goes he finds that he has been forestalled by his more active rival, whose coadjutors roam on their proselytizing mission over vast tracts of country into which the Protestant has not yet followed him with a similar object. Catholicism is thus, by its advance guards, who keep pace with population whithersoever it spreads, sowing broad cast the seeds of future influence. In many districts the settler finds no religious counsellor within reach but the faithful missionary of Rome, who has thus the field to himself, a field which he frequently cultivates with success. In addition to this, seminaries, in connexion with the church, are being founded, not only in places which are now well filled with people, but in spots which careful observation has satisfied its agents will yet most teem with population. Ecclesiastical establishments,

too, are being erected, which commend themselves to the people of the districts in which they are found by the mode in which they administer to their comforts and their necessities when other means of ministering to them are wanting. The Sisters of Charity have already their establishments amid the deep recesses of the forest, prescribing to the diseased in body, and administering consolation to the troubled in spirit, long before the doctor or the minister makes his appearance in the settlement. By this attention to the physical as well as to the moral wants, the Roman emissaries, ere there are yet any to compete with them, gain the good will of the neighbourhood in the midst of which they labour, and proselytism frequently follows hard upon a lively sentiment of gratitude.'

We cannot but regret that this pleasing picture should be dashed with any shade of Protestant jealousy. A thousand synods of Thurles shall not provoke us here. It exhibits the Church of Rome on what has ever been her bright side,—the pastoral and not the theological. She has always been the friend and guardian of society in its infancy, in its desolation, in seasons of famine, of pestilence, and of secular oppression. In Europe, for many centuries, amid the darkness of evil generations, she was the sole sanctuary of peace, of mercy, and of female innocence. And now for her labours of charity, not for the first time, in the American wilderness, we are very willing to forget her prospective policy, and that eye to business which Mr. Mackay forewarns us of. In the Roman Catholic missionaries of the great valley let us welcome present instruments of good whom Providence has not sent there for nothing.

And thus whoever casts a comprehensive eye over the vast and varied picture of the United States will discern signs of growth, change, transition, conflict, and compensation on every side, and agencies of man and nature apparently in opposition that are really working together to some general end. The four races of men, too, which compose that vast population,—the Saxon, the Celt, the Negro, and the Indian,—whatever their separate fortunes, must mingle their blood, more or less, together; and, as Nature makes nothing in vain, we know not what political results may come of that. Dr. Arnold, many years ago, in some historical disquisition, assumed that European society must work out its destiny with the means already in its possession, and had no new ingredients or infusions to look for; upon which, a writer in the *Westminster Review* remarked that the Negro race had not yet played its part in the world, and was perhaps destined to supply the pacific and *Christian* counterpoise to the martial and pioneering virtues of the northern races. Of course we do not propound this as any serious theory of our own; but, when we study Lavater, and read Blumenbach

and D'Israeli upon Caucasians, Mongolians, Ethiopians, and the type man, there is nothing absurd in suggesting that Nature may have designed ultimately to fuse her three original types into one, and that the last and highest man may be something higher than a Jew.

There is an opinion in Europe that American democracy has outlived the virtues of its founders, and has become corrupt and acquisitive, envious, factious, and insensible to honour. But if this means that America is suffering, upon the whole, a moral decline, the opinion seems to us inconsistent with the high and progressive civilisation of many of the older States. We would ascribe the evil to growth rather than decay; or at the worst to that *relative* deterioration which is involved in the rapid increase of independent constituencies. The national point of honour may easily stand lower now than it did in the first years of independence, when the population was more compact, more united by a common sentiment, and more under the influence of the eminent and disinterested men who laid the foundations of the republic. The pioneers of the West have not been trained in courts or camps; and the questions which now agitate the Union, like the questions which agitate all governments, are calculated to bring out the fiercest passions of the populace. Yet the true question is not simply as to the existence and vivacity of democratic vices in America, but whether such corruptions are the permanent and increasing tendency of popular institutions;—for if they be, then men of virtue, as well as men of taste, will ‘fly from petty tyrants to the throne,’ or, if need be, even to the shelter of hierarchies and of castes. But let institutions be judged by their fruits,—the good and the bad together. In every country there are examples of any kind of moral character from which a writer may choose to generalise. If we were to judge at home of the quality of the waters by the scum of the surface, or by the dregs at bottom, what inferences should we draw from election mobs, parliamentary intrigues, and railway morality? These are undeniable disgraces, but they are not the whole of England. There are readers who never crossed the Atlantic, who figure to themselves all America to be spitting on the carpet, all American religion to be that of a Smith and a Miller, and all American law to be that of Lynch,—the truth being that Americans do spit more than is approved of in England; that Lynch is still an indispensable man in the backwoods; and that the Mormons have founded a State: but the truth being also, that the best society and manners are to be found in the States; that the gradations of law rise from Lynch, through Kent, up to Story, one of the first of modern jurists; and gradations of religion from the fana-

ticisms of Smith up to the Christian theism of Channing, for whom even the Roman Catholic chapels tolled their bells as his coffin passed to the grave.

In the Union, besides freedom and slavery, we have all stages and varieties of the social condition — the town life of Boston, the town life of New York and of New Orleans, and the town life of San Francisco,—rural life in the valley of the Connecticut, rural life in the valley of the Ohio, and rural life in the valley of the Sacramento,—and all in both kinds that lie between those extreme and intermediate points. We own that when we reflect upon such diversities of civilisation, all under high-pressure democracy, our admiration is great at the births of time which some seventy years have seen in the western continent, and our hopes no less of what the coming centuries will bring forth. There is a corresponding strength in the vices and virtues of freedom. No European moralist could inveigh with more severity against the corruption of opinion and practice in the United States than Dr. Channing in writing upon Texas and slavery. And touching the press, which indicates as accurately as anything the spirit of a reading democracy, hear Webster in the speech before referred to.

‘ Again, sir, the violence of the press is complained of. The press violent! Why, sir, the press is violent everywhere. There are outrageous reproaches in the North against the South, and there are reproaches no better in the South against the North. The extremists in both parts of this country are violent; they mistake loud and violent talk for eloquence and for reason. They think that he who talks loudest reasons best. And this we must expect, when the press is free, as it is here, and I trust always will be; for, with all its licentiousness, and all its evil, the entire and absolute freedom of the press is essential to the preservation of government on the basis of a free constitution. Wherever it exists there will be foolish paragraphs and violent paragraphs in the press, as there are, I am sorry to say, foolish speeches and violent speeches in both Houses of Congress. In truth, I must say, that in my opinion, the vernacular tongue of the country has become greatly vitiated, depraved, and corrupted by the style of our congressional debates. And if it were possible for those debates to vitiate the principles of the people, as much as they have depraved their taste, I should cry out “God save the Republic.”’

This, from the mouth of the first orator of the Union, we take to be a wise and discriminating view of democracy, as it proclaims and asserts itself in speech: and applicable to many other of its phenomena, if not to the whole thing. Democracy is vehement, turbulent, overbearing, and often overreaches itself. It is, however, the toil and struggle of men engaged, with

various fortune, in the battle of life ; for the world is a warfare throughout, and the Church herself militant on earth.

Mr. Webster being now again in office, his sentiments have increased interest and significance ; and we think the following passage contains a most just estimate of the twofold duty of a representative in the united legislature of a federal government, and preserves the true balance between the independence of the component parts and the common rights of the whole : —

‘ Complaint has been made against certain resolutions that emanate from legislatures at the North, and are sent here to us, not only on the subject of slavery in this district, but sometimes recommending Congress to consider the means of abolishing slavery in the States. I should be sorry to be called upon to present any resolutions here which could not be referable to any committee or any power in Congress ; and therefore I should be unwilling to receive from the Legislature of Massachusetts any instructions to present resolutions expressive of any opinion whatever on the subject of slavery, as it exists at the present moment in the States, for two reasons : because, first, I do not consider that the legislature of Massachusetts has any thing to do with it ; and, next, I do not consider that I, as her representative here, have any thing to do with it. It has become, in my opinion, quite too common, and if the legislatures of the States do not like that opinion, they have a great deal more power to put it down than I have to uphold it ; it has become, in my opinion, quite too common a practice for the State Legislatures to present resolutions here on all subjects, and to instruct us on all subjects. There is no public man that requires instruction more than I do, or who requires information more than I do, or desires it more heartily ; but I do not like to have it come in too imperative a shape. I took notice, with pleasure, of some remarks upon this subject made the other day in the Senate of Massachusetts by a young man of talent and character of whom the best hopes may be entertained. I mean Mr. Hillard. He told the Senate of Massachusetts that he would vote for no instructions whatever to be forwarded to members of Congress, nor for any resolutions to be offered, expressive of the sense of Massachusetts, as to what her members of Congress ought to do. He said that he saw no propriety in one set of public servants giving instructions and reading lectures to another set of public servants. To their own master all of them must stand or fall, and that master is their constituents. I wish these sentiments could become more common, — a great deal more common. I have never entered into the question, and never shall, about the binding force of instructions. I will, however, simply say this : if there be any matter pending in this body while I am a member of it, in which Massachusetts has an interest of her own not adverse to the general interest of the country, I shall pursue her instructions with gladness of heart, and with all the efficiency which I can bring to the occasion. But if the question be one which affects her interest, and at the same

time equally affects the interests of all the other States, I shall no more regard her particular wishes or instructions than I should regard the wishes of a man who might appoint me an arbitrator or referee, to decide some question of important private right between him and his neighbour, and then *instruct* me to decide in his favour. If ever there was a government upon earth, it is this government, — if ever there was a body upon earth, it is this body, which should consider itself as composed by agreement of all; each member appointed by some, but organised by the general consent of all, sitting here under the solemn obligations of oath and conscience, to do that which they think to be best for the good of the whole.'

If the statesman who spoke thus, and the colleagues who support him, and whom the death of the late president has restored to power, can maintain their ground and their principles, we too cry, God save the Republic, in confidence rather than in fear; for upon those conditions we think the Union will not split upon the rock of slavery, and will not be run down by the democracy of the backwoods.

In the foregoing survey, we have endeavoured to follow the outlines of the subject rather than its subdivisions and details, — because the difficulty of keeping such a field in sight betrays many judgments, otherwise fair and just, into narrow views and partial conclusions; and we believe these two books of Sir C. Lyell's and Mr. Mackay's to be the most comprehensive, as well as impartial, that have been published in England upon the United States. Sir C. Lyell is by nature and habit a searcher after truth, — and Mr. Mackay treats every subject in the spirit of a man intent upon conveying faithful and correct impressions to his readers. 'It is time,' he says, 'that caricature should cease, and portraiture begin,' and we trust that future travellers will bear this rule in mind, and follow this good example.

There are many particular subjects of great interest connected with the internal polity of the United States into which we should be glad, if space permitted, to enter under the trusty guidance of our authors. In particular we are sorry not to follow Sir C. Lyell into the slave States of which he gives a more cheerful picture than we have been accustomed to, together with many proofs of the improveability of the negro race, and some physiological reasons for believing them capable, in successive generations, of unlimited development. Then there are Mr. Mackay's statistics of agriculture, manufactures, and trade, — the increase and migrations of the people, — the foreign immigration, — the chapter on California, — and the international, commercial, and literary interests of the old and new world. It is altogether such a scene of political youth, strength, excite-

ment, inexperience, opportunity, enterprise, and hope, as the world presents nowhere else between the poles. To treat such a subject wisely is a task for the best faculties of the wisest men. To treat it with supercilious dogmatism or with national ill feeling, must be discreditable to any writer of any country — but most of all to any writer who speaks the English tongue.

Amid the difficulties which beset all governments, and the uncertainties that hang over the future of all nations, it would be rash and presumptuous to pronounce that the civilisation of America is doomed to no reverses, no revolutions or mediæval eclipses; that democracy will commit no crimes or blunders entailing penalties upon unborn generations; that even under the best human guidance, the reclaiming of a moral, as well as material wilderness can be one march of victory and triumph. But this much we will venture to say, that, as the conditions of the problem manifest themselves at present, the United States have no greater lions in their path than the ignorance, misery, and depravity of the plebeian populations of Europe.

ART. III. — 1. *Report from the Select Committee on Public Libraries.* July 23. 1849.

2. *Report of the Commissioners appointed to inquire into the Constitution and Government of the British Museum.* Presented to both Houses of Parliament by command of her Majesty. April, 1850. With an Appendix.

OUR readers know Mr. Cooper's account of the bee-hunter, who detects the hive by watching two insects on the wing and marking the place at which their tracks intersect. The two blue books above named have been used by us in a similar manner: but as we approached the hive, we heard a buzzing which apprised us that all was not peace; and we soon found that human bees were at war about the proper mode of storing the honey. The dispute upon the Catalogue of the British Museum Library has now reached a first stage of adjudication: and, while the parties who have encountered an adverse verdict are preparing for their appeal, there is a lull of which we may take advantage to present a few remarks upon the question.

We confine ourselves entirely to this matter of the Catalogue, because it occupies, as nearly as possible, the whole seat of war. As to other points, we content ourselves with echoing the opinion of the Commissioners and of the evidence, which awards to the trustees and to the officers employed by them, a large measure of public gratitude; and most particularly for the

constant attention and courtesy with which the public are treated by them, as testified by the witnesses on every side of every controversy.

In 1819, the publication was completed of what is commonly known as the *octavo catalogue* (in eight volumes) of the printed books in the Museum. It is a catalogue of brief titles, prepared by Mr. (now Sir Henry) Ellis and Mr. Baber, without any assistance. The great absolute merit of this production appears in nothing so clearly as in the contest of evidence which has brought out its errors, its omissions, and its absurdities; but which at the same time has established the fact that a correct and consistent catalogue of a large library is a wonder which the world has not yet seen. This octavo catalogue, formed by two persons, beats many more elaborate performances. Even the grotesque blunder which will take a firm place in the history of bibliography, the entrance of Happy Struggle (*Felix Ago*) as an *author* instead of a *subject*, is matched, if not beaten, by what occurs in the deliberate publication of a time-honoured university. The above-mentioned catalogue, made folio by pasted margin, and interleaved for manuscript additions, is that which is in use at the Museum up to this day: and the evidence proves that, far as it is from perfection, there is nothing like it in any continental library for the free and sole use of the readers, who, indeed, but seldom have direct access to any catalogue at all. Its want of fulness, and consequent inaccuracy, were known and felt when a committee of the Commons inquired into the state of the Museum in 1835 and 1836: and the cry of the literary public, which determined the recommendation of that committee, was for 'full and accurate' catalogues in opposition to 'compendious' ones. This cry is now reversed: that is to say, a majority (but by no means so large as asserted) of those who think themselves entitled to offer an opinion to the Commissioners demand short and rapidly constructed auction-lists, to give them their proper name. Within a period of twenty years, then, the majority have fronted two opposite ways, according to what they took for the emergency of the moment: under a compendious catalogue, they have raised their voices for the full and the accurate; under the delay which the full and the accurate require, they have clamoured for the compendious.

The trustees of the Museum, unfortunately, tried to reconcile incompatibilities. A certain D.D., a dry divine, found their requirements, he says, in an old manuscript, where indeed we have no doubt he did find every word of his list of the duties of a librarian, of which this is a part. 'Item, he shal make the sayde kalendars and inventories with grete aduice, and moche

‘circumspectlie: and shal recognize the same manie tymes wyth
 ‘al dylygence. Item, he shal make them presentlie; so that no
 ‘man be hyndered to haue the same, ne doe tarye therfor.’
 This is not only a compendious, but also a full and accurate
 account of the undertaking which the trustees attempted in the
 first instance. In 1838, it was resolved that the full catalogue,
 on which much labour had been already expended, should be
 printed forthwith; that is to say, that as soon as a part of letter
 A. could be got ready, the printing of it should proceed while
 the rest of that very letter was in preparation, and so on. This
 unfortunate determination, the fruit of a praiseworthy desire to
 give all possible satisfaction to the literary world, was taken in
 opposition to the earnest advice of Mr. Panizzi, to whom its
 execution was entrusted, and who had in 1837 been promoted,
 after six years’ experience in a subordinate post, to the office of
 Keeper of the Printed Books: and the first volume, containing
 letter A. was actually published in 1841. The printing was
 afterwards suspended, a proceeding approved of by the trustees
 early in 1846, from the mere impossibility of the mode of pro-
 ceeding above described; and the dissatisfaction of a portion of
 the literary public at this step, augmented by various miscon-
 ceptions, had a large share in producing the Royal Commission.

Having brought Mr. Panizzi upon the ground, we must needs
 describe the very remarkable position in which he stands. For
 many years he has been held up to the English public as a kind
 of Italian ogre, placed in the library of the Museum to maintain
 foreign refinements against ‘English common sense.’ His oppo-
 nents, than whom no men were ever more certain of complete
 victory, now feel, as we may almost collect from their own ad-
 missions, that they have been met by a power of knowledge on
 which they did not calculate. Year after year has a portion of
 the press made him the object of personal attack, attributing to
 him alone all of which they thought there was ground to com-
 plain, and imputing to him all the craft and subtlety which the
 English common nonsense awards to his countrymen in the mass.
 At one time he is the favourite of the trustees, at another his
 excessive cleverness and astuteness make them his dupes: the
 very witnesses who give their evidence in favour of his views,
 are primed and let off by him; he is everywhere and every-
 thing. No sooner does the Commission report in his favour,
 than its members become either his friends or his pupils, and
 their report a job of his own; even Mr. Hume cannot resist
 him. He is not only a magician himself, but he makes magi-
 cians of the Commissioners, whose court resembles that of the
 Lord High Steward, because (we are repeating a mixture of

allusions actually employed) the noble Prospero in the chair, breaks his staff at the close of the proceedings. In short, Signor Panizzi is described as an Italian ‘Napoleon of librarians,’ the worker of feats so numerous and wonderful that Archbishop Whateley might easily prove he never existed. While we were doubting whether such a phrase did not exaggerate the feeling of our contemporaries, we actually found it in one of them. He has his marshals too, giant bibliographers like himself, moulded and disciplined to his own notions, formidable in everything but that they possess homely vernacular names, unfit to raise terror in English ears. The plain truth is that Mr. Panizzi is simply a very efficient public officer, who, besides his qualifications as a man of letters, has learned by experience, and special study of the subject, how to preserve, augment, and catalogue a library. He has been hardly dealt with by those who have used the letters that spell his name as significative of all they oppose, without the least attention to the fact that such a paranomasia is not fair to the man whose signature is thus appropriated. But the day of redress is come: and the English public, which will not readily believe that twelve such names* as are appended to the Report of the Commission are united against evidence in the defence of a train of unworthy proceedings, will read the following sentences† of the Report with confidence in the opinion arrived at.

‘This desire [that of avoiding delay], creditable in itself to the Trustees, it was, which, in our opinion, led them to attempt the accomplishment of two purposes practically and utterly irreconcilable with each other — the construction of a catalogue alphabetical, ample, and accurate, and its publication in successive parts during the progress of its preparation in MSS. In the pursuit of the first of these objects . . . they adopted a plan which appears to have been originally suggested, when the Catalogue of 1819 was under discussion, on the high authority of the late Mr. Heber. This plan received, through a long series of meetings and discussions, the

* Lords Ellesmere, Seymour, Canning, and Wrottesley, Sir P. Egerton, Sir C. Lemon, Sir R. Murchison, the Lord Advocate, J. Hume, S. Rogers, R. M. Milnes, J. G. S. Lefevre.

† The trustees of the Museum referred this report to the consideration of a committee of their own body, who reported upon the ‘suggestions and observations’ of the Royal Commissioners on May 20. 1850. This report on the report rather lightens our labour by dismissing all we are here concerned with in one sentence, as follows, ‘In respect to the Catalogue, the opinion of the Commissioners agrees so nearly with that of the Board of Trustees, that your Committee think it unnecessary to enter into any detailed discussion.’ We confess ourselves puzzled: does this apply to the *suggestions* only, or does it include the *observations*?

deliberate sanction and careful revision of the Trustees. It was kept under their notice through successive stages of its development by constant reports from those employed in its execution, and especially by discussions on the rules, which, at first comparatively few in number as devised by Mr. Baber, gradually swelled in bulk, as various difficulties and doubtful cases suggested themselves, till they were digested into the existing code under ninety-one distinct heads, published in the printed volume, letter A. The Trustees, in this matter of the rules for compilation, evidently did not consider it consistent with their duty, to leave the subject in the hands of their officers. We must fairly confess that our inquiries, especially into the whole subject of the Catalogue, lead us to doubt whether there is not some hazard in the practice of interfering in the details of the library on the part of a Board, even so constituted as that of the Trustees. Be this as it may, the fact of their constant supervision and frequent authoritative interference is not unimportant as bearing on a question of justice to an individual officer of the Museum, Mr. Panizzi. We have had occasion, in the course of our inquiry, to ascertain the prevalence among many persons of an impression which attributes to that gentleman not only the adoption of a plan for a catalogue of which those parties, on various grounds presently to be noticed, disapprove, but also the delay of which they complain in the execution of the plan so adopted. It becomes our incidental duty to do him justice in these particulars. From what we have already stated it will appear that, with respect to the system and form of the catalogue, whatever be its defects, Mr. Panizzi can be charged with nothing further than the constant approval and acceptance of one leading principle, that of fulness and accuracy, suggested on high authority, adopted by an able superior and predecessor in office, indicated by the statutes of the Museum, and enforced by the deliberate sanction of the Trustees and the recommendations of a Parliamentary Committee. With respect to delay in the execution of the plan adopted, we are certainly of opinion that any delay which could have been avoided without a sacrifice of all essential features of the intended work, is mainly ascribable to the desire of the Trustees to hurry on the printing. In order to carry out their resolution to publish the catalogue in successive portions, it became obviously necessary to select from all parts of the library the volumes in alphabetical succession. If the Trustees, adhering how firmly soever to their intention of eventual printing, had been satisfied with the reasons, strongly urged by Mr. Panizzi, for postponing that operation until the MSS were completed, it would have been easy to have gone through the whole library in an uninterrupted progress shelf by shelf. The difference with respect to expedition and labour between these two modes would probably be considerable even in the case of a limited collection ; but when the extent of the Museum is considered and the spaces to be traversed, that difference is beyond our calculation. It appears that the whole length of the bookshelves of the Museum exceeds twelve miles. We see no reason to doubt the supposition that, but for the perseverance in this process, in conjunc-

tion with other avoidable causes of delay, the catalogue would now have been finished according to its original intention, and finished in respect of cross references especially, in a form more satisfactory than any labour under the present system could produce. . . . 'To another instance in which Mr. Panizzi's opinion' was overruled by that of the Trustees, he attributes much avoidable delay and expense ; we allude to the thirty-third and seven following rules, which govern the process of cataloguing anonymous works. . . . Mr. Panizzi, having to deal with an immense mass of works under this head, advocates the adoption and the rigid observance of a rule by which the main entries of all such works should find their places in the catalogue in alphabetical order under the first word of the title, not an article or a preposition. . . . It is very evident that the principal entry of an anonymous work, framed on the principle recommended by Mr. Panizzi on the authority of Audiffredi, will often afford no facilities to a searcher who has not an exact transcript or other precise information of its title. If it were possible in all, or the great majority of cases, of the absence of an author's name, to give clearly and accurately under a leading word the subject matter of a work, an useful and satisfactory, and so far a classed catalogue might be made on this principle. If it were possible for the framer of the entry to do this without hesitation and deliberation, such a catalogue might possibly be prepared without greater delay or expense than Audiffredi's or any other analogous mode of proceeding would require. We are, however, satisfied that neither of these desiderata are attainable, and that the difficulty, whether as to execution or rate of progress, is only to be met by numerous cross-references.'

Our readers must carefully attend to this extract, which is much more than mere matter of back reference from our subsequent remarks. These it would be impossible to throw into any form which would make them follow the order of the evidence given ; which is, moreover, so bulky, and takes in so many collateral details, that we have much to leave behind* without an allusion, even on the subject of the Catalogue.

Were we to proceed at once to the main discussion, we should probably omit what should by no means be omitted, — some allusion to the gentle flights of fancy which may recreate the reader of the voluminous mass. The gaieties of a body of evidence are

* We should like to do what we can to urge forward the appearance of the *Index*. The Appendix has been printed and published. We have seen it stated that part of what was intended to appear in this appendix has been omitted. This we are told is true ; but we have reason to believe that the omissions consist mostly of Mr. Panizzi's own reports on the Grenville Library, and that the occurrence is merely through forgetfulness, arising out of some peculiar circumstances attending the latter meetings of the Commissioners, to which we do not feel at liberty to do more than allude.

some key to the value of its gravities. Mr. Carlyle, who describes himself as 'rather a thin-skinned sort of student,' is of opinion that many of the readers are 'a very thick-skinned race,'—persons whose inquiries do not involve much 'delicate intellect,' who get up 'the stuff called useful knowledge,' and 'whom it is not 'worth while to take much trouble to accommodate.' These persons, it seems, tolerated a reader of weak intellect, who was sent to the Museum by his friends, and 'made extracts 'out of books, and puddled away his time there:' this man used 'to blow his nose very loudly every half hour.' Subsequently Mr. Carlyle generalises this description, and deposes that men who come for such purposes as his should be separated from 'the men who come to read now in the reading room, and who 'blow their noses in an insane state.' He is also of opinion that none but good books ought to be bought, of which he seems to think that the librarian or the trustees ought to judge. 'Where the man,' says he, 'was a quack, and his work decidedly bad, I should consider I was doing God service, and 'the poor man himself service, in extinguishing such a book.' He also states that he gets a 'museum headache' whenever he goes there: the character of this malady is not specified. Another witness of more precision, Mr. T. Hudson Turner (who, we hope, will register his psyllometer,) gives it in evidence that 'there is a flea generated in that room that is larger than any 'to be found elsewhere, except in the receiving rooms of work-houses.' To these instances of strength and oddity of assertion we may add the following example—an extreme one certainly—of the mode in which casualties are described as ordinary events. Mr. George Soane, who has used the reading-room 'constantly, for many years, from nine till four, and sometimes 'later,' brings forward, as his self-selected first point of examination, 'the way' in which manuscripts are withheld. Having mentioned one instance in which Sir F. Madden kept back for half an hour a manuscript which he himself was using, Mr. Soane is asked, 'Is that a solitary instance?' to which he answers, 'I have known no other instances; but these things 'cannot occur every day.' When it is remembered that every witness received proof-sheets of his own evidence, with an implied invitation to prune down the exuberances of oral communication, some of these things will appear surprising. Again, we note, once for all, the manner in which the avowed reason for the wish of a witness is sometimes one which deteriorates the value of the whole evidence. And here, again, we take an extreme case. We should have read with the utmost attention, and desire of giving it its full weight, the evidence of

so able a bibliographer as Mr. Bolton Corney, had he grounded his observations upon what could be made a national view of the difficulty. But when we came to this question and answer, we could not prevent their accompanying us through all that followed. 'Do you approve of the present system of cataloguing the books?' 'I cannot say that I do, because I see no chance, at my time of life, of ever having before me a catalogue which is carried on upon so elaborate a plan.' The Commissioners, we observe, carefully avoided all appearance of baiting cross-examination towards the witnesses who did not belong to the Museum; nor towards these last was it carried one bit further than would have been courted by the witnesses themselves, as public men against whom various charges had been made, both in newspapers and by other witnesses. But, though highly approving of this, we could almost wish that Mr. B. Corney had been asked up to what age he considered his answer to be a valid one. We fancy that it must have been difficult, sometimes, to repress a sly hit: one appears even in the Report; a witness complains that there is but one copy of Facciolati in the Library, on which the Commissioners remark that 'four editions of Forcellini are at the disposal of the readers; which, inasmuch as Forcellini* was the real author of the work in question, appears as complete an answer as can be given.'

It seems to have been almost universally agreed that the catalogue ought to be alphabetical. Some time ago the current of opinion among literary men seemed to be setting towards classed catalogues, or those in which the books are arranged according to subjects. We had hardly supposed that this illusion (as we hold it to be) had become so nearly obsolete as the evidence before us shows that it is: and this disappearance of a most injurious opinion, which never was entertained to any extent by the really experienced in bibliography, encourages us to hope that it will not be long before the *professional* persons just alluded to will be admitted to know best on all the points which have been raised relative to the care of a large library. Of these the one with which we are now most concerned is as follows:—Is it, or is it not, requisite for the formation of a good catalogue that the titles of books should be *fully* given? that is, with such fulness as shall not fail both to represent the author's intention, in every point in which he allowed his title-page to declare it, and also to supply such information with

* Let us express our hope that one of the results of this inquiry may be the restoration of Forcellini's name to that association with his work of which he has been most unjustly deprived.

regard to appendices, annotations, &c., as a correct author would advertise in his title-page, when the actual author does not do it? All parties are agreed that this question of fulness is merely an appendage to that of accuracy: all are agreed that the catalogue must be accurate, that is, must give such a description of each book as will enable the reader to know, in the author's words, whether it be the *precise* work and edition that he wants: all are agreed that a catalogue is bad, when it often happens, in consequence of its faultiness, that the book which is ordered turns out to be the wrong one. We mean, all who know what strict research is. Mr. Carlyle, indeed, says that 'it is not once in a dozen times that one 'cares about a particular edition:' the only *one* of whom we believe this, is the one who declares it of himself; — their Majesties might have a right to take brother Neale's money, since brother Neale offers it. We should rather, in catalogue matters, trust those by whom it is only once in a dozen times that a particular edition is *not* wanted, or a choice of particular editions. The question then is, what degree of fulness is essential to the required accuracy; and as there cannot be different catalogues for different classes of inquirers, (though this has been proposed, and the proposal has been likened to that of the small hole for the small cat, and the large hole for the large one,) it is as necessary that the one constructed should meet the wants of the most profound investigation, as that the engine should be able to draw the longest train which is to be attached to it throughout the whole journey. If, indeed, it could be shown that the catalogue requisite for investigations of greater accuracy could not be used by those for whom less might be sufficient, there would be a case made out for two catalogues. But this has not been attempted; that is to say, all the main objections made to the proposed plan have been described as referring equally to all kinds of use. Mr. G. L. Craik, when asked whether he thinks a catalogue *not bibliographical* would answer the purposes of the reading room, replies, 'not all the purposes, but nine out of ten of them.' To this we agree, though probably nine-tenths is too large a fraction. At the same time, nine-tenths is almost a recognised term for an indefinite majority. It is confidently asserted that nine-tenths of literary men are against the proposed plan: we suspect, first, that both the fractions must be cut down, and next, that the two have some connexion with one another.

The following is the briefest possible summary of the tendencies of the evidence with respect to full titles as against condensed ones; and from it can be collected, as nearly as may be, the numerical amount of evidence for and against the plan which Mr. Panizzi's opponents persist in giving to him entire. We

allow Mr. Panizzi and Sir H. Ellis to pair off on opposite sides, as the actual constructors of two opposed catalogues. The naturalists appear to favour a classed catalogue, and (with the exception of Drs. Grant and Lindley, who gave opinions in writing,) approve the plan of Dryander, which involves long titles: so said Mr. Robert Brown, Mr. König, and Professor Owen, the first of whom would also have a succinct alphabetical catalogue. Mr. Adolphus Asher, the well known Berlin bookseller, thinks long titles the only mode. Mr. W. D. Cooley, who proposes to stereotype the titles separately, would only strike out superfluities, and leaves us to infer that he leans to longer titles than the professed advocates of brevity. Mr. G. L. Craik, who considers the common idea that a good catalogue is an easy thing to be a wild and ludicrous delusion, would have a short catalogue constructed for present use, and a long one at deliberate leisure; but is sure the short catalogue would be very unsatisfactory to the public. Mr. John Wilson Croker, who has had much more to do with cataloguing than those who know him only as a public man would think, is as firmly and exclusively for long titles as Mr. Asher. Mr. P. Cunningham thinks the principle of the long catalogue excellent, but wants something immediately. The Rev. W. Cureton is decidedly for long titles, as is Mr. E. Edwards. Professor De Morgan, who has entered more fully than any one except Mr. Panizzi into the errors which arise from short titles, would have very full ones; he finds even the new catalogue rather too brief than otherwise. Mr. H. Hallam is for full titles, but on the supposition, which he advocates in any case, that the catalogue is not to be printed. The Rev. S. R. Maitland also would have full titles, but also would not print them. Mr. W. R. Hamilton would have the titles as full as possible: Mr. J. H. Parry the same. Lord Strangford thinks a bibliographical catalogue desirable, but is afraid of the length of time it would take. Mr. E. Doubleday, Professor Forbes, Mr. E. Hawkins, Mr. G. Soane, and Mr. C. Tomlinson, are not precise as to what they think on the point. Mr. J. J. Bennett, the Rev. G. E. Biber, and Mr. J. Bruce are for short titles. Mr. Carlyle is the same, and thinks that *any* intelligible way would do. Mr. J. G. Cochrane is for short titles, but objects to any rules in drawing up a catalogue; and certainly his practice, as evidenced by his catalogue of the London Library, is in conformity with his theory. Mr. J. Payne Collier, of whom more presently, is for short titles; as is Mr. Bolton Corney, whose reason has been already mentioned. Mr. G. Dodd thinks the new catalogue too ample. The Rev. J. Forshall thinks that the larger the library,

the more succinct should be the catalogue: that is, as appears to us, the greater the danger of confusion, the more it should be courted. Mr. J. E. Gray is for short titles, as is also Sir R. H. Inglis, who, we strongly suspect, confounds *bibliography* with *bibliomania*. Mr. Edmund Hodgson, the auctioneer, seems to think that consulting the Museum Library in Great Russell Street, and selling it off in Fleet Street, are entirely the same questions as to catalogue: we cannot imagine how or why he was invited to give evidence. Did the *Panizzi faction* bring him forward as a caricature of some of their literary opponents? If so, though the joke was a good one, it was too broad, was likely to give offence, and was not altogether the mode in which men of education should oppose each other. Sir F. Madden advocates short titles, and considers the Bodleian catalogue as a sufficient model: of this we shall presently speak. Lord Mahon is for short titles; and Mr. T. Hudson Turner thinks even the old catalogue too complicated. Such is the abridgment of our abridgment of the mass of answers on this one point; and it has been no short nor easy task. We cannot hope to satisfy any of the witnesses by it; but many a reader will get a better notion from it, than he would have had courage to get for himself from the original materials.

As to the order of the evidence, the following plan was adopted. Mr. Panizzi gave a general account of the state of the collection, &c., all the witnesses who volunteered or were asked for evidence were then heard, (the willingness of the Commission to receive it having been publicly announced in the 'Athenæum' No. 1111., together with Mr. Panizzi's request that all complainants would come forward,) and, finally, Mr. Panizzi was heard in detailed defence. To this course we have since seen strong objection made by those who thought that, after the defence, the replies of the assailing witnesses should have been heard. For ourselves, we can hardly reconcile such a demand with the principle or usage of such inquiries. Mr. Panizzi was the party on his trial, and those who attacked him had had years of newspaper opportunity, most vigorously used: while he, a public officer, was prevented by his position, as well as by the relation in which his defence would have placed him to the Trustees, from making any reply. The defence was here strictly in answer, in every instance but one; if any body were entitled to reply, it was Mr. Payne Collier, in the matter of which we shall presently speak; but even in that case the right was very doubtful.

Having now given our readers a general view of the principal authorities on either side, we proceed to grapple with the issue

raised. It is most obvious that the *onus* lies with the complainants assailing the present plan, which was recommended by grave authority, initiated under the sanction of the House of Commons, and which has only been prevented from a more speedy proof of its efficiency by the stress of external clamour acting on the well-intentioned indecision of the Trustees. When a plan is thus in possession, it can only be properly driven out in one of two ways; either by proving that something better has been done, or that something better can be done. We do not demand that the superiority should be so excessive as to balance the evil of rendering nugatory all that has been accomplished; we concede that the importance of the end to be gained would make the sacrifice well worth while, if any reasonably better project could be shown to be very certain to gain the end. That end is a correct catalogue — a *commonly* correct catalogue as it is called: for common correctness, like common sense and common honesty, is assumed to be rightly adjectived. Of course the defenders of the existing scheme pressed for something crucial on one or the other of these points: show us, they said, in existence, the catalogue you would have, or if not, at least show us how you would give it existence. With that downright mode of meeting adverse arguments which both sides have displayed throughout this inquiry — and which, we may stop to say, makes the blue book before us much more interesting to read than most others — both questions were responded to. The parties who ventured virtually to stake their cause, — we must not say they did so in terms, — the one upon a catalogue *in esse*, the other upon one *in posse*, were among the most eminent in letters of those who took part in the discussion, Sir Frederic Madden and Mr. Payne Collier. Both had right of access to hear the evidence, and were furnished with proof sheets of it; the former as an officer of the Museum, the latter as secretary to the Commission. Both took up the glove at an advanced period of the evidence, when it had become exceedingly apparent that the assertions of such men as themselves would be subjected to sifting scrutiny. The two challenges, therefore, were most deliberately answered.

Sir F. Madden (p. 478.) pointed out the Bodleian* catalogue in the following terms; the italics are our own: —

* This catalogue was spoken of as if it contained the whole of the Bodleian collection. Far from it: there will be six more alphabets, and there are five. The Douce, Malone, Gough, and Oppenheimer collections, and that of dissertations and theses, are printed: and a supplement to the catalogue of which we speak in the text, is now, we understand, in the press.

‘The catalogue of the Bodleian library, which I do not think the Commissioners have had before them or have referred to, was compiled by gentlemen, who, in station and acquirements, are equal, if not superior, to any gentlemen here in the Printed Book Department. That catalogue is compiled upon an alphabetical plan, *and, with regard to the entries, is in all respects creditable to the University instead of a disgrace.* . . . I take that catalogue to be *in all respects* preferable to the one Mr. Panizzi has proposed; it is not so laborious, it is true, but yet in one detail infinitely more so with regard to *the dissection of collections of works, or where small pieces, with authors’ names, occur incidentally with other writers,* and entering then under the authors’ names; that is carried to a very great extent in the Bodleian catalogue. . . .’

The Bodleian catalogue, in three folio volumes, published in 1843, contains within itself the three preceding catalogues by James, Hyde, and Fisher. It is not to be supposed, as was observed in answer, that the Oxford bibliographers, how expedient soever they might find it to bring up their old catalogues, would put forward this quadripartite compilation as fit to be a model for a national undertaking. It was examined, with reference to this last point, by Mr. De Morgan; and the result was, as he phrased it, that ‘nothing better illustrates the manner in which learning may exist without any care to promote a sound knowledge of its sources, than the emanation of such a catalogue from such a university.’ He produced (offering more if wanted) more than four folio pages (with comments) full of such mistakes as the affirmation that Briggs’s folio ‘*Arithmetica Logarithmica*’ is reprinted at the end of Wells’s octavo ‘*Art of Shadowes*,’ because a small table of logarithms *on Briggs’s system* happens to be there. Examining the article Euclid, and making it his own condition that he would stop as soon as he came to any entry which was not very objectionable, he could make no pause before the *eighth* work entered under that name: the very first entry containing a concealment of the fact that Gregory’s celebrated *Oxford* edition has a *Greek text*. With respect to the vaunted dissection of works, it appeared that eleven volumes of the splendid collection of Halma, containing Ptolemy, Proclus, Geminus, Theon, &c., made no appearance except under Ptolemy: and that not a single writer in Masères’s *Scriptores Logarithmici* was to be found under his own name. But, *per contrâ*, dissection invented non-existing works, one of which was more* remarkable than

* This unfortunate instance, though it shows what may happen if proper time be not taken, is really nothing against the cataloguers. Imagine a person cataloguing by short titles at the very top of his

Felix Ago. In the sixteenth century lived G. J. Rheticus, well known as the most laborious calculator of tables that ever lived, and the friend and follower of Copernicus: a worthy man, who had nothing to do with beer or ale except to drink that modicum which would strengthen him without unfitting him for going from his dinner to his slow and laborious calculation of sines. The Bodleian catalogue has him down for a treatise on beer, 'Rheticus (G. J.) Cervisia,' said to be contained in the *Amphitheatrum sapientiæ Socraticæ joco-seriæ* of Dornavius, a kind of folio light reading of the year 1619. Now the fact is that Rheticus, honest man, made a joke—or what was called a joke* in his day—upon the *signs of the zodiac and Breslau beer*, on which joke one Brusch wrote verses which Dornavius inserted in his miscellany: and hence the asserted work of Rheticus on beer, to the exclusion even of the zodiac, though he was an astronomer.

The University ought to acknowledge its obligations to Sir F. Madden, who has been the means of pointing out that very imperfect notions of a book catalogue prevail at Oxford, as elsewhere: and further, it ought to proceed to the inculcation of better principles, which ought also to be done elsewhere.

We should, if library catalogues were generally accurate, at once impeach Sir F. Madden of most extreme carelessness: but, as things are, our power to do so is as small as our will. Except for such instances, we could not dare to assert what we now, of knowledge gained before this inquiry took place, do assert, namely, that there is among men of letters generally a degree of laxity, both in theory and practice, with regard to descriptions of

speed, and meeting with *Relatio Felicis Agonis* &c.: is it wonderful that he should make the mistake; is it not rather very creditable that such things were not frequent?

* As Mr. De Morgan did not favour the commissioners with this joke, which is wanted for the history of bibliography, we had recourse ourselves to the old folio, and we found it to be as follows. Breslau beer was called *scheps* from its strength (our cognate word *swipes* is of a different allusion): this the comical calculator altered into *schöpps*, a wether sheep, and this again into *Aries*, and joked something to this effect, that the various stages of intoxication might be likened to the several zodiacal animals; so that a man who goes through them all may be said to *box the zodiac* in one day. Witness the four last of the verses,

' Ille [*sc. sol*] duodenis percurrit mensibus illud
 Immensum spacium quod Jovis aula capit:
 Tu poteris quocunque die hos implere labores;
 Atque ita Zodiacum constituisse tuum.'

books, and to catalogues, which almost defies description. Most fortunate will it be for literature that this Royal Commission has brought out the fact, and set it in the public light of day, where 'English common sense' may see and judge it. Knowing what we did of book-lists, and the undeserved characters they have, we were not in the least surprised to find such a man as Sir F. Madden committing himself to almost unqualified praise of systematic inaccuracy. Every genus of literary man has, we suppose, his model notion of a catalogue, and in most cases below what one would take to be his proper standard. If we descend from Sir F. Madden — we may say this without offence, speaking of bibliographical qualifications — we come to Mr. Carlyle, who is enamoured of the catalogue of the London Library in St. James's Square, which is as much below that of the Bodleian, as St. James's Square is in the history of letters below Oxford. But the reformation is at hand; the disclosures which this inquiry has made will provoke a discussion, which, after the usual amount of giving and taking, will probably enable Mr. Carlyle to appreciate better the relative merit of the Bodleian, and will convert Sir F. Madden into a disciple of Audiffredi, and Barbier, and Panizzi.

Mr. Payne Collier, the secretary of the Commission, undertook to show how the Museum catalogue *should* be made, without reference to any preceding one. Those who have objected to Mr. Panizzi being present during the inquiry, forgot that the secretary of the Commission, an extreme partizan of the other side, was not only present, but was allowed by his official superiors to circulate pamphlets among them during the progress of the evidence. Mr. Collier prepared, according to his own views, twenty-five titles, done in an hour, of books from his own library, and with which he was therefore previously well acquainted. They were handed to Mr. Panizzi, with the full consent of the writer, and an invitation of criticism. Mr. Payne Collier is known to our readers: but to 'excuse the tone of 'confidence' he assumed, he described himself, in handing over these slips, as having attained a certain reputation in letters and particularly in antiquarian literature. The description is as correct a one as could be looked for from Mr. Collier himself: and the Society of Antiquaries, the Shakspeare and Camden Societies, and the Royal Society of Literature, could inform the public, if need were, that he did not overrate himself. Moreover, his confidence was proved and supported by the most explicit dealing: he willingly lent those of the books he had described which were not in the Museum library, and, after the criticism to which we are coming, he offered no plea of haste.

On the contrary, when a contemporary journal, of opposite views to our own, called them, by way of extenuation, his ‘hurried slips,’ he wrote a public letter in correction of the designation, maintaining that they were ‘not hurried in any sense of the word,’ and adhering to the defence, presently to be noticed, which he had circulated among the Commissioners in a private pamphlet.

Mr. Panizzi put these slips into the hands of Mr. Jones, his senior assistant, requesting him to report upon them. The report was as follows:—

‘These twenty-five titles contain almost every possible error which can be committed in cataloguing books, and are open to almost every possible objection which can be brought against concise titles. The faults may be classed as follows:—1st. Incorrect or insufficient description, calculated to mislead as to the nature or condition of the work specified. 2nd. Omission of the names of editors, whereby we lose a most necessary guide in selecting among different editions of the same work. 3rd. Omission of the Christian names of authors, causing great confusion between the works of different authors who have the same surname—a confusion increasing in proportion to the extent of the catalogue. 4th. Omission of the names of annotators. 5th. Omission of the names of translators. 6th. Omission of the number of the edition, thus rejecting a most important and direct evidence of the value of a work. 7th. Adopting the name of the editor as a heading, when the name of the author appears in the title-page. 8th. Adopting the name of the translator as a heading, when the name of the author appears on the title-page. 9th. Adopting as a heading the title or name of the author merely as it appears on the title-page—a practice which would distribute the works of the Bishop of London under the names Blomfield, Chester, and London; and those of Lord Ellesmere under Gower, Egerton, and Ellesmere. 10th. Using English or some other language instead of the language of the title-page. 11th. Cataloguing anonymous works, or works published under initials, under the name of the supposed author. Where this practice is adopted, the books so catalogued can be found only by those who possess the same information as the cataloguer, and uniformity of system is impossible, unless the cataloguer know the author of every work published anonymously or under initials. 12th. Errors in grammar. 13th. Errors in description of the size of the book. We have here faults of thirteen different kinds in twenty-five titles, and the number of these faults amount to more than two in each title. A large proportion of them, moreover, is of such a nature that it would be impossible to detect them when the written title is separated from the book; for example, Mr. Collier has catalogued an edition of the *Odyssey*, with a Latin title, as though the title were in Greek. A mere perusal of Mr. Collier’s title would not lead any person to suspect the existence of such a blunder. [I may say (says Mr. Panizzi), by way of parenthesis, that when I saw this

Odyssey, printed at Oxford, with a Greek title, I sent everywhere to try to find it. I had one with a Latin title, of the same year, and of the same size, but I could not be sure that it was the same. I sent to Oxford; I made all sorts of inquiries; nobody knew such an Odyssey with a Greek title; but still this was negative evidence, until I begged the favour of Mr. Collier to show me the book itself from which he drew up his title. The title is in Latin, therefore the idea created by his title, that there was another edition of the Odyssey in the same year and of the same size, at Oxford, is wrong; there was only one.] Two editions of Madame de Stael's work on the French Revolution appeared at Paris in 1818; but Mr. Collier's title making no mention of the edition, the inference would arise that the copy to which it referred was of the *first* rather than of the *second* edition. It is a fallacy to say that errors can be corrected on a subsequent perusal of the titles or in print, unless that perusal be an actual comparison of the title with the book. [In fact, in the case of the Odyssey with the Greek title, the title looked to all intents and purposes very correct, but it was not correct.] Where we see such a result as is shown above, from an experiment made by a gentleman of education, accustomed to research, and acquainted with books generally, upon only twenty-five works, taken from his own library, and of the most easy description, we may form some idea of what a catalogue would be, drawn up, in the same manner, by ten persons, of about 600,000 works, embracing every branch of human learning, and presenting difficulties of every possible description. The average number of faults being more than two to a title, the total is somewhat startling — about 1,300,000 faults for the 600,000 works; that is, supposing the proportion to continue the same. But it must be borne in mind that the proportion of errors would increase with the number of titles; that to errors in drawing up each individual title would be superadded the errors which would unavoidably occur in the process of arranging the titles, and subsequently in the printing. In short, I humbly conceive that it would be impossible to prove the inexpediency of Mr. Collier's plan more effectually than he has himself done; and I hope I may add, without giving offence, that, had I seen these titles under any other circumstances than the present, I should have concluded that the object was to show how nearly worthless would be a catalogue, the proposed advantages of which were short titles, drawn up and printed within the shortest possible period of time.'

Mr. Jones then proceeded to a detailed proof of his assertions. In a case of this kind, we are inclined to think that Mr. Collier should have had a reply: but the question is complicated, for though here assailed, he was an assailant, and moreover was an officer of the court who had been permitted to make himself a partizan, and to support his own views by circulating pamphlets among the judges, which a sense of official propriety prevented Mr. Panizzi from answering in the same way. Mr. Collier did answer in a pamphlet addressed to the Commissioners, as well as

(recently) in the journal alluded to. The answer does not deny one iota of Mr. Jones's imputation: it merely protests against being tried by Mr. Panizzi's rules. 'I intended,' says Mr. Collier, 'my English mode of cataloguing to be diametrically opposed to his foreign mode, which might do well enough for stationary or retrograding countries, where want of enlightenment is at this hour producing the most lamentable consequences, but which was totally unfit for this country, where inquiry is active, where education is daily extending, and which mainly owes to the spread of education* the happiness and tranquillity it enjoys. Nothing therefore could be more obviously unjust than *to test my titles by Mr. Panizzi's rules*. I discarded them altogether; I threw them overboard at once, and *en masse*. . . .'

We are English as well as Mr. Collier; but we do not see that progress and enlightenment are essentially connected with bad bibliography at two errors and a fraction per title. Neither do we think Mr. Collier's defence more valid than would be that of an incorrect arithmetician who should attribute the rules to Cocker or Walkingame, and protest against the jurisdiction. Mr. Panizzi's rules, like all other codes, contain offences divisible into *mala in se* and *mala prohibita*: Mr. Collier justifies his departures from the morals of bibliography, by alleging his right to differ from Mr. Panizzi about its expediencies. He leaves out an author's Christian name, or substitutes his translator for him, and says he is not bound to follow Mr. Panizzi's foreign modes: and therein he resembles those reasoners who have defended false inference by renouncing Aristotle. But his own argument may be turned against him: it is a strong presumption in favour of the materiality of Mr. Panizzi's rules, that so able an opponent finds himself under the necessity of implying the following alternative — either those rules, or such bibliography as is seen in *this* rejection of them. We dwell the more upon this point because we observe that some of the journals adopt the defence, and say in terms that what Mr. Panizzi calls errors are deviations from his own ninety-one rules. Are we really to believe that, if Mr. Collier had chosen to spell author's names backwards, it would have been a sufficient answer to an objection from Mr. Panizzi, that the plan of writing them forwards was one of his own rules? According to Mr. Collier and his defenders, *English grammar* is only one of

* We understand Mr. Collier to imply that education is much more extended in England than in Prussia.

Mr. Panizzi's foreign modes, repudiated by English common sense.

We will not discredit the sagacity of our readers by insisting further upon our opinion, that there is among men of letters a wide-spread incompetency to describe books correctly, and a great want of aspiration after a healthier state. The volume A. of the Museum is by no means faultless, owing much to the collection and printing taking place before the whole catalogue was finished: the opponents have detected some errors, and Mr. Panizzi says he knows of others, worse than any they have found. We now proceed, by way of comparison of opinions, to one of the most material points of this or any catalogue; the mode of entering anonymous and initialled works. With regard to initials, the rule of the Museum (in which it is the great principle that there *shall always be a rule*) is to enter the work under the last letter: thus a pamphlet by A. B. C. would be entered as by C. (A. B.). This meets the majority of cases, in which the last letter is the initial of a surname: and provides a rule for all cases, by which every one will know at once, if he know the book, whether it be in the Museum. But the opponents would enter it under such letter as should seem most likely to begin the surname: thus J. J. M. A. would be presumed to be the work of some Master of Arts whose initials were J. J.; and an initialled tract by M[ark] A[kenside] would pass as written by a master of arts. The confusion that might thence arise was ably illustrated by Mr. Panizzi, with reference to a nautico-theological pamphlet on floating chapels by R. A. D. D.: this one person might take as by *Doctor* R. A., another as by *Rear Admiral* D. D.: for official initials are not always at the end, particularly in old works. On this, as on other points, we may observe that two descriptions of persons consult a catalogue — those who know *precisely* what book they are in search of, and those who do not. The first will find by any rule, so soon as they have learnt it; and will be glad indeed of a catalogue which preserves its consistency, even though 600,000 titles, running over four quarters of the globe, four centuries of time, and four hundred varieties of usage, should actually require *ninety-one** rules of digestion. The second class could easily be

* These are not all that might be wanted. For example, the case is not provided for, though it has occurred, in which an author, in his title-page, invites the reader to make his choice between two ways of spelling his own name. Here, we are to presume, some of our witnesses would take the first method given, others would leave the cataloguer to comply with the author's request.

suited, if all their imperfect conceptions tended to the same case of confusion : and, as being the majority, would have a right to the adoption of the one nearly universal misconception ; which, being one, would furnish a rule. But it is truth which is single, while error is manifold ; and consequently, it is clear to every common sense except that of men of letters claiming, as such, to be bibliographers, that one of two things should be done :—either the truth should be taken, when known, or in the event of it being possible to be wrong (as in the case of the last initial letter assumed to be that of a surname), the error should be the consequence of a digested and easily-apprehended rule, consistently applied throughout. If the framer of the catalogue be allowed to do as he likes, the consulter of it must do as he can. Now which of the two classes should be considered in preference,—those who know what they want or those who do not ? The Doctor of Divinity already quoted, gives this as one of his rules : ‘ Item, whan anie man comith and wotteth not what he ‘ wold haue, then he (the keper of the Bokys) shal tell hym, ‘ and doe hym to understond hys besynesse.’ This can be done, to a certain extent, by *cross-references* ; that is, when a title occurs which is likely to be looked for under a leading word which is not that of the main entry, a reference to the latter may be made from the former. Such a plan has been followed to a very considerable extent in the catalogue now preparing : and it is possible to carry it yet further. But, all cross-references being concessions to want of accurate knowledge, it is plain that discretionary entries, with discretionary cross-references, would form a plan which puts entirely out of the question the convenience of the person who knows exactly what he wants ; which kills both calf and cow for the less deserving son, without giving the power of making any answer to the complaint of the one who never fed on husks. Nothing is stranger in the course of the evidence before us, than the quiet manner in which the opponents of the existing plan take it for granted that no one ever goes with a precise knowledge of the title-page of the work he seeks, unless it be the coolness with which this accurate inquirer is told, as Mr. Carlyle said to those who write useful knowledge, that he is one ‘ whom it is not worth while to take ‘ much trouble to accommodate.’

Anonymous works form a respectable proportion of every large library : and if there be any justice in our preceding remarks, it is clear that some simple rule or rules should be adopted with respect to them, which will enable the man who knows what he wants to find it at once ; with the addition of discretionary cross-references, to the greatest convenient extent,

for the assistance of those who are not so well provided. Of all rules which are equally easy and definite, the best is that which enables the cataloguers to proceed most rapidly. Some of the most eminent foreign bibliographers have adopted the rule of entering the work by the first word of the title which is not an article or a preposition; some by the first substantive. Mr. Panizzi desired to adopt one or other of these plans, but was overruled by the Trustees, who imposed various rules (still *rules*) by which classes of anonymous works were referred to names to which they had relation, and left the residue to be entered under the first substantive. But the opponents of the whole plan would have no rule at all, except the discretion of the cataloguers, to whom they thought it should be referred to enter the works according to their *subjects*, or otherwise, at their discretion. Thus one man might enter the 'Rejected Addresses' under *Satire*, another under *Drury Lane Theatre*, a third under *Parodies*, a fourth under *Imitations*, a fifth under *Horace Smith*, a sixth under *James Smith*, a seventh possibly under *Courtship*: if seven cataloguers were employed, it might depend upon which of the seven got this book to do; and if four different editions happened to fall to four different men, they might be distributed under four different heads. This subject produced a good deal of evidence, some of it rather strange. One of the witnesses was asked where he would enter 'The History of George Hicks' (a fictitious personage), and he answered 'With the other pamphlets;' imagining, no doubt, that a good large head of *Pamphlets* would take in all the small anonymous works out of half a million. Mr. Panizzi brought forward two works, which were entered, and correctly, under their subjects in the old printed catalogue: and he invited his opponents to find them out, which challenge no one answered; we have no reason to suppose that any one found them out. The first was entered as 'The State and Condition of our Taxes considered. 8vo. London, 1714;' the second as 'Reflexions sur la Requete de Denize ou Nizette, 4to. 1735.' Mr. Panizzi, with whom the key has remained up to this time, informs us that the first work must be looked for under *Funds*; and the second under *Convulsions*. The first title runs on, 'being a proposal for a tax upon funds,' which shows the subject. The second relates to that sect of the later Jansenists who were called *Convulsionnaires*. Two test works were continually brought forward during the examination of evidence: the one, a work called 'Is this Religion?' the other a tract headed 'Ye must be born again.' Some were for entering the first under *Religion*: it is in fact a controversial novel, and to enter it properly under its subject, it must be examined, to see which sect of Christians

is attacked. On the second there were various opinions, one for *Regeneration*, another for *Religion*, another for *Born*, &c. We think it hardly necessary to go through all the cases produced. We shall only observe that the subject of a book is one thing to one person, another to another; and that unless a Royal Commission were appointed to examine the Panizzis and the Colliers against one another upon the whole range of anonymous works, it would be impossible so to describe them by subjects as to give an average satisfaction to those who are to use the catalogue. Circumstances, too, determine opinion about reference by subject: it is hardly out of the question, if a certain spasm in the church should lead to further consequences, that a cataloguer might think he was doing right in entering the tract 'Ye must be born again,' under *Gorham*, with a cross reference from *Phillpotts*. The plan imposed upon Mr. Panizzi by the departure of the Trustees from his simple rule has increased the work of the catalogue about one fifth, and has multiplied its difficulties enormously; in fact, most of the stoppages are occasioned by anonymous works. Had the rule of taking 'the first word not an article or preposition' been adhered to in all cases, the main entry would have proceeded rapidly, and the cross-references would have given little comparative trouble.

Whether the catalogue should be printed, or whether it should exist only in a manuscript of several copies, was one of the much agitated questions. Mr. Panizzi was from the beginning entirely against the printing: a circumstance which in itself is an answer to one of the imputations against him. It was affirmed that in promoting an extensive bibliographical catalogue, he was sacrificing the benefit of the nation to his own desire for fame. Had this been the case, he would have advocated the printing: the manuscript would give him but a life reputation within the walls of the Museum, while the published work would ensure him a permanent European name.

The disadvantages of printing are, that the publication can never represent the state of a continually increasing library, and that supplements are very unsatisfactory additions to a work of reference. To these may be added, that a mixed catalogue of print and manuscript, such as must be provided for the readers within the Museum, presents some minor difficulties as to ready use, the magnification of which was one of the grandest exaggerations in the evidence. The advantages are, that a student not residing in London can ascertain, either by buying the catalogue, or by consulting it at the nearest town which has a library, whether the books he wants were in the Museum at a certain date. The demand for a *printed* catalogue is strong—

almost clamorous: though it is well known that the public never bought so many as twenty perfect copies of the eight-volume catalogue which was completed* in 1819. It was proposed, in order to meet the wants of those who live at a distance, that a clerk at the Museum should answer letters (with return postage inclosed) inquiring whether specified books are or are not in the library. Mr. Panizzi was disposed to think this feasible, and the Commissioners seemed to incline towards it. If the convenience of the majority is to be consulted, unquestionably this plan (the expense of which would not equal the interest of the money spent upon printing a catalogue) should be adopted. For the many are those whose wants are comparatively of rare occurrence, and who would not buy a catalogue for infrequent and occasional use. Moreover, it is to be remembered that the corresponding clerk would answer upon all that had been entered up to the date of the letter, while the catalogue would give only the answer of, it might be, several years before. Upon the balance of all the arguments, the Commissioners decided upon recommending that the catalogue should *not* be printed: and, looking upon the question as merely one of library management, we agree with them. But, seeing how much a more correct knowledge of books, and idea of book-knowledge, is wanted, even by distinguished literary men—looking also to the great number of errors which have arisen from insufficient bibliography—we are of opinion that a full and accurate catalogue should be printed, sold at a cheap rate, and widely presented to public institutions. Not merely as a catalogue of the Museum library, but as a contribution from the national funds to the promotion of sound and accurate literature, both in letters commonly so called, and in science: a contribution which would have its value, independently of the accessions which the library had received since its publication. It is to be remembered that the investigations of a student not only require him to consult many books, but to have a correct knowledge of more which he need not consult: and also that the question whether he need consult or not may very often be settled, and his valuable time saved, by nothing more than a full and accurate catalogue description of the work in question: and nothing less will do. Consequently, an excellent catalogue is a valuable literary companion, even though its parent library be at a distance, or dispersed, or burnt. Nothing but national

* As soon as this work was either contemplated or completed, we do not know which, a stock of the old *folio* catalogue of 1789 was *cancelled*, i. e. destroyed.

power can supply this want to a sufficient extent, or can foster in the nation which it belongs to that love of accuracy which is wanted, by furnishing the means of being accurate, at a moderate expense of labour. We do no more than hint at this subject because we have not space to develop it; and also because we are afraid that, in like manner as men of letters are not yet bibliographers, bibliographers are not yet much more than librarians, that is, not sufficiently alive to the fact that a part of their function is public instruction. They are too much isolated, too much among themselves and for themselves. At the same time we must say that in the new Museum Catalogue the duty of giving information, where it may be briefly done, is acknowledged; and the entries show that the books have been properly examined. Inquiries of the kind which we have been discussing, have a tendency to shake the classes together, and the result begins to show itself in a remarkable manner. As soon as it became apparent that the field was lost, a proposal immediately emanated from the anti-bibliographical side, as we must call it, of the controversy, bold enough in character to make the regular librarian stare. It is not uncommon for a party which cannot obtain what it wants, to outbid the opponent in his own ground, to win the trick by putting on a higher trump. In the present case, the 'Athenæum' journal, the most prominent organ of the assailants of the Museum, in concluding its remarks upon the Report of the Commissioners, astonished its readers by proposing a *Universal Catalogue*, to contain all the books that ever were printed. The plan was, that our Government should catalogue all British works, and every other one its own.* Such a catalogue, when complete, would serve for every library; nothing would be necessary, in any one such institution, except to indicate the presence of each work in the library by affixing to each its press mark, or designation of its place on the shelves. Separate stereotype blocks for each title are proposed, to be presented by each government to the rest; out of which any variety of plans of cataloguing might be made feasible. This magnificent design has presented itself to many, and has, we doubt not, been only rejected with regret, as much too good to be hoped for. If we saw the slightest chance of its accomplishment, we should be only too happy to lend our voices in favour of it, provided that it was to be a *full and accurate* catalogue, not a *compendious* one. If those who made the proposal fancied that short titles

* This part, we are perfectly satisfied, is impracticable. Our Government must do it all, employing such agency in foreign countries as shall be found necessary.

must needs be secured by the vastness of the plan, which it would seem impossible to execute on the fuller scale, we answer that we put on a higher trump than theirs, and will win the trick by showing that our addition will render the whole execution more easy. Almost all who have themselves catalogued books gave evidence that a short title, carefully done, takes more *time* than a long one : that it is shorter to write out the titles on Mr. Panizzi's scale, than to make the deliberate examination which the best abbreviation, or any good abbreviation, requires. That short titles take short time, was one of the master fallacies of the discussion : true only in the sense in which it may be said that no titles at all take less time still. Now we put the following considerations forward, not as having an immediate practical bearing upon anything we have much hope of seeing ; but because any step which goes beyond the utmost limits of the current routine, must be familiarised by speculative thought, before it can possibly induce a sufficient number to think it can be done. And, if we may venture to say it, it is not only true that without faith no man can see God, but also that without faith no man can see the next step in that career of improvement which God has ordained for man. It was the greatest stumbling-block in the transition from the turnpike-road to the railway, to create the first degree of belief in its possibility : and of this we may always be sure, that there never was a moment at which there did not exist numerous plans which were really and truly impossible—but only because they were thought to be so.

The world is to go forward ; and its literature, the history of its mind, is to be preserved : of this no one doubts. The task of preservation will become more and more difficult as time runs on ; and to meet the difficulty, engines of increased power must, and therefore will, be invented : to doubt this is rather to reject history than to prophesy. The day will come when the record which it is thought worth while in Great Britain to give to the documents of all times and all tongues will involve as much printing as the United Parliament orders in three years, and a proportionate quantity of mechanical preparation. Imagine that time *come now*, and no bolder flight is necessary. We believe that we much overrate the printing of the world in each particular, if we describe it as done in four hundred years, by ten literary nations, at the rate of a thousand titles each year from the beginning : and we are afraid we must say that one fourth of this is irrecoverably lost. Perhaps our readers will think more : if it be so, our calculation is the more what we intend it to be, above the mark. This gives three million of titles ; which,

entered without cross-reference, in the manner proposed by Mr. Panizzi, would go into three hundred volumes of five hundred pages each. A finding *companion*, rather than index, being a repetition of each leading word and date, with reference to volume and page, furnished with cross-references, one for each original entry, at the rate of four hundred in each folio page, would give thirty volumes more. Now when Mr. Panizzi's opponents described* his proposed *manuscript* catalogue of the British Museum as to be in five hundred volumes, monstrous as such a thing appeared to them, there was a certain limit to their wonder: no one was made seriously ill by the idea; no one proposed a rising in arms. We are inclined to think then that if, after deliberation, they should hold our figures to be rather above than below the mark (which we regret to say we think they are) there would be nothing to repel further deliberation upon the surrender of the short titles, and an agitation for a full and complete catalogue of all the books in the world up to 1850, to be carefully kept up in time to come. At any rate, we gladly join them in familiarizing the public ear with large undertakings.

One practical bearing of such aspirations upon the existing state of things is as follows. In order to further the execution of some grand ultimate plan, we are disposed to press forward the printing of the intended Museum Catalogue, so soon as (but not sooner than) the manuscript shall be complete and ready for press. We do not think anything would be gained by surrendering the existing project as a part of the consideration for a greater one. The public is a very peculiar individual: he resolves himself into millions of components for the purpose of discussion; but when reunited into one for action, he is another creature, with habits, associations, and foibles, which could not be deduced from those of his molecules. And those who know him never hope to get any thing out of him by giving up something in return: and above all, they never ask him to abandon the smaller plan in favour of a larger, or one plan in favour of

* The *five hundred volume catalogue* has been the *Carthage* of Mr. Panizzi's opponents: and journals and newspapers have echoed the assertion that he proposed, *for the Museum as it stands*, a manuscript catalogue in five hundred volumes. The truth is as follows;—In a letter to Lord Ellesmere, printed in the appendix to the evidence (p. 394.) Mr. Panizzi, after describing his manuscript catalogue, says 'Five hundred *such* volumes would contain *one million and fifty thousand* entries, with space to increase the whole to *one million seven hundred and fifty thousand*.' The estimate for the present catalogue is half a million.

another. He either finishes what he has begun, or he sinks into perfect inaction. To abandon the project of so many years, under the notion that a larger one might then be undertaken, would lead, we think, to this result, that in fifty years our descendants would be recommencing at 1838, so far as this question is concerned, and with a much larger mass of materials to deal with.

In the meanwhile, anxious as we are for the most speedy execution of the sound and (so far as the Museum is concerned) sufficient plan in question, we know by experience, as do the great majority of those who frequent the reading room, that there is not any necessity for the excessive hurry which has been called for—in any point but one. The catalogue now in use is available for everything which it contains, and, in spite of all that has been said against it, serves many purposes. It is of course most desirable that it should be speedily reinforced by lists of the accessions which the Museum has received, and in particular of the Grenville Library, that splendid bequest, which, as all our readers do not know, is very much due to Mr. Panizzi's* influence with its munificent donor. We are assured that this reinforcement will very speedily† arrive; and we feel convinced that it would have arrived long ago, if the pressure from without had not tended to paralyse the institution and distract its officers.

If due assistance be afforded; if the catalogue be allowed to make the utmost haste which, in the opinion of those who can best judge, is consistent with good speed; if the House of Commons be moved rather to supply ample funds to those who know how to do this, than to issue directions as to the mode in which it should be done,—the present difficulty will be overcome in a much shorter time than the opponents of the plan think of.

* Mr. Panizzi was in Mr. Grenville's confidence on this matter: and, among the most expensive of the books which he was charged with not buying for the Museum when he might have bought them were some which he knew would soon arrive in the course of nature. Public officers very often know something which they may not tell, but which their critics do not know.

† It has arrived since we wrote this. On the 9th of September were added to the reading-room two copies of 153 manuscript volumes of supplemental catalogue, commenced in 1849; together with a catalogue of the Grenville Library, being the existing printed catalogue, with its errors and deficiencies (no small number), supplied in manuscript. By the end of the year the catalogue will be *at par* in its entries.

It will take, we apprehend, about as long as will be necessary to prepare the public mind for seriously saying yes or no upon the question of the Universal Catalogue.

ART. IV. — *A Critical History of the Language and Literature of Ancient Greece.* By WILLIAM MURE of Caldwell. 3 vols. London: 1850.

A GENERAL acquaintance with the literature, and some knowledge of the language of ancient Greece, have long been regarded in this country as essential parts of a liberal education. But many, even of those who have been debarred by circumstances from the latter attainment, will still be desirous of becoming well-informed respecting those masterpieces of poetry and eloquence which have been the models of all subsequent ages, and of acquiring a popular idea of that literature which has been to a great extent the source and the model of all that have succeeded it. It is difficult to calculate, and impossible to overrate, the influence which Greek literature has exercised upon modern Europe, whether directly or through the medium of that of Rome, — itself but a bastard branch of the great Hellenic stock. But it may safely be affirmed that, as no one can thoroughly understand the etymology of much of his own language who is ignorant of that of Greece, it is equally impossible for him to enter fully into the merits of the great writers of his own country, without some acquaintance with the poets and the orators, the historians and the philosophers of ancient Greece. It is, therefore, not a little remarkable that there should not exist in English any general history of Greek literature, or even any work calculated to convey to the English reader a systematic view of any one of its branches. While Homer is universally read in our schools, and the Greek dramatists familiarly studied in our universities, we do not possess any connected survey of the poetry of the Greeks as a whole, nor an intelligent guide-book to its æsthetic appreciation. Equally deficient are we in any historical view of the prose writers of Greece, or any critical estimate of her historians, her orators, or her philosophers; and the student who would seek for information concerning any of those authors who are not included in the ordinary course of school and college reading, is left to glean it at home as best he may from a variety of compilations, or to have recourse to the more copious stores of German learning.

Our previous attempts to supply these deficiencies may be disposed of very briefly. The pleasantly-written, but somewhat superficial, volume of Mr. Nelson Coleridge on the Homeric poems, was designed as the commencement of a series of similar introductions to all the classic poets of Greece—a design which we deeply regret that he was prevented from completing. However such a popular introduction might have failed in satisfying the wants of the more advanced scholar, it would have been invaluable to the young student, to whom it could scarcely have failed to impart something of that purity of taste and enlightened sensibility to the highest poetical qualities so conspicuous in its pages. Such a work was the more to be desired, because the method of instruction commonly pursued among us has unfortunately a tendency to draw off the attention of the learner from the more substantial merits of the ancient authors to grammatical distinctions and metrical refinements. Even of those who have been most distinguished at our universities, but too many, we fear, are more occupied in the vain endeavour to imitate the language and versification of the Greek tragedians than in examining or appreciating their inimitable beauties.

Of far higher pretensions, both in the comprehensiveness of its scheme and the qualifications of the writer, is the unfinished work of K. O. Müller, first presented to the public in an English dress by the Society of Useful Knowledge. Imperfect as it was unfortunately destined to remain, this work is unquestionably a most valuable addition to our knowledge of ancient literature, and had it not been cut short by the premature death of its highly-gifted author, would have probably in a great degree anticipated our complaint. But the plan on which it was conceived, and the limits within which it was confined, while they prevented it from discussing all the topics, or entering into all the details, on which the professed student might be desirous of information, necessarily rendered it dry and unattractive to the general reader. In attempting to hold a middle course between the popular and the critical character, it has failed, we think, in fully securing the advantages of either class.

The elaborate work of Colonel Mure, of which the volumes now before us are, we trust, but the first instalment, has therefore the advantage of occupying ground almost untrodden by any English rival, and supplying a deficiency long felt by every classical scholar.

It must be admitted that the difficulties of the task were of no ordinary character. Literary history in general is a branch of composition wholly of modern growth, and even in recent times has been one of the least cultivated. Among the Greeks them-

selves, notwithstanding the variety of channels into which their literary industry was directed during the latter periods of their national existence, and the vast masses of literary and historical disquisition which they accumulated, we find no trace of anything like a systematic history of their literature as a whole. Their Roman successors were equally wanting in this respect, for the brief review of the principal Greek and Roman authors by Quintilian is far too slight a sketch to be considered as an exception. Even in modern times works of this description have not been numerous; and it is remarkable that neither we ourselves nor our French neighbours possess even any attempt to present a connected and complete history of our respective literatures. Italy and Spain have been far more fortunate. Tiraboschi has presented the students of Italian literature with the most complete and elaborate review of his whole subject of which any modern language can boast; while the more popular and agreeable, though diffuse, volumes of Ginguénè amply suffice for the requirements of the ordinary reader. The well-known work of Sismondi on the Literature of the South of Europe, comprises in a smaller compass a pleasing, yet by no means scanty or superficial, review of the best authors of Spain as well as Italy. And to these must now be added the recently published History of Spanish Literature by Mr. Ticknor; a masterly performance, and which perhaps of all compositions of the kind has the most successfully combined popularity of style with sound criticism and extensive research within its own compartment.

But whatever may be the difficulties which beset the literary historian of any other age or country, these assume a far more formidable aspect in the case of the classical languages of antiquity, and especially that of ancient Greece. Here he labours at once under disadvantages apparently the most opposite. His materials are at the same time lamentably deficient and overwhelmingly copious; his subject at once too familiar and too abstruse. On the one hand, he has to deplore the almost entire loss of the writings of many of the most distinguished authors; while on the other, the few and scanty fragments which remain of their compositions, and the almost equally scanty notices of their lives and writings have been made the subject of a mass of commentary, dissertation, and conjecture, which may well appal the most stout-hearted man of letters. The literature of the Homeric question alone would fill a library of no mean dimensions. The remains of the poems known as the Epic Cycle, of which not fifty complete lines have come down to us, have afforded to one of the most eminent German scholars of the present day the subject of two goodly octavo

volumes, published at an interval of not less than fourteen years, — a singular instance of devotion to a special branch of study! In like manner, of the Lyric Poets of Greece, while Pindar is the only one of whom more than a few fragments have been transmitted to us, there is not one whose scanty *débris* have not been collected and re-collected, commented and re-commented, as if we could compensate for the loss of what has perished by excess of labour bestowed on what remains. Again, the leading authors of ancient Greece may be thought to be so familiar to all persons who have received a school and college education, that there is little new to be said about them. Every one knows, whether from the originals or by translations, the story of the Iliad and the Odyssey, the names and characters of the Homeric heroes, and the plots and persons of the principal Attic tragedies. But when the historian, quitting these beaten tracks of criticism, begins to wander into more remote and unfrequented paths, the reader can with difficulty be induced to follow him through the thorny mazes of German criticism, or to share in the labour of gleaning from the arid pages of ancient grammarians the few facts which they supply in the illustration of his subject.

To the execution of this arduous task Colonel Mure has brought no ordinary qualifications. He is indebted, we believe, for his classical education to a German university; but, while he has thence derived all the best qualities of modern German scholarship, — a minute accuracy, an extensive range of reading, and a philosophical application of philological principles, — his natural clearsightedness and calmness of judgment have preserved him from the defects which too often accompany these merits. While he is keenly alive to the minutest distinctions of style, of dialect, or of metre, he never allows himself to be led away by the consideration of these petty details, to the neglect of the broader features of his subject, or the more important questions of taste and sentiment. Familiar with all that has been written on ancient literature by the critics of Germany, he is not misled by their vague and often fanciful theories, and continually recurs from the most subtle and ingenious of their speculations to the arguments of common sense, or the plain and obvious meaning of the text. Indeed, his criticisms and opinions strike us as exhibiting in general a remarkable independence of mind; whatever may be his views on any particular question, they are essentially his own; he avails himself of the labours of preceding critics as useful auxiliaries for arriving at a sound conclusion, but never permits their authority, however deservedly great, to bias him in the exercise of his own unfettered judgment. The opinions thus definitely

formed are enunciated with equal distinctness; if his style be sometimes deficient in fluency, it is rarely wanting in clearness, and the reader is never left in that maze of bewilderment, in which he too often finds himself, after toiling through the laborious pages of many Teutonic critics.

The general tendency of Colonel's Mure's views on the numerous subjects of controversy, which have been agitated of late years in the world of classical criticism, may be characterised as essentially *conservative*. He tells us of himself in regard to the Homeric question, that he was at one period of his life, 'like most 'young scholars,' a zealous disciple of the Wolfian school, but that a diligent scrutiny of its doctrines, continued through a space of twenty years, has left him with a full conviction of their fallacy. The change is certainly complete, and, as is often the case with literary as well as religious converts, the bias of his mind is now decidedly in the contrary direction. While we entirely concur with him in rejecting the extreme views of Wolf and his followers, we cannot but think that (independent as he is,) he has on some occasions displayed too much deference for the authority of the ancient critics, and has been inclined to acquiesce in their established conclusions and received traditions, without always examining with sufficient care *how* they were established and *why* they were received. As it is the prevailing error of the modern German school of criticism to seek rather for novelty than truth, so it is the present disposition of Colonel Mure, now that he is restored to the bosom of the ancient faith, to look with suspicion upon every new theory, and to distrust its truth on account of its novelty.

The title of his book sufficiently indicates the particular scope which the author has proposed to himself, and the class to which he designs his work to be referred. It is a *Critical History of the Language and Literature of Ancient Greece*; as such, it is addressed principally to the classical scholar, and is designed not so much to give a popular introduction to the subject for those previously unacquainted with it, as to supply to the riper student a more complete and systematic survey of the whole field of Hellenic literature, than he would have been able to attain by his own unassisted endeavours. At the same time there are large portions of the work which almost every reader may peruse with interest and pleasure, and any one who possesses the commonest schoolboy's power of construing the Homeric poems will be able to derive delight and instruction from the masterly analysis and review of them, to which Colonel Mure has devoted so large a portion of the present volumes.

The *Literary History of Greece* divides itself almost spon-

taneously into six great periods, which are thus characterised by Colonel Mure:—

‘ I. The first, or Mythical period, comprised the origin and early culture of the nation and its language, with the legendary notices of those fabulous heroes and sages, to whom popular belief ascribed the first advances in elegant art or science, but of whose existence or influence no authentic monuments have been preserved.

‘ II. The second, or Poetical period, extends from the epoch of the earliest authenticated productions of Greek poetical genius, through those ages in which poetry continued to be the only cultivated branch of composition, and terminates about the fifty-fourth Olympiad. (B.C. 560.)

‘ III. The third, or Attic period, commences with the rise of the Attic drama and of prose literature, and closes with the establishment of the Macedonian ascendancy and the consequent extinction of republican freedom in Greece.

‘ IV. The fourth, or Alexandrian period, may be dated from the foundation of Alexandria, and ends with the fall of the Græco-Egyptian empire.

‘ V. The fifth, or Roman period, succeeds and extends to the foundation of Constantinople.

‘ VI. The sixth, or Byzantine period, comprises the remaining ages of the decay and corruption of ancient civilisation, until the final extinction of the classical Greek as a living language.’ (Vol. i. p. 6.)

Of these six periods the volumes before us at present comprise only the two first; and, since the Mythical period is briefly dismissed, by far the greater part of them is devoted to the second, or Poetical period. Some readers will perhaps be startled at learning that the three volumes now published bring down the subject only to the age of Solon, thus stopping short at the very threshold of that brilliant age of Athenian genius which gave rise to so many masterpieces in literature as well as art. For the rise and progress of the Attic drama as well as for the productions of its greatest splendour, for the earliest prose writers and the great Athenian historians as well as for her orators and philosophers, for Æschylus and Aristophanes as well as Demosthenes and Plato, we must look to future volumes. But whatever untoward apprehensions this consideration may suggest,—as for instance, lest the completion of his task upon the same extensive scale as he has commenced it should be more than Colonel Mure may be destined to accomplish,—the scholar will certainly have no cause to complain of any want of interest or variety in the portion now presented to him. In addition to the numerous questions connected with the origin and authorship of the Homeric poems, which occupy great part of the first

two volumes, the third volume contains a very copious and interesting review, both biographical and literary, of the early lyric poets of Greece, among whom are the great and stirring names of Archilochus and Tyrtaeus, of Alcæus and Sappho, Alcman and Stesichorus. To other chapters, if not so attractive, perhaps of a higher value,—as those on the general structure and natural affinities of the Greek language, on the relations of the Hellenic race with the Pelasgic stock, on the formation of the Greek alphabet, and the mode of its derivation from that of the Phœnicians, and to those on the early history of the art of writing in Greece, we can do no more than direct the attention of our readers. But there is one question, which meets us at the very outset of the work, to which we must briefly advert, as the views of Colonel Mure differ materially from those which we have on several occasions been called upon to express. We refer to the historical value to be attached to the mythical and poetical legends of Greece.

On this point the views of Colonel Mure accord more nearly with those of Mr. Clinton and other writers of the older school of historical criticism, than with those of Mr. Grote and most recent German writers. He contends strongly for the existence of a substratum of historical fact in these poetical tales; and while he rejects in name ‘the errors of the “old pragmatistical” “school of interpretation,”’ he appears to us to retain very much of its substance. Unquestionably it is as erroneous, and as liable to the charge of dogmatical presumption, to deny, as to affirm, with positiveness, the historical reality of any of the persons and events prior to the historical era; but all that Mr. Grote has done,—and in which we must express our entire concurrence,—is to deny that we have, *or can have*, any proof of it. The real question at issue is not so much whether there ever was a basis of historical truth for the poetical legend,—whether any such events as the siege of Thebes or the expedition against Troy ever actually occurred,—as whether we are now able to extricate this kernel of truth from the mass of fable with which it is overgrown, and to exhibit the naked skeleton of historical fact stripped of all its coverings of poetical embellishment. If we cannot do this, it appears to us perfectly immaterial whether it exist or not. It is quite true that, in the instances appealed to by Colonel Mure, of the Teutonic legends of Etzeland Dietrich, in the Spanish poem of the Cid, and in our own ballads of Chevy Chase and Otterbourne, we find a mixture of truth and fable similar to that which he conceives to have existed in the Greek legends; and yet we know, *from other sources*, that Attila and Theodoric, the Cid and Percy Hotspur,

are real historical persons, and that there is a certain foundation of truth in the tales which relate to them. The two may be found together. But if we had no other sources than the poetical legends themselves, what assurance could we have of this? ‘Had the parallel letter of monkish chronicle (observes Colonel Mure), which, in each of these cases, establishes the connexion between fact and fable, been swept away, *the element of truth in the poems would not the less remain.*’ This is perfectly true; but though the element would be still *there*, it would have become to us utterly unascertainable. And this is precisely the position in which we find ourselves in regard to the Greek legends,—to that of Troy in particular. ‘Whether there may not really have occurred, at the foot of the hill of Ilium, a war purely human and political, without gods, without heroes, without Helen, without Amazons, without Ethiopians under the beautiful son of Eos, without the wooden horse, without the characteristic and expressive features of the old epical war?’—this is a question, as Mr. Grote has justly remarked, which we are equally unable to answer in the affirmative or the negative. And we should certainly have been disposed to add that it would have been indifferent to us, whether we could answer it or not. To us the ‘tale of Troy divine’ will remain the only *true* tale,—the only *real* Achilles will be the Achilles of Homer. It is, therefore, with no little surprise that we find Colonel Mure treating this question as of no less importance in a literary than in an historical point of view; and regarding it as essential to our enjoyment of the great national poems of Greece, that we should believe their heroes to have been real men, and not mere creations of poetical fancy. Will he consent to apply the same test to our own literature? Has Macbeth a more powerful hold on our sympathies than Hamlet or Lear, because the one is probably based on a foundation of truth, while the legends of the other two, though equally historical in form, are unquestionably fabulous? Or does any one prefer the Sejanus or Catiline of Ben Jonson to Shakspeare’s Coriolanus, because he has been convinced by Niebuhr’s arguments of the unhistorical character of the latter? To take another instance from a hero and a poem which present, according to Colonel Mure himself, the nearest parallel to Achilles and the Iliad. The real existence of the Cid and a certain foundation of fact for the history of his exploits, are established beyond all reasonable doubt by historical testimony; but if this evidence were less satisfactory, and the sceptical views of Masdeu and Dr. Dunham (who almost go the length of disputing his personal reality) were better founded than we believe them to be, would his character, as exhibited in

the old Spanish poem, be rendered less striking? Would it not still remain that which it now is, and which alone constitutes its interest at the present day,—a noble impersonation of the feelings and ideas of the chivalrous ages of Spain? Whether the Cid really conquered Valencia is important as an historical question; as a poetical one, it appears to us, we confess, a matter of perfect indifference.

But it is high time that we should quit this discussion to follow Colonel Mure into that portion of his subject which forms the most prominent feature of the present volumes,—the inquiry into the origin and character of the immortal poems which bear the name of Homer. This part of his work is stamped with every characteristic of a ‘labour of love;’ and Colonel Mure is certainly entitled, in this instance, to put forward his claim on our attention in the words of the Tuscan poet:—

‘Vagliami il lungo studio e’ l grande amore,
Che m’ han fatto cercar lo suo volume.’

The account of the Homeric poems, which occupies a large part of these two first volumes, is the result of the studies of twenty years; during which it is evident that his favourite author has never been absent from his thoughts.* Throughout this branch of his subject, Colonel Mure has combined the examination of the poems themselves, and the analysis of their beauties and peculiarities, with the investigation and refutation of the theories of the Wolfian school. The two inquiries are indeed inseparable: it is only by a continual and diligent study of the Homeric poems in their present form, by a thorough familiarity with their real nature and character, that we can hope to arrive at any satisfactory conclusions with regard to their origin and authorship.

More than fifty years have now elapsed since the publication by Wolf of his celebrated *Prolegomena* or *Prefatory Essay* to Homer, and in the course of the long and animated discussions to which the whole question has been subjected in the interval the controversy has in great measure shifted its ground.† Wolf

* The classical reader will hardly need to be reminded of the striking manner in which this is displayed in Colonel Mure's ‘*Tour in Greece*,’ published in 1842, and of the numerous illustrations of the Homeric poems which he has there derived from his own observations on the physical peculiarities of the country, and the manners and customs of its present inhabitants.

† An excellent review of the whole course of this controversy, and the leading arguments which have been brought forward by the different writers on each side, will be found in the *Appendix* (vol. i.

himself had dwelt principally upon the external or historical arguments, and laboured to show from these, that it was *impossible* for the Homeric poems to have been originally produced in the form in which we now possess them; while he maintained at the same time that it was clear from the testimony of ancient writers that they actually *were not* so produced. Few of his followers, however, have adopted the extreme views of their master on these points, or admitted in their full extent the functions ascribed by him to Pisistratus, — functions so important, that if Wolf's estimate of them were correct, we should be compelled to attribute no small portion of the merit of Homer to the Athenian despot, or the poets who assisted him in the task.* The questions connected with the introduction and early use of the art of writing in Greece, have also been subjected to a more searching investigation, — especially by Hug, Kreuser, and Nitzsch, — and it has been shown that on this point also the sceptical conclusions of Wolf were carried to an extent which it was impossible to defend.

Thus step by step have his followers been compelled to abandon many of the positions which their leader had assumed to be impregnable. But in proportion as they have been driven from the strongholds of historical proof, they have fallen back upon arguments derived from internal evidence, and endeavoured to show from the examination of the Homeric poems themselves, that these could not have been originally composed in the form in which we now possess them, and that their alleged epic consistency, in so far as it actually exists, is the result of subsequent adjustment and rearrangement. This line of investigation has been carried to its extremest point by Lachmann, who in his recent work (*Betrachtungen über Homer's Ilias*. Berlin, 1847, originally inserted in the Transactions of the Berlin Academy) has attempted to prove from internal evidence alone that the Iliad must have been made up out of not less than eighteen different lays or songs, probably the productions of as many different poets, and some of them, as he confidently asserts, so totally distinct in tone and character, that whoever does not at the first glance perceive the difference, may as

No. 1.) to the *new edition* of Bishop Thirlwall's 'History of Greece.' We regret that Colonel Mure has not given some such summary, which, in however brief a form, would have been a valuable addition to the exposition of his own views.

* Lachmann, however, appears to form an exception, and to have adopted on this point, as on most others, the views of Wolf in their fullest extent. See his '*Betrachtungen über Homer's Ilias*,' pp. 31 — 33.

well cease to trouble himself with inquiries for which he is totally incompetent!

There is something more curious in their confidence than creditable to their judgment or their candour, to contrast the arrogant tone assumed by these later critics of the Wolfian school with that of their master himself. The most enthusiastic admirer of Homer has never borne stronger testimony than Wolf has done in more than one passage, not only to the pervading excellence of the two poems, but to that general uniformity of style, which carries the reader along with it, like the full and smooth current of some majestic stream.* It is only in obedience to the *necessity* imposed upon him as he conceives by the historical and other external evidences that he shuts his eyes to this strong internal testimony, and ventures to ascribe that 'marvellous consistency' (*mirificum illum concentum* — Prolegom. p. cclxv.), which he cannot refuse to admit, to the long-continued labours of successive critics, and the polishing care of the Alexandrian grammarians.

At the present day, on the contrary, it may, we think, be fairly assumed, that the question must be decided upon the internal evidence of the poems themselves. For while, on the one hand, the advocates of the Wolfian doctrines can scarcely maintain, after the searching investigation to which the historical and external evidences have been submitted, that these evidences are conclusive against the old tradition, as received from the days of Aristotle to our own, it must be admitted on the other hand, by all candid adherents to the ancient faith, that the historical arguments which can be adduced in support of it are extremely slender and dwindle into insignificance when critically

* It would be difficult to sum up, more forcibly or more eloquently, the internal arguments in favour of the original unity of each poem, than is done by Wolf himself in the following striking passage: 'Nunc quoque usu mihi evenit nonnunquam, quod non dubito even-
' turum item multis esse, ut quoties abducto ab historicis argumentis
' animo redeo ad continentem Homeri lectionem et interpretationem
' atque ita penitus immergor in *illum veluti prono et liquido*
' *alveo decurrentem tenorem actionum et narrationum*; quoties
' animadverto ac reputo mecum, *quam in universum æstimanti unus*
' *his Carminibus insit color, aut certe quam egregie Carmini utrique*
' *suus color constet, quam apte ubique tempora rebus, res temporibus,*
' *aliquot loci adeo sibi alludentes, congruant et constant, quam denique*
' *æquabiliter in primariis personis eadem lineamenta servantur et*
' *ingéniorum et animorum*; vix mihi quisquam irasci et succensere
' gravius poterit, quam ipse facio mihi, simulque veteribus illis, qui
' tot non temere jactis indiciis destruunt vulgarem fidem ac suam.
(Præf. ad Iliad, p. xxii.)

examined. It is therefore not a little remarkable, as Colonel Mure justly observes, that while the internal evidence has been thoroughly ransacked by the sceptical critics in search of every flaw or blemish which the most perverse ingenuity can convert into an argument in support of their views, no part of the subject has been so greatly neglected by their opponents. The importance and necessity of a systematic analysis of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, based upon enlarged principles and impartial views, was pointed out many years ago by Sir E. Lytton Bulwer *; and it must, we think, be apparent to every reader of taste that it is only on such a general examination that any conclusions can be safely founded. We cannot therefore express too strongly our obligations to Colonel Mure for the zeal and diligence with which he has followed out this inquiry. The able and elaborate analysis of the two poems, and of all the arguments that can be derived from their internal evidence, which occupies a great part of the first two volumes of his work, can leave but little for the scholar to desire or the future critic to contribute.

It will probably occur to the reader, though it has been habitually forgotten or studiously kept out of sight by the Wolfian critics, that it is no such easy matter in any case to prove by a conclusive line of argument, *in the absence of all external evidence*, the original unity of any long poem, composed as it necessarily is of many various parts and distinct episodes; still less to demonstrate two separate works, like the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*, to be the productions of the same author. Were we called upon, apart from all historical testimony, to prove the *Paradise* of Dante to have really emanated from the same mind as the *Inferno*, or to convince a sceptical adversary that the *Paradise Regained* was truly the production of Milton himself, and not the work of a different and inferior hand, however strong might be our own conviction of the fact, we fear that we should find some difficulty in conveying that impression to another. And it is but reasonable to expect that similar obstacles should encounter us on the very threshold of our inquiry, in the case of the Homeric poems.

But these difficulties are greatly augmented by one leading characteristic of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, to which we feel it the more necessary to call our readers' attention, because Colonel Mure has omitted to assign to it the prominence which, in our opinion, it deserves. We can hardly express the peculiarity to which we advert, otherwise than by terming it their *ballad-like* character. Mr. Macaulay has observed†

* Bulwer's '*Athens*,' vol. i., viii. 6.

† Preface to '*Lays of Ancient Rome*,' p. 12.

that '*the great Homeric poems are generically ballads, though widely indeed distinguished from all other ballads, and indeed from almost all other human composition, by transcendent merit.*' It is this character which constitutes the entire and total difference between them and all other epic poems — a difference not merely of *degree*, but of *kind*. It is this also which separates them so completely from all the translations in which they have been disguised for the readers of modern languages, and in most of which the simple grandeur of the ancient bard figures very much like an Indian chief decked out in a dress coat and ruffles. Those peculiarities of the Homeric poems to which we have been so accustomed from our childhood that we almost forget that they *are* peculiarities — the repetitions of lines and phrases, sometimes even of whole passages; the frequent recurrence of certain conventional forms of expression, the formal introductions to the speeches, the habitual association of certain epithets with particular objects or persons — all these are essentially characteristics of the popular or ballad class of poetry, and are never found in the more elaborate compositions of a literary and refined age; or — if occasionally so introduced, as in the *Æneid* — are at once felt to be tasteless and incongruous imitations. If we would seek for any similarity of tone or spirit to the Homeric poems, we must turn from the stately and artificial epics of Virgil or Tasso to the heroic poetry of the Middle Ages, and especially to the noble old Spanish poem of the *Cid*. Rude as are the versification and language of this striking composition — the longest ballad in any modern language, but still essentially a ballad — it partakes, beyond any other production of modern poetry with which we are acquainted, in the fire and spirit of the *Iliad*; while it presents all those peculiarities in the form and mode of narration to which we have just adverted in the Homeric poems. This resemblance is the more remarkable because the age in which the Spanish poem was produced, and the circumstances under which it must have been composed, preclude all possibility of direct imitation. The similarity between the chant of the Castilian minstrel and that of the blind old bard of Chios can have arisen only from the similar conditions under which they were produced — from the appearance, in a comparatively rude age, of a poetical genius of a very high order, who ennobled the simple strains which he found popular among his countrymen, without divesting them of their primitive simplicity.

To this characteristic of the Homeric poems we believe the Wolfian theory has mainly owed its popularity, and it constitutes a partial justification of a line of criticism which

would otherwise have been unpardonably absurd. No man in his senses would ever have either suggested or adopted such an hypothesis in regard to the *Divina Commedia*, or the *Paradise Lost*, even if we had been as entirely destitute of outward evidence in their case as we are in that of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*. But it was felt, and justly felt, that these great poems were, after all, only a kind of epic ballads, narrating in a manner not unlike that of other patriotic poetry a series of adventures and episodes, which it was easy to conceive as having once constituted the subjects of separate songs or lays wholly independent of one another. We learn from Homer himself that such was the form in which the events of the Trojan war, and the adventures of its principal heroes, were originally sung by minstrels like Phemius and Demodocus. There was nothing, therefore, improbable in the suggestion that a number of these detached songs might have been strung together into one continuous poem; and the historical arguments adduced by Wolf were considered both by himself and his followers as proving that this had actually been the process by which the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* were constructed. Setting aside, for the reasons already stated, these supposed historical proofs, we are perfectly willing to admit that *an Iliad and an Odyssey might have been* produced in the manner suggested by Wolf. All that we maintain is, that *the Iliad and Odyssey*, such as we now possess them, *were not* so produced; and in proof of this assertion we confidently appeal to the testimony of the poems themselves.

The arguments which may be deduced from their own internal evidence may be classed under three heads:—1. The unity of plan, and conduct of the action; 2. The consistent portraiture of character; and 3. The uniformity of style, using this term in its widest and most extensive acceptance. All these three branches of the argument are very fully developed by Colonel Mure, who has united throughout a careful examination and judicious appreciation of the qualities and excellences of the poems, with a full controversial argument against the Wolfian critics. We cannot attempt to follow him through this analysis, but we must endeavour, so far as our limits will allow, to put our readers in possession of the main outlines of the argument.

The first question—that of the unity of plan in each of the two poems—has been presented by Colonel Mure under an aspect at once novel and ingenious. Most recent critics, from Wolf himself down to Mr. Grote, have been occupied chiefly with the inquiry *whether the unity of action is complete?* whether every part can be shown to belong to the whole, as *necessary*

to the conduct of the poem, and essential to the end which the poet can be supposed to have had in view? And they seem to have assumed that any portion which was not thus *necessary* to the completion of the plot, must be an extraneous addition, and therefore cannot have emanated from the mind of the original poet. Now, it appears to us that this line of criticism, if judiciously applied, might prove clearly enough that the structure of the poem is unartificial or unskilful, but certainly cannot show that it is not the original structure, as conceived by the poet. Homer may have been mistaken in continuing the *Iliad* after the death of Hector (though we can hardly believe any reader of taste will think so); but we are no more justified in rejecting the two last books of the *Iliad* on this ground alone, than we should be in declaring the two last books of the *Pharsalia* not to be Lucan's, because we may think he should have closed his poem with the death of Pompey. The real question is, whether the several parts of each poem are so connected together as to exclude the idea of their having been once distinct and separate? — whether they are bound together, not by mere juxtaposition, but by mutual reference and organic connexion?

Let us apply this test to some one of those portions which may plausibly be supposed, according to the Wolfian theory, to have once existed in an independent form. The one selected by Colonel Mure is the *Ἀριστεία Διομήδους*, or 'Prowess of 'Diomed,' which we find cited under this separate title by ancient authors, and which may therefore be presumed to have been frequently sung as a separate rhapsody, and to have as fair a claim as any other canto of the *Iliad* to the character of an independent poem.* It comprises the fifth and part of the ninth books, according to the existing arrangement.

'The first line (observes Colonel Mure) ushers the reader into the midst of a battle, without any notice of where or why it was fought, or who were the contending parties, — by the announcement that "Pallas there urged Diomed into the thickest of the fight." Such an exordium plainly assumes, on the part of the poet's audience, a previous knowledge of a combat already commenced and interrupted. II. That this combat belonged to the few weeks of the Trojan war marked by the secession of Achilles, is proved, not only by his absence from the field, but by several pointed allusions to its cause. III. The deities left in immediate charge of the interrupted action of the previous book, were, Mars on the side of the Trojans, Minerva on that of the Greeks. At the commencement of this book, accordingly, Minerva's first care is, by a stratagem, to procure Mars's retirement

* It is accordingly so regarded both by Heyne (Not. ad *Iliad*, tom. v. p. 3.), and by Lachmann (*Betrachtungen*, p. 20.).

from the field, and a consequent freer scope for the exploits of her favourite hero. IV. The leading occurrence of the previous book is the violation of the truce between the two armies, by the treacherous shot of Pandarus. To this outrage Pandarus himself alludes in the renewed action, expressing his mortification at its only partial success; and his own death, by the hand of Diomed, forms an appropriate conclusion of his career. V. Diomed defeats Æneas, and obtains possession of his horses. This prize, with the circumstances attending its acquisition, is afterwards noticed by the victor; first in the eighth book, and again in the twenty-third. VI. Diomed successively wounds Venus and Mars. The latter achievement is referred to, in the twenty-first book, by the injured god himself. VII. Minerva reminds the Greeks that “while Achilles fought in their ranks, the Trojans never ventured to advance beyond the gates of their city.” This statement is confirmed by Achilles himself in the ninth book, and by other heroes in numerous parallel passages. VIII. Diomed and Glaucus, after their dialogue, agree to avoid hostile encounter during the remainder of the war, and the compact is carefully observed in the sequel. IX. Paris, who acts a prominent part in the preceding and subsequent engagements, does not appear in that now described,—having in the third book, after his defeat by Menelaus, been carried off by Venus to repose in his wife’s apartments. X. Accordingly, Hector, on his visit to Troy to propitiate Minerva, finds him loitering in Helen’s chamber, and orders him back to the field. XI. Andromache describes Achilles as destroyer of her native city. This exploit is ascribed to the same hero in numerous other parts of the poem.’ (Vol. i. pp. 253—255.)

‘The same species of interconnexion (adds Colonel Mure) ‘might be exemplified throughout.’ But it is not only such distinct proofs of mutual relation that attest the fact of the particular books or passages in which they occur, having originally been designed as parts of one entire whole, not as separate and independent lays: almost equally conclusive, though certainly less obvious, is the inference to be derived throughout from the tacit assumption of that particular state of things which has been brought about by the events already narrated. Every portion of the seventeen books of the Iliad, from the beginning of the second to the end of the eighteenth (as Colonel Mure justly observes) *assumes* the anger and the consequent absence of Achilles from the field: and no part of them would be intelligible without supposing the reader acquainted with these facts. Nowhere is this more strongly exemplified than in the celebrated passage familiar to the ancients under the title of the *Τειχοσκοπία*, or ‘View from the Walls.’ This episode contains no such specific reference to any other part of the poem as those above alluded to, nor is it itself afterwards referred to: it is, strictly speaking, an episode, and had it been absent from the

Iliad no one would have felt the want of it. But the remarkable fact that among the Greek leaders singled out by Priam, Achilles alone is wanting, at once proves that this episode must have been composed with reference to the particular period at which it is supposed to take place, and the state of things then existing. We might perhaps fancy such a review of the Greek chieftains, and even,—though this is far more difficult,—the peculiar dramatic form in which it is presented through the agency of Priam and Helen, to have originally formed a separate and independent lay: but why should it then have been adapted to this particular period? or why should the most prominent and celebrated of all the Greek heroes be omitted, unless the scene be supposed to have occurred at this precise juncture of the war? It may be added that the glaring improbability that the Greeks should have fought for nine years under the walls of Troy, without Priam having learned to know one of their leading warriors by sight, becomes a gratuitous absurdity, if not required by the poetical necessity of its insertion at a particular point of the narrative.

‘Whoever, therefore (continues Colonel Mure), subdivides Homer’s personality, as has been proposed, must subscribe to the following singularly improbable assumptions:—first, that all the more excellent poets who had selected the war of Troy as their subject, had limited themselves, not only to the tenth year of the siege, but to the particular month of that year signalised by the quarrel between the chiefs; secondly, that more than three-fourths of them had, in their choice of adventures, preferred those involving the defeat and disgrace of their countrymen; thirdly, that all the second-rate authors of the same primitive period,—such as Arctinus, Stasinus, or Lesches,—who treated of the same war, had as scrupulously confined themselves to its previous or subsequent stages. It is, in fact, only by reference to the primary concentration of the whole Iliad around the destinies and influence of Achilles, that the above anomaly of its subject—the humiliation of the national arms during so large a portion of its action—can be explained. The cantos celebrating these disgraces and disasters are of the very essence of an entire Iliad; but the notion of a separate poem or ballad, of whatever length, exclusively devoted to such matter, having ever been composed by a popular Greek minstrel, for a popular audience, seems altogether monstrous.’ (Vol. i. p. 256.)

We cannot follow Colonel Mure through the other instances in which he exemplifies the same argument: but we must briefly advert to one or two of those portions of the Iliad and Odyssey which appear peculiarly detached from the rest, and which have been on this account the most unhesitatingly pronounced to have been originally separate poems. Scarcely any part of

the Iliad is less obviously connected with the general plan of the poem, and appears at first sight (to the modern reader at least) more unnecessary, than the Catalogue of the Forces in the second book. And yet it seems altogether impossible to conceive this as standing alone. Such an enumeration of the Greek leaders, the troops under their command, and the cities which furnished these contingents, is not unnatural as a preliminary to the long narrative of their combats and exploits; and the strong local interest which it must have possessed for a Greek audience would induce them readily to excuse that minuteness of detail which the modern reader is apt to regard as needless prolixity. But with every allowance for this peculiar source of interest, it is inconceivable that such a catalogue of names, many of them obscure and unimportant, many altogether fictitious, should ever have constituted a separate poem, with nothing to introduce or follow it, ending as abruptly as it began, and conveying to the audience merely the names of heroes and warriors of whom they had never heard before, and were to hear nothing afterwards. Still more inconceivable is it that such a vast number of proper names as are accumulated in these few hundred lines, with all the genealogical and geographical details connected with them, should be found strictly in accordance with the same names and details wherever they occur in any of the subsequent books of the Iliad.* Such perfect consistency in minute points argues a degree of care in the ancient bard rarely equalled by more modern poets, but would be perfectly inexplicable on any other hypothesis than that of the common authorship of the Catalogue and the rest of the poem. The omission of all mention of Achilles and his myrmidons here also attests that this rhapsody must have been composed with particular reference to the period when they had withdrawn from the Greek army. But would any ancient bard have chosen precisely this moment for the enumeration of the Greek forces, had the Catalogue been designed merely as an independent recital of the heroes who fought under the walls of Troy?†

* The Wolfian critics have indeed attempted to dispute the *fact* of this accordance; but the small success of their endeavours, considering the extent of the field and the variety of details, may be regarded as its strongest confirmation. This point is fully discussed by Col. Mure in the Appendix D. to vol. i.

† Colonel Mure urges (p. 263.) as an additional argument in favour of the Catalogue as an original ingredient of the Iliad, that the *Cypria* (one of the most ancient of the post-Homeric poems) contained a similar enumeration of the *Trojan forces only*: but he appears to have forgotten that if this forms a strong argument *in favour* of

Still more conclusive are the similar arguments in favour of the 'Shield of Achilles:' another portion of the Iliad which has been selected by several modern critics as having originally constituted an independent poem. But Colonel Mure has pointed out (vol. i. p. 303.) the peculiar propriety with which this episode is introduced in the Iliad, as compared with the imitation of it in the *Æneid*; and the admirable care and skill with which the poet has prepared beforehand for the introduction of this brilliant piece of description. The loss of his armour—the sacred arms which had been presented by the gods themselves to his father Peleus—is announced to Achilles in the very same breath with the first tidings of the death of Patroclus; and forms a prominent subject of his lamentations in his interview with his mother. And when he himself forgets it in his eagerness to avenge himself on Hector, Thetis naturally reminds him of the impossibility of his doing so without arms, and promises to procure them for him from Vulcan. In the interval the same deficiency is again assigned by the hero himself, as preventing him from supporting the efforts of the Greek champions when invited to do so by a direct message from Juno, and compels him to confine his assistance to the terror produced by his shouting from the rampart. Then follows a detailed narrative of the visit of Thetis to Olympus, and her interview with Vulcan: a minute account of the workshop and machinery of the god, and of his elaborate preparations for the production of some great work—something that was to be a masterpiece even of the divine artist. All this preliminary matter could never (remarks Colonel Mure) have been intended to usher in the simple statement, in a few lines, that Vulcan made for the hero, a shield, a helmet, and a breastplate, with a passing hint that the first was adorned with many elaborate ornaments.

We must therefore either admit the description of the shield itself to have formed part of the poet's original conception, or associate with it, as having belonged to the same detached lay, all those passages of the eighteenth book just alluded to, which are evidently designed as introductory to this splendid episode. Many of these, however, are so closely interwoven with the

the authenticity of the Catalogue of the Greeks, it is equally strong *against* that of the Trojan Catalogue which we now find in Homer. Had that subsisted, in its present form, in the age when the Cypria was composed, it is not easy to see why Stasinus (or whoever was the author of that poem) should have inserted another. This is by no means the only objection to the Trojan Catalogue, which we are strongly disposed to regard as a later addition.

general narrative, and so essential to the progress of the action, that it appears altogether impossible to detach them from it. The shield may thus be considered as the key to the composition of the eighteenth book; and the only alternative which presents itself is the supposition that the whole of this book (with the first thirty-nine lines of the following one) originally formed a separate and independent poem. But this last resource appears to be wholly excluded by the peculiar position which it holds in regard to the action of the *Iliad*. It is in fact the turning point of the whole, the transition from the wrath of Achilles to his repentance; and, as such, absolutely necessary to establish the connexion between these two great divisions of the poem, from either of which it is equally inseparable.

Among the principal episodes of the *Iliad* the only one which can really be conceived as having once stood alone, is the tenth book or *Dolonea*, as it was commonly termed by ancient grammarians; but the question in this case stands upon grounds so entirely peculiar, that even their admission in this instance, would tend rather to confirm than invalidate their rejection in most others. Its entire isolation from the rest of the poem was early perceived, and was explained even by some ancient critics on the hypothesis that it had been composed by Homer himself as a separate poem, and had not been incorporated in the *Iliad* till the days of Pisistratus—a suggestion especially worthy of remark as the only approach to the Wolfian theory which we find among the Alexandrian grammarians. On the other hand Colonel Mure vindicates, and, as appears to us, with considerable success, the genuine Homeric character of its style and versification; but we can hardly concur with him in the assertion that ‘few portions of either poem are better entitled to the honour of emanating from the genuine Homer.’ Mr. Grote has, we think correctly, expressed the impression it produces by saying ‘that it seems conceived in a lower vein,’ and we confess to the feeling that the *Iliad* would suffer but little from its loss. But may not the same thing be said of some portion or other of every long poem? Is it reasonable to expect, even of Homer, that he should be always equal to himself?

In the above arguments we have confined ourselves to the *Iliad*: for it is this poem which has always been the favourite battle-field of the Wolfian critics. In the *Odyssey*, indeed, the artificial construction of the plan, the subordination of the several parts to one principal end and scheme, are so obvious that it is difficult to believe that the hypothesis of their independent origin could ever have been for a moment entertained, had not the sceptical critics been in a manner compelled by

their theories to apply the same rule to both poems. Few, however, even among the most ardent followers of Wolf, have gone so far as to dispute the existence of an original *Odyssey*,—a lay of the return of Ulysses and of his victory over the suitors,—but they have confined this within such narrow bounds, and have ascribed so large a part of the present poem, including so much of what is best in it, to subsequent interpolators, that little if anything has been gained by this partial admission of a poetic unity. Hermann, for instance*, thus describes what he conceives to have constituted the primitive *Odyssey*. ‘The poet (he suggests) would, after introducing the subject as at present, with the detention of Ulysses in the island of Calypso, have conducted him from thence *straight to Ithaca*, (!) where, presenting himself in the garb of a mendicant, he might have made himself known by his success in the proposed trial of strength for the hand of Penelope, and have then slain the suitors with the bow of which he had thus recovered possession.’ According to this view, therefore, not only those incidents which are more obviously episodes, such as the visit of Telemachus to Sparta and Pylos, or the scenes in the hut of Eumæus, but the greater part of the fortunes of Ulysses himself, his shipwreck and reception by the Phæacians, and the whole of his earlier adventures as related by him to Aleinous—the Sirens and Circe, the cave of the Cyclops, and the descent to Hades—all these are to be regarded as later additions, having no share whatever in the original design. Yet the slightest examination will show that the greater part of these could never have existed as separate poems. The voyage of Telemachus, for example, which, with the preparations for it, occupies almost the whole of the first four books, would be without interest or object except as subordinate to the main action of the poem—the return of Ulysses. And though nothing can be more easily conceived than that the voyage and wanderings of the hero himself, from Troy to the island of Calypso, should have formed the subject of one or more separate lays, these could never have assumed the peculiar *autobiographical* form in which we now possess them, until they were incorporated into a longer poem. Hermann’s hypothesis, therefore, absolutely requires that all these portions of the *Odyssey* should be *intentional additions to the original scheme*, and that various poets, capable of producing compositions of such first-rate eminence, should all have combined to fill up the canvas of a design originally so meagre and common-place. It seems far simpler to admit that a bard, capable of conceiving

* *De Interpolationibus Homeris*, p. 54. in his ‘*Opuscula*,’ tom. v.

and composing the magnificent passage in which Ulysses, after stringing the fatal bow addresses himself to the work of destruction, should have also been gifted with genius enough to devise the plan of the present Odyssey, and to adjust to their respective places the various episodes which it comprises.

But while the general unity of design is certainly far more apparent in the Odyssey than in the Iliad, the Odyssey contains at the same time, we think, more passages which bear the stamp of later interpolations. One of the most glaring of these is the Song of Demodocus, in the Eighth Book, the genuine character of which was already questioned by some ancient critics*, and has been very generally rejected in modern times. Nor do Colonel Mure's arguments in its defence appear to us satisfactory; and we certainly cannot agree with him in the opinion that 'there are few portions of either poem which are more 'worthy of the varied powers of Homer's art, or more completely in the spirit of the Odyssey.' It is because the whole tone and style of the composition strike us as alien to the genius of Homer, that we are disposed to attach importance in this case to discrepancies of detail, which we should otherwise regard as of little consequence.† Far more serious would be the loss of that part of the Necromancy or Descent to Hades, which was condemned by Aristarchus, on account of its manifest discordance with the rest of the episode. And yet it appears to us impossible to read that portion of the poem with attention without perceiving manifest marks of interpolation, though it is not easy to determine the precise extent to which it has been carried. The same may be said of the last book of the Odyssey, of which the first part, at least, (containing the Psychopompia or Descent of the Suitors to Hades) has been generally condemned, from the days of Aristarchus to our own, and is abandoned even by Colonel Mure as unworthy of the poet's genius.

That *conservative* tendency of mind, which we have already remarked in the general tone of Colonel Mure's criticisms, is nowhere more strongly displayed than in his chapter on these alleged interpolations of the Homeric poems. We entirely agree with him in deprecating the unsparing use which has been

* See Schol. ad Aristoph. Pac. v. 778.

† One of the most important of these is the circumstance that in this passage Venus appears as the wife of Vulcan, according to the mythology current in later days; while in the Iliad he is married to one of the Graces. We can scarcely believe Colonel Mure to be serious in his attempt to explain away this contradiction by supposing that Vulcan *divorced* Venus on account of the very amour with Mars here related, and that it is his *second* wife who figures in the Iliad.

made of this expedient by many modern critics, but at the same time we cannot but feel disposed to allow far more latitude than he would concede to this element of Homeric criticism. That the circumstances under which the poems were produced, and the conditions attending their transmission to posterity, were such as to render their interpolation and corruption not only possible, but highly probable, Colonel Mure is obliged to admit; but he is always reluctant to apply this admission in practice, and, in his eagerness to vindicate the integrity of the poems as we now possess them, has more than once exceeded the bounds of a sound critical discretion.

The second head under which Colonel Mure has arranged his arguments in favour of the original unity of the Homeric poems,—that of their consistent and uniform delineation of character,—is developed by him with great ability. Indeed, there is no part of his task which he has executed more carefully, or with greater success. Strange as it may appear, this line of proof has the farther advantage of being almost entirely new. While the variety, the distinctness, and the consistency of the several characters introduced by Homer have been in all ages the theme of admiration, and are felt by every schoolboy, the important argument, which this fact supplies in favour of unity of authorship, has been in great measure neglected. Even the *Æsthetic* appreciation of the characters themselves, with which this argument is essentially connected, has been rarely followed out with the fullness of detail essential to its perfect comprehension. The broader strokes with which the outlines are sketched are obvious to every reader, but it is precisely in those nicer shades of discrimination, those delicate touches of individuality which escape superficial observation, that consists the main strength of the argument, as well as the highest excellence of the poet.

‘It is probable’ (as Colonel Mure has truly remarked) ‘that, like most other great painters of human nature, Homer was indebted to previous tradition for the original sketches of his principal heroes. These sketches, however, could have been little more than outlines, which, as worked up into the finished portraits of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, must rank as his own genuine productions.’ The number and variety of these portraits greatly exceed that produced by any other epic poet, and have, perhaps, been equalled only by our great English dramatist. Homer’s characters, indeed, are not less essentially dramatic than those of Shakspeare. We have no formal delineation of their portraits, no elaborate contrasting of their peculiarities; the only instance in which any person is ushered in by the sort of description so usual with modern writers of fiction is that

of Thersites, who is brought on the stage for too short a time to enable him fully to develop his own personality; in every other case they are allowed to tell their own tale, and the reader is left to learn their characters, as we do those of people in real life, from their words and actions. This mode of dealing with his actors, while it enhances to an almost incalculable extent the artistic merit of the poet, increases, in at least the same degree, the improbability of such portraits being the result of the combined labour of many hands. To conceive and maintain throughout with perfect consistency even one such character as Achilles in the *Iliad*, or Ulysses in the *Odyssey*, is, perhaps, the highest attribute of poetic genius, and to suppose such a picture to be produced by two or more poets without previous concert, would appear to us next to impossible; but when we have to extend the same individuality not only to a whole series of other heroes, but to many subordinate and incidental persons, some of them, as Alcinous and Nausicaa, unquestionably pure creatures of fiction, the impossibility becomes, we should have thought, too palpable to be entertained for a moment. Even in the character of Achilles himself, how delicate are the traits by which the poet has softened down those sterner and fiercer features with which tradition had doubtless transmitted it, and which the nature of his subject compelled him to bring into prominent relief. We have no doubt that the youthful hero figured in poetic lays and ballads, long before the time of Homer, with the same leading characteristics as he is described in the *Horatian* precepts:—

‘*Impiger, iracundus, inexorabilis, acer.*’

But we believe that it was Homer who first added the softer shades which redeem and palliate his ferocity. Just in the same manner, the character of Lady Macbeth was received by Shakespeare from the chronicles of his time as a woman of an aspiring and ambitious character, of fierce passions, and strong resolutions; but he found there no trace of her subsequent hesitations and regrets, no suggestion of those dark whisperings of remorse which would not suffer her to rest in her sleep. In the delineation of Achilles Homer never forgets these gentle characteristics of his hero. The same chivalrous courtesy which leads him to greet with a kindly welcome, as the unwilling ministers of his violence, the heralds sent by Agamemnon to wrest Briseis from her captor, is displayed again in the ninth book towards the deputation from Agamemnon, and still more strikingly in his pathetic

interview with Priam in the twenty-fourth.* Both these books have been stigmatised by some modern critics as later interpolations or additions to the original poem; but both appear to us, on the contrary, essential to the development of the character of Achilles. We have already had occasion in a former Number to express our entire dissent from the objections brought by Mr. Grote against the Ninth Book of the *Iliad*, objections founded, in part at least, upon the supposed incongruity of the character of Achilles, as there represented, with other parts of the poem; and we rejoice to find that we are supported by the high authority of Colonel Mure. With his remarks upon this subject we cordially concur:—

‘It is in his address to Agamemnon’s deputation in the ninth book, that the genius of the hero’s eloquence is most vividly displayed. This whole debate is indeed a wonderful specimen of rhetorical as well as poetical power,—perhaps the highest effort of Homer’s dramatic art. The order and dignity with which it is conducted,—the happy allotment to each speaker of his own characteristic tone and style,—and the skill with which their respective resources of natural oratory are brought to bear on the momentous question at issue, are all equally admirable. The harangue of Ulysses is distinguished by the persuasive eloquence of the sage, the courtier, and the practised pleader: that of Phœnix is the touching, but somewhat diffuse, appeal of the ancient guardian to his beloved pupil; while Ajax steps in at the close, cutting short the fruitless negotiation by a blunt expression of sullen resentment at the stern unforgiving temper of their host. The address of Achilles himself is one continued struggle of a proud spirit, to preserve calmness amid a fierce conflict of passions. So long as the train of his discourse is confined to explanation of his own conduct, it maintains a comparatively equable tenor: but no sooner does it involve any closer allusion to the author of his wrong, than his indignation effervesces into sallies of virulent, almost bewildered invective. It is this mixture of calmness and impetuosity, of haughty self-command and fervid agitation, which gives tone to the whole speech, subdividing it, by successive bursts of excited feeling, into clauses or paragraphs, which rising in pathos to a sort of climax, again subside into more placid mood, until a fresh recurrence of the former stimulus.’

It is unnecessary to recall to the reader’s attention the wonder-

* Observe particularly the exquisite delicacy with which (v. 583—586.), after commanding his handmaids to wash and anoint the body of Hector, he desires them to keep it out of the sight of Priam till the moment of his departure, lest the aspect of it should lead the old man to break out into lamentations and upbraidings, which might again arouse the fiery passions of Achilles himself, and endanger the safety of his guest.

ful dramatic excellence of the final interview between Achilles and Priam, in the twenty-fourth book, — for the surpassing merit of the scene has been acknowledged by all critics, and must be felt by every reader. But it may be worth while to remark how closely the mixture of generous sympathy and fiery impetuosity displayed by Achilles on this occasion accords with the similar qualities exhibited in the ninth book, as well as with the general character of the hero as displayed throughout the poem. It has been repeatedly and justly urged, in defence of the genuineness of this last book, that it was necessary to complete the plan of the *Iliad*, and that we could never have been content to part from our heroes, — leaving the corpse of Hector naked, mutilated and unburied, and his ferocious victor still venting his vindictive fury on the lifeless remains. But it appears to us still more necessary to the complete development of the character of Achilles. Had he been represented throughout only as fierce, vindictive, and unrelenting, we should have seen nothing inconsistent in parting with him at the close of the poem still in the same implacable mood. But the effect of those softer traits which had been so skilfully introduced upon other occasions, would have been altogether marred, had not some similar touches been introduced into the closing scenes. And this could only be done by a sudden revulsion of feeling, calculated to awaken emotions of sympathy and compassion, as vehement in their kind and as passionate in their expression, as had been his wrath and his vengeance.

We cannot follow Colonel Mure through his detailed analysis of the other more prominent characters of the *Iliad*, though we are sure that all true lovers of poetry will rejoice in an opportunity of doing so. Every reader of the *Iliad* must have felt — even if he has not paused to analyse and examine the grounds of his impression — that Agamemnon and Menelaus, Diomed and Ajax, Hector and Æneas, have each their peculiar and individual nature. They all alike bear the stamp of their common age and position; all alike are the heroes or warrior chiefs of a rude and semi-barbarous period; and yet the poet has contrived, with that consummate art which eludes observation, to impart to each a particular tone and colouring.

In no instance is the skilful adaptation of these nicer shades of distinction more strikingly displayed than in the portraits of Nestor and Phoenix. The former is perhaps the most obvious and popular specimen of Homer's genius in the delineation of character: its leading features are prominent and easily seized, it required, however, no ordinary skill to introduce another actor presenting so many points of similarity to the Pylian king, and yet

retain their distinct individualities. But no one, we think, can study with attention the character of Phœnix, as displayed in the ninth book of the *Iliad*, without feeling at once the resemblance and the differences of the two.

‘Nestor (observes Colonel Mure) is the self-satisfied old veteran, dwelling with garrulous complacency on the glories of the past, and the degeneracy of the present race of heroes; assuming, as a matter of course, the superiority of his own wisdom and experience to that of the existing generation; omitting no opportunity of fighting his battles over again; and swelling his harangues on these favourite topics with diffuse historical illustrations, derived chiefly from his personal achievements. . . . Phœnix also is an aged Mentor, with similar credit in his own sphere for wisdom and persuasive oratory. No less diffuse in his discourse, he is equally fond of seasoning it with the experience of his early days. But the same features are presented under different colours. In Phœnix a grave, even sad, composure is substituted for the hearty self-sufficiency of the Pylian chief.’

His speech in the ninth book is tinged throughout with a gentle melancholy, which we feel to be habitual to the old man — the result of his early misfortunes and of the dependent position in which they had placed him. He refers to his own experience as a warning and a lesson; but, when he seeks for one more immediately applicable to the pride and position of Achilles, it is not to his own exploits or achievements that he turns, but to an old tale — one of the *κλέα ἀνδρῶν*, the famous deeds of men of by-gone days — which had still been fresh in the memory of his early contemporaries.

Still more striking than these two pictures, and equally distinct from both, is that of the aged monarch of Troy. We know not that any critic before Colonel Mure has done justice to this beautiful portrait; but we entirely agree with him in regarding it as one of the most delicately conceived and beautifully drawn in the whole poem. When, however, he ranks it as second only to that of Achilles himself, we are rather inclined to claim this pre-eminence for the Homeric Helen — a conception of singular beauty and refinement, in which the frailties of the erring woman, and the wayward impulses of a passionate temperament, are wonderfully blended with the tenderness of a grateful and affectionate disposition, and with the dignity of carriage and demeanour befitting the princess of royal lineage and the daughter of Jove. The Helen of Homer never appears upon the stage without our feeling disposed to exclaim with the Trojan elders —

οὐ νέμεσις, Τρῶας καὶ εὐκνήμιδας Ἀχαιοὺς
τοιγῇδ' ἀμφὶ γυναικὶ πολὺν χρόνον ἄλγεα πάσχειν.

The conduct of Priam to his daughter-in-law is strictly in accordance with the characters of both, and the feeling and encouraging regard with which he greets her appearance on the ramparts (in the third book) is in perfect keeping with her own incidental admission (in the twenty-third) that ‘he had ever ‘been gentle and kind to her as a father,’

ἐκυρὸς δὲ, πατὴρ ὥς, ἥπιος αἰεί.

It is such, undesigned coincidences as this — touches which, although they occur in the most distant parts of the poem, betray the workings of the same creative mind — that afford, to our apprehension, the strongest proof of its original unity of conception.

Imperfectly as we have been able to do justice to this part of our subject, we trust that we have said enough to convey to the minds of our readers the same impression which we feel certain they will derive from the complete analysis of Colonel Mure; and which he has well summed up in the following words: —

‘It seems difficult to understand how any impartial reader, who has carefully weighed these facts and citations, can believe it possible that a series of such singularly delicate portraits, individualised by so subtle an unity of mechanism, not only in their broader features of peculiarity, but in the nicest turns of sentiment and phraseology, can be the produce of the medley of artists to which the Wolfian school assigns them. It were about as probable that some ten or twenty sculptors of the age of Pericles, undertaking each a different part or limb of a statue of Jupiter, should have produced the Olympian Jove of Phidias, as that a number of ballad-singers of the ante-Olympic era should have combined, by a similar process of patchwork, in producing the Achilles or Agamemnon, the Priam, the Hector, or the Helen of Homer.’ (Vol. i. p. 361.)

The arguments classed by Colonel Mure under the third head, that of Style — a term which he employs in its widest sense, as including all peculiarities, not only of language and phraseology, but of sentiment and imagery — except in as far as these last were turned directly to the delineation of character — admit of condensation and abridgment in a still less degree than those which we have been already considering. Yet they are in one respect of even greater importance, because it is almost exclusively from this source that must be derived all arguments in favour of the common authorship of the two poems. It is hardly necessary to observe that this question stands on grounds wholly distinct from that of the unity of composition of each, separately considered. Even in ancient times, while we find scarcely any approach to the boldness of the Wolfian school in their attempt to break up each poem into separate portions, we

know that there existed a sect or school of critics distinguished as *οἱ χωρίζοντες*—‘the Separatists’—who maintained that the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* were the productions of different authors. This doctrine, however, (first advanced by an Alexandrian critic of the name of Xenon) appears to have always been regarded as a kind of literary heresy; and no ancient writer of eminence is ever cited as having given it his sanction. In modern times, on the contrary, it has found favour with many eminent critics, even among those who have rejected the other theories of the Wolfian school; while the old and orthodox tradition has been but feebly and faintly defended. The latter has, however, found a zealous advocate in Colonel Mure; and he has laboured with much zeal and considerable success to support it, by an elaborate comparison of the style, the language, and the sentiments of the two poems.

The question is one of no little difficulty: and while we ourselves incline strongly in favour of the same side of the question, we are painfully sensible of the almost insuperable obstacles to its satisfactory proof. Even the most orthodox adherents of the old doctrine must admit that the similarity of style is by no means perfect. A sense of a certain prevailing difference in the tone and spirit of the two poems is implied in the suggestion of Longinus that the *Iliad* was composed in the full vigour of the author's manhood—the *Odyssey* in his declining age; and the same feeling is finely expressed by that great critic in the comparison of the latter poem to the setting sun, which retains its grandeur, though it has lost its fiery ardour. On the other hand, Colonel Mure has endeavoured to show, by a careful collation of parallel passages in the two poems, that there exist numerous instances of the recurrence of corresponding trains of thought, expressed in language strikingly similar, though neither identical nor designedly imitated; while, in other cases again, we not only find particular lines and forms of expression recurring in both poems, but sometimes whole passages are in great measure composed of such repetitions,—though they are, nevertheless, introduced with such artistic skill as to have every appearance of originality.*

These arguments are unquestionably entitled to great weight,

* One of the most striking instances of this is in the account of the combat with the Ciconians (*Odys.* ix. 39—61.), which, as Colonel Mure has shown (vol. ii. p. 65.), is little more than a cento made up of lines and phrases common to the *Iliad*: yet the spirit and freedom of the passage render it almost impossible to suppose it an *intentional compilation*.

but they are hardly of a nature to be quite conclusive. The distinction between mere resemblance and direct imitation is one extremely difficult to draw with accuracy or to define in words. Like those nice shades and touches in painting, by which the connoisseur recognises the original hand of the master, it is rather to be felt than expressed; and however strong may be the conviction produced on our own mind, it is scarcely possible to convey it to the apprehension of another. Still more difficult is it to determine how far similar habits of thought, common to two poets of the same age and state of society, may not have clothed themselves naturally in similar language, borrowed from the common stock of epic phraseology. In this respect the modern critic labours under a special disadvantage, from the loss of all those works which would have furnished the other term of comparison. If we still possessed in their integrity any one of those poems which were assigned to Homer by the voice of early antiquity, but rejected by the more advanced criticism of a later period — were we able to bring into comparison with the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, the *Cypria*, the *Thebais* or the *Epigoni* — we should have been far better able to judge how much of the similarity of sentiment and expression observable in the two poems now extant was peculiar to them alone, or was to be found in others of the same heroic character: how much of the style and language which we now regard as essentially Homeric was, in fact, conventional and common to the whole cycle of early popular poetry.

If, indeed, it could be shown, as has been contended by several modern critics, that the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* present such differences in the state of manners and society which they represent, as to render it impossible that they should be the production of the same author, or even of the same age, this would be an argument of a far more conclusive character. But we think it has been satisfactorily proved by Colonel Mure (following out the same line of argument as K. O. Müller and Mr. Grote) that the differences observable in these respects are certainly not greater than may fairly be attributed to the different subjects of the two poems — the one displaying more of the arts of peace, the other wholly occupied with scenes of war — the one exhibiting the courts, the other the camp of the Greek chieftains.

The main question, therefore, whether they can properly be attributed to one author, must rest, we think, wholly on the broad arguments: first, of such a general similarity in the tone and spirit, as well as the style and language of the two, as is *most easily* explained by the supposition of their common authorship;

secondly, of the improbability that there should have arisen, in the same age and country, *two* poetical geniuses of the very highest order, presenting such marked features of resemblance with one another, and both alike rising immeasurably above all who preceded, as well as all who followed them; so that their works have survived through all succeeding ages, like two mighty landmarks looming through the mists of antiquity as models of unapproachable excellence. To those who consider, with Mr. Grote, this improbability to be less than those which attend the contrary view of the question, we confess that we have no reply: to ourselves, the difficulty of conceiving that the plan of *one* poem of such magnitude and such uniform excellence should have been imagined and carried out by the bard of a rude age, with the imperfect appliances which he could have possessed, is unquestionably great; but once admitting the possibility of this, and having the *fact* of such a poem before our eyes, it appears to us far easier to believe that the same extraordinary genius should have been capable of a second effort, than that all the conditions requisite to its production should have again been united in another individual.

In the able and elaborate analysis which Colonel Mure has given of all the leading properties of the Homeric style—by far the most complete and satisfactory review of the subject which we have ever met with—we, for the most part, entirely concur. We must, however, make a decided exception in regard to what he has termed the ‘comic element’ of Homer’s style,—a characteristic to which he recurs upon various occasions, and to which he assigns such a prominence as will probably excite the surprise of most of his readers. Indeed, Colonel Mure himself is aware that he is here introducing, in great measure, a new element into Homeric criticism; and repeatedly expresses his wonder that so important a feature, of the *Odyssey* especially, should have been almost wholly overlooked by previous commentators. We believe the error of the commentators to have been, in this instance, shared by almost every reader in proportion to his discernment; and we must plead guilty to participating in that ‘general blindness to the facetious element of ‘the Homeric poems,’ with which Colonel Mure reproaches all preceding critics. No one, of course, could fail to observe that both poems occasionally present images and descriptions of a ludicrous class. Such, for example, are the description of Thersites and his treatment by Ulysses in the second book of the *Iliad*, and the combat between Ulysses and Irus in the *Odyssey*. The scenes in the cave of Polyphemus, and the manner in which the ferocious but stupid giant is deluded by his crafty adversary,

are a still stronger instance, and undoubtedly present an incongruous mixture of the ludicrous with the terrible. But, far from the effect of these scenes being enhanced by the humorous tone of the narration itself, we are convinced that most readers will have been struck with the very contrary; and will have perceived in the striking simplicity with which they are introduced, but little distinction made between them and the graver portions of the poem. Such we believe to be the character of all popular poetry of the narrative class; and we see in these occasional passages only a fresh proof of what we have already stated,—that the Homeric poems, with all their merit, retain the stamp of their having had their origin in a comparatively rude age, and that they are still essentially heroic ballads. Just in the same manner that we find the poem of the Cid relating, in almost precisely the same tone with the martial exploits of its hero, the crafty device by which he swindled two unfortunate Jews out of the money which he needed for his expedition.

But Colonel Mure is not satisfied with attaching what we must deem a very undue degree of importance to the occasional introduction of such ludicrous images and incidents as those referred to, but he assigns to his author a strong turn for satirical humour and for a sly and concealed irony — qualities which we regard essentially foreign to his genius, as well as to that of every people in a primitive and imperfect state of civilisation. It is especially in the episode of the Phæacians that Colonel Mure thinks he discovers these qualities; and he does not hesitate to pronounce the whole episode to be *intended as a satire on the habits of some real people with whom the poet was familiar*. With all deference for the judgment of a critic of great ability who has bestowed infinite study upon his author, we must venture to doubt the existence of any such intention.

The Phæacians are represented as a gay and luxurious people, inhabiting a sort of land of Cockaigne, where all their wants were abundantly provided for with little exertion on their part, and having therefore nothing to divert their attention from the pleasures of the moment; even their nautical enterprises, which formed their only serious occupation, being accomplished with superhuman facility. The whole delineation of their character appears to us strictly in keeping with this idea of their position; lively, careless, and good-humoured, open-handed and generous, hospitable and courteous, but vain and self-sufficient, and somewhat addicted to boasting,—although in regard to their skill in navigation it must be admitted that their vaunts were fully borne out by the result. Notwithstanding their self-conceit, we must confess ourselves utterly unable to

discover in it that humorous tone which Colonel Mure considers to pervade the whole description, or to see anything to justify the expressions of 'mock heroic,' and 'burlesque,' which he applies to some portions of it. Had this been the intention of the poet, we can conceive nothing more incongruous and ill-judged than the admission — into such a picture — of a portrait like that of Nausicaa, the beauty and delicacy of which is fully acknowledged by Colonel Mure.

'The dream of Nausicaa, the most charming of her nation and her sex, her conversation with her father, her descent with her maidens to wash the family linen at the river's mouth, the nymphish sports with which they enliven their task, and their encounter with Ulysses, offer a beautiful picture of the ancient simplicity of domestic manners, and of virgin innocence, vivacity, and tenderness.'* (Vol. i. p. 405.)

Surely such an exquisite picture, or rather succession of pictures, would have been a strange introduction to a series of scenes designed to be essentially satirical and burlesque. But even in the midst of the subsequent intercourse of Ulysses with the Phæacians themselves, and just where the boastful levity of their character is most prominently displayed, the poet has tempered the tone of the picture with admirable skill by the beautiful passage in which the young Phæacian Euryalus apologizes to the stranger for his previous insolence. Never, we believe, from that day to this, has an apology been tendered and accepted in terms of more genuine courtesy. There are few passages in the Homeric poems which we should cite as more striking examples of that innate refinement of feeling which stamps true good breeding, in every age and country; few in which we should have been less disposed to suspect anything of a burlesque or satirical character.

But if any doubt could remain on our minds that the whole

* Yet shortly afterwards (p. 411.), Colonel Mure expressly draws attention to the simile of the lion, introduced into this very passage as a 'specimen of the mock heroic,' and a 'travesty of the more dignified 'epical style.' There is undoubtedly something strange to our ideas in the simile in question; but not stranger than the comparison of Penelope to a lion in the fourth book (v. 791.), on occasion of which Colonel Mure adverts to the partiality of Homer for the lion as a source of figurative illustration. The simile in the present instance may be fully explained by that peculiarity of Homer in the use of such comparisons, elsewhere so ably discussed and developed by Colonel Mure himself, — the enlargement of the simile beyond the actual point of resemblance. In this case the similarity consists only in the suffering from hunger and the inclemency of the weather, which drives Ulysses forth, *just as it does the lion*, — the rest is all poetic ornament; the tail put on to it.

of this episode has been regarded by Colonel Mure from a false point of view, our hesitation would be removed at once by his concluding remarks.

‘The *facetious spirit* of the adventure (he tells us) is maintained to the close. Laden with compliments and presents, the hero embarks in the evening, in a galley expressly fitted out for his service. Before daybreak the ship reaches the coast of Ithaca, where he is conveyed gently from the deck, on his bed, by the *waggish* crew (!), and deposited fast asleep, together with his goods, on his native rocks. On awakening, he is at a loss to know where he is, when he is relieved from his embarrassment by the appearance of his divine patroness Minerva.’

That a critic of such taste and discernment as Colonel Mure should have been able to read the beautiful lines at the opening of the thirteenth book in which the nocturnal voyage of Ulysses is described, and associate with them any facetious import, is utterly inexplicable to us. Without going so far as Mr. Milnes, who, with a far truer conception of the poet’s meaning, has pronounced the passage to be the most affecting in the whole *Odyssey**, we have always felt that there was something singularly touching and beautiful in the idea of thus conveying to his home the man of many sorrows, after all the toils and perils he had encountered both in war and tempest, ‘sleeping sweetly as a child forgetful of all that he had suffered.’ No version can do justice to the exquisite sweetness of the original lines, and we trust that no reader of Homer will require to have them recalled to his memory.†

* *Memorials of a Tour in Greece*, p. 29.

† It may seem unnecessary to seek any other reason for a poetical conception which afforded the opportunity of so beautiful a contrast: but if we must ask, with Nitzsch (upon whom Colonel Mure is, we think, in this instance very unjustly severe), *why* the Phæacians should have landed Ulysses in his sleep, the answer appears to us obvious. Besides the poetical necessity that Ulysses should arrive in his native land secretly and unobserved, the incident serves to keep up the peculiar veil of mystery thrown around the Phæacians and every thing connected with them. Welcker has very justly pointed out (*Die Homerischen Phäaken*, in his ‘*Kleine Schriften*,’ vol. ii. p. 1.) that Scheria and its inhabitants are not less essentially mythical than the Cyclopes or Laestrygonians, the floating island of Æolus or the abode of Calypso. The Phæacians are indeed mere men in their ordinary ways of life, but we are continually reminded that there was something superhuman and mysterious about them: they are nearly connected with the gods (ἄγχιθῆοι), and cousins of the Cyclopes and Giants: a mysterious prophecy, the fulfilment of which is left in uncertainty, foretold their total annihilation by the wrath of Neptune:

But strongly as we deprecate the attempt of Colonel Mure to impart a burlesque character to the beautiful episode of the Phæacians, we must protest still more earnestly against his forcing the same element into the loftier mechanism of the *Iliad*. The impropriety of some of the scenes represented in that poem as passing in the halls of Olympus, and especially how unbecoming the squabbles of Jupiter and Juno, was an objection early felt by the Greeks themselves. In their earnest desire at once to rescue the popular theology from the imputation of indecorum, and to maintain the credit of Homer, some of the philosophers had recourse to the allegorical system of interpretation; and regarded or affected to regard these descriptions as symbolical of physical phenomena, or involving a recondite ethical meaning.

All such attempts to vindicate the reputation of the poet, have been justly rejected by modern critics. But we are not the less surprised to find Colonel Mure resorting for the same purpose to the supposition that such passages are *satirical*, and designed by the poet himself 'to banter the extravagance of the popular theology.' Idle as we conceive the allegorical explanation to be, we confess that we should much prefer it to this new solution of the difficulty.

It strikes us as almost impossible, that in so rude a state of society, as that in which Homer must have flourished, he should have been so much in advance of the theology of his contemporaries, as to have regarded with contempt the notions commonly entertained by them of the divine nature and attributes; but it is still more incredible, even if he had entertained such views, that he should have ventured to express them. The poetry of Homer was thoroughly popular both in spirit and detail; it was addressed solely to his own countrymen and contemporaries; no thought of future critics, no appeal to the superior refinement of a distant age, can be supposed to have entered into the mind of the blind and wandering minstrel. To whom then should any such covert meaning and refined irony be addressed? If not adapted to the taste and feelings of his contemporaries, the pictures in question would have been felt by them, as they were felt by their successors, to be irre-

—every thing appears designed to separate them from the domain of reality, and it was nothing but the most prosaic and pragmatistical spirit that could identify them with the mere human inhabitants of Corcyra. The nocturnal voyage,—a thing wholly contrary to the ideas and practice of Greek navigators,—and the landing the hero in his sleep, appear to us strictly in unison with this conception and necessary to keep up the veil of separation between the real and the imaginary.

verent and offensive; and in this case we are convinced that they would never have been introduced. If, on the contrary, they *were* so adapted, — if the audience for whom alone Homer sang, saw nothing incongruous or profane in thus ascribing to the deities the passions and foibles of human beings, — it is surely the simplest and most natural explanation, to admit that the poet himself did not in this respect rise above the conceptions of his contemporaries.*

To the numerous evidences thus furnished by the Homeric poems themselves in favour of their original unity of design and composition — derived both from the mutual interconnexion of their several parts and from the consistent development of character, as well as from the general uniformity of style, — it has been the fashion of the Wolfian critics to oppose the fact of the occurrence in each poem of certain incongruities and discrepencies in regard to points of detail. Such inconsistencies in matters of fact, they allege, cannot by possibility have proceeded from the mind of one and the same writer. Of the frequent instances of such alleged discordance, which have been detected by their minute ingenuity, some disappear on a calmer and fairer consideration of the passages in question, and many do not exceed that amount of poetical licence which has been accorded in all ages to writers of fiction, but others unquestionably *are* discordances; and the inference derived from them can be met only as Colonel Mure has met it, — by boldly denying that such petty discrepancies of detail afford any legitimate ground of argument against unity of authorship. Should such a line of proof be once admitted, he has shown that it may be applied with at least equal force to the *Æneid* as to the *Iliad* — to Milton as well as to Homer — to the romantic fictions of Cervantes and Sir Walter Scott, as well as to the heroic poetry of the early ages of Greece. One of the most striking instances of such discrepancy occurs in the ‘Antiquary’ of the great novelist, the scene of which is laid on the *east* coast of Scotland, and yet in the

* One passage, however, at which Colonel Mure takes reasonable umbrage, as Aristarchus and Montaigne had done before him, — the lines in the fourteenth book (v. 317—327.) where Jupiter goes through the catalogue of his illicit amours, — admits, we think, of another explanation, namely, that it is not Homer’s at all. We entirely concur with the judgment of the Alexandrian grammarians in rejecting these lines as a later interpolation; they appear to us to bear the manifest stamp of the mythological and genealogical school of poetry which grew out of that of Hesiod. To suppose them, with Colonel Mure, to be *satirical*, may avoid in some degree the *theological* impropriety; but in our apprehension, it only enhances the *poetical* one, which we look upon as far the most important of the two.

adventure of the storm on the beach, *the sun is described as setting in the sea.* Such a discordance as this in a plain matter of fact would, on the principles of the Wolfian school, prove conclusively that the fine scene in which it occurs could never have formed part of the original novel. We believe the fact to be, that such occasional oversights and negligences have in all ages been the inevitable accompaniments of great works of genius. The minute diligence which can alone guard against them belongs rather to the 'æqualis mediocritas' of an Apollonius, than to the lofty inspirations of Homer. On the other hand, these flaws and blemishes are precisely of such a character as might have been easily removed by subsequent emendation. If the Homeric poems had really been patched together in the manner supposed by Wolf, it appears to us incredible that Pisistratus and his assistants, or the Alexandrian grammarians who succeeded them, would have allowed these petty discrepancies to remain when they might have been so easily removed by the interpolation or omission of a line or two here and there. We can easily fancy such trifling details to have been overlooked or forgotten by the bard himself; but they are exactly what the grammarian or compiler would not have failed to notice.

But our limits warn us that we must conclude; and we can do no more than briefly allude to one other topic: it is so immediately connected with the Homeric controversy that the whole question was at one time thought to turn principally upon it. We mean the period at which the art of writing was introduced, or at least came into general use among the ancient Greeks. Whether the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* were originally written or not, was assumed by Wolf and his immediate followers to be a question almost identical with that of the existence of the poems in a complete and connected form. Accordingly there is no part of the controversy which has been more warmly debated: and while the discussion of it has thrown much additional light upon the subject itself, it has led, we think, to a very general belief, that the importance of the point has been overrated. Colonel Mure has devoted the last two chapters of the present volumes to a very careful and elaborate investigation of the whole subject, embracing not only the question of the application of writing to literary purposes, but that also of the period and extent of its employment for monumental inscriptions. It is with the first question alone that we are here concerned; and, — while we fully acknowledge the value and importance of his researches, as a contribution to the literary history of Greece, — we must confess that he has failed to convince us either that the poems of Homer were originally written, or that there is

any necessity for supposing them to have been so. Startling as it may appear to our modern habits of thought, to conceive poems of such extent to have been composed and preserved without the aid of writing, — yet the instances which have been brought forward from various quarters conclusively demonstrate the *possibility* of such a supposition. And the whole analogy of early Greek literature appears to point to it as a fact. We know that oral recitation continued, down to a comparatively late period, to be the only mode by which poetry was promulgated, or, if we may use the term, published, in Greece. Can we suppose the Homeric poems, at a period so much more remote, to have been communicated to the public in any other manner? And does not this necessarily require that the poet himself at least, if not his successors, should have been able to recite the whole? For the present purpose, it is of very little use to admit that Homer himself possessed the art of writing, unless we suppose the use of it to have been extended and familiar, to a degree for which the most sanguine advocate will scarcely contend. The bare existence of one or two written copies of the *Iliad* or *Odyssey* would not dispense with the necessity of a continuous succession or school of Homerids, in case the poems were to be kept alive in the popular mind, as we know in fact they were, by oral recitation alone. And if once the existence of such a peculiar guild or fraternity devoted to this especial object be admitted, we can see no difficulty in supposing the poems to have been transmitted from one generation to another by the unaided power of memory.

Numerous as are the other subjects of interest connected with the name of Homer, into which we would gladly follow Colonel Mure, our limits preclude us from entering upon them. Still less can we attempt to accompany him into that brilliant period of Greek literature which forms the subject of his third volume: we can only express our hope that we may be able at no very distant time to recur to this portion of the subject. The lyric poetry of Greece requires indeed to be considered and examined as a whole; and bright as are the names which adorn the pages now before us, we are not unwilling to postpone the consideration of them until those of Anacreon, of Pindar, and Simonides, are added to the constellation of which they are such conspicuous luminaries. That Colonel Mure may speedily afford us the advantage of his guidance throughout this domain of criticism is a wish, in which we feel sure of the hearty sympathies and concurrence of every scholar.

ART. V. — 1. *The Expedition for the Survey of the Rivers Euphrates and Tigris, carried on by Order of the British Government in the Years 1835, 1836, and 1837; preceded by Geographical and Historical Notices of the Regions situated between the Rivers Nile and Indus.* In Four Volumes, with Fourteen Maps and Charts, and embellished with Ninety-seven Plates, besides numerous Woodcuts. By Lieutenant-Colonel CHESNEY, R. A., F. R. S., F. R. G. S., Colonel in Asia, Commander of the Expedition. By Authority. Vols. I. II. London: 1850.

2. *Report from the Select Committee on Steam Navigation to India; with the Minutes of Evidence, Appendix, and Index.* Ordered by the House of Commons to be printed, 14th July, 1834. Sessional Paper, No. 478.

3. *Copies or Extracts from Communications or Dispatches, addressed to the Board of Control, relating to the recent Expedition to the Rivers Euphrates and Tigris, and its Result.* Ordered to be printed, 22d February, 1838. Sessional Paper, No. 75.

IN 1833, a Select Committee of the House of Commons was appointed to inquire into the means of promoting communication with India by steam. The evidence taken by it contains the views and suggestions of probably as able a body of witnesses as have ever been brought before those celebrated tribunals. Engineers, men of science, military and naval commanders, merchants, travellers, diplomatists, geographers, and antiquaries, all contributed to its instruction. It is true, seventeen years' experience has displaced many of the considerations relied on by the advocates of the line by the Euphrates in preference to that by Suez and the Red Sea. The south-west monsoon is not found to impede the progress of a sea-going steamer from Bombay to Aden: the plague at Alexandria does not shut up that port from European intercourse through three months of the year. Coal depôts have been formed, wherever requisite, between Bombay and Suez, without the risk of either deterioration or combustion. Above all, the objections to the overland route by Egypt have been refuted by the one effectual method of meeting speculative objections, — by doing the thing in question. We have now a safe, regular, and expeditious steam communication with India by way of Suez. But if we can obtain a still more safe and expeditious communication, and at the same time equally regular by the Euphrates, Suez in its

turn must share the fate of Cape Town; and if again, the mighty project of a continuous railway from Ostend to Calcutta should be actually carried out, Antioch and Aleppo would have to resign the stream of traffic to Constantinople. In the mean time the commercial instinct will not cease exploring the shortest and most profitable path; and there are certain undisputed facts in favour of the line of the Euphrates, which must always keep alive our interest in any additional information respecting it.

The advantages are apparent on an inspection of the map. From the shore of the Mediterranean at Alexandria *viâ* Suez and the Red Sea, is 3255 miles, including 1725 miles of open sea voyage; from the shore of the Mediterranean at Scanderoon to Bombay, *viâ* Antioch, the Euphrates, and the Persian Gulf, is 2574 miles, including only 800 miles of open sea voyage; making a difference of 681 miles in absolute distance in favour of the latter route, in addition to the advantage of exchanging 938 miles of sea voyage for an equal length of river navigation. These were the broad grounds insisted upon by Captain Chesney for the experimental expedition, which the Committee recommended on his evidence. He grounded nothing on the supposed difficulty of overcoming the monsoon: he had sagacity enough to foresee that steam navigation would ultimately prevail over winds and waves, and that, wherever coals were needed, commerce could and would supply them; but he urged stoutly and successfully the plain proposition that,—if, instead of traversing the two sides of the peninsular triangle of Arabia by sea, we could pass direct from the Mediterranean to the Persian Gulf along its base, by a route which, for upwards of one thousand miles would lead us through lands capable of producing silk, cotton, sugar, and tobacco,—we should gain both in point of time and of commercial capabilities. For the sea is barren: no produce springs up in the track of a ship: while even in the desert the passage of the caravan leaves here and there the seeds of life and fertility. All speculations, however, on the comparative advantages of the route suppose a preliminary question to be answered in the affirmative:—Could the Euphrates, throughout that long distance, be navigated by steam vessels?

Captain Chesney was entitled here to speak with some authority. He had descended on a raft from El Kaim through 962 miles of the distance in 1831, (being the first European who had accomplished the continuous descent of the Euphrates in modern times); and he had also seen the river 300 miles higher up, from Bir to Samosat, in 1832. The information collected on these occasions had been so carefully considered by him during the in-

terval, that he was enabled to come before the Committee with fully-digested plans and estimates for a surveying expedition, comprising two iron steamers and an adequate scientific corps. He proposed that the steamers should be sent out in pieces to the coast near Scanderoon or Antioch; that they should be transported thence 122 miles across the country to a depôt to be established at Bir, 1197 miles from Bussorah; should be there put together and launched; and, after descending the Euphrates, should be handed over to the East India Company at the termination of their voyage. It appearing that the whole design might be accomplished at a cost of 20,000*l.*, the Committee recommended that that sum should be placed at the disposal of Government for the purpose; and accordingly, in November, 1834, Captain Chesney had the honour to be appointed, with the rank of Colonel, to the command of the expedition. The assent of the Turkish Government having been obtained, Colonel Chesney, on his arrival at the mouth of the Orontes, in April, 1835, was prepared to expect the support and assistance of Ibrahim Pasha. From the 14th of April, however, till the 9th of July, the local authorities opposed various impediments to his procuring the necessary means of transport. The framework and machinery of two river steamers, one of fifty and the other of twenty horse-powers, had been brought out. To move the boilers of their engines and the other heavy material proved an undertaking of considerable difficulty. The Orontes was navigable, however, for a part of the distance; so that the Tigris, the smaller of the two steamers, being put together and launched within the bar, transported the machinery and armament of the larger vessel to Murad Pasha, some miles in the interior. Here the transport was again taken to pieces, and, with her cargo, disposed on trucks to be drawn by bullocks across the table-land which intervenes between Murad Pasha and the valley of the Euphrates, at Bir. But the promised bullocks were not forthcoming: the waters of the river, in the valley of which the heavy goods were waiting the means of carriage, rose and submerged the boilers and the diving-bell. Meantime, the more portable material of the expedition had been forwarded by camels and horses, and even carried on the backs of the men; but the boilers and diving-bell remained immovable. At length, after nine weeks of thwarting opposition, Ibrahim Pasha permitted the owners of the necessary number of cattle to supply them. The boilers and diving-bell were fished up and dragged to their destination. Unfortunately, the anxiety, exposure, and fatigue of these operations threw Colonel Chesney into a fever: indeed, none of the party escaped at least one attack of illness. Notwithstanding all obstacles, the depôt on

the Euphrates, a few miles below Bir, had been in the interval prepared by an active officer, Lieutenant Lynch: and here the task of framing and fitting up the steamers was carried on by workmen from the builders' yards at Liverpool. While the steamers were in progress on the stocks, the officers made good use of their leisure in a quasi-scientific recognisance of the upper valley of the river; where the discovery of a mine of plumbago on the Taurus, near Marash, and the identification of certain classical sites, rewarded the excursion. Colonel Chesney, who had been so ill on setting out that he had to be lifted to his horse, returned with restored health; and, the steamers having been completed and launched, the expedition set forth, on the 16th March, 1836, in high spirits, and full of splendid anticipations. The course of observation was as follows: —

‘A boat was dispatched ahead usually for a distance of twenty or twenty-five miles, sounding and taking bearings, which being placed on paper, when the officer returned he became pilot to the vessel for the distance examined, and a second set of bearings with a double set of soundings were taken from the steamer's deck. Simultaneously with the water operations thus carried on by Lieutenant Cleaveland and Messrs. Eden, Charlewood, Fitzjames, and Hector, there were two other sets on land, viz. a chain of ground trigonometrical angles along the principal heights based on astronomical points by Lieutenant Murphy, R. E., and a small one with a succession of short base lines from bend to bend by Captain Estcourt.’

We make this extract from a statement of the labours of the expedition (*Dispatches*, p. 78.), drawn up by Mr. Ainsworth, their surgeon and geologist, who at this period appears to have been their chief penman. Mr. Ainsworth is an eminently unsatisfactory writer; and we cannot but ascribe a good deal of the difficulty, which Colonel Chesney appears to have experienced in making the country aware of the value of his services, to the repulsiveness of Mr. Ainsworth's infelicitous method of composition. How far any knowledge acquired by the expedition on the nature of either the river, or the country, or the population, is likely to affect our communication with the East, for the present at least, is another question. The facts speak for themselves; and on this the public will pass judgment, if it has not already passed it.

But the expedition was now to experience a greater misfortune than that of having a tedious and perplexing penman for its chronicler. After descending 509 miles through a channel somewhat more intricate than was expected, but still with complete success, the steamers on the 21st of May had reached a place called Werdi, about twenty miles above El Kaim, when

a hurricane suddenly arose, in which the Tigris foundered. The hurricane was accompanied by thick darkness; and so powerful was the wind that it needed all the force of the engines of the Euphrates going at full speed, backed by three cables from the bank, to keep her from being driven from the berth, where Lieutenant Cleaveland had had the good fortune to make her fast on observing the first approach of the danger. Two officers, Messrs. R. B. Lynch and Cockburn, and twenty men, went down in the Tigris in five fathom water. She sank within eight or ten yards of the left bank; to which Colonel Chesney and the survivors managed to make their way, or were rather blown and washed by the force of the hurricane. They were, in fact, carried with the surf over the bank a considerable distance into a field of Indian corn. The loss of the Tigris was a severe blow. Drawing considerably less water than the Euphrates, she had hitherto led in the descent: and in her engine-room the experiments had been conducted on the comparative heating powers of wood, coal, and the native lignite and bitumen, which were supplied by the Arabs on the banks. A vessel of her small dimensions would have been of infinite use in the subsequent part of the survey, on passing through the narrow and tortuous channels of the Lamlum marshes. The loss, however, was irreparable, and the expedition proceeded. Colonel Chesney was now upon the waters he had formerly navigated on his raft; and repeated, in safety and at leisure, the observations which, in 1831, he had snatched furtively from behind his bulwark of sacks and portmanteaus. The whole descent to Bussorah was effected by the 19th of June. The Euphrates by this time stood in need of repairs, which, having been completed at Bushir, at the head of the Persian Gulf, Colonel Chesney resumed his exploration of the rivers which join the united stream of the Tigris and Euphrates near its mouth; after which he ascended the Tigris to Bagdat, for the purpose of obtaining a series of levels from that city to Felujah. Returning from Bagdat to Kurna, at the junction of the two rivers, the steamer took in the Indian mail, with the view of reascending the Euphrates with it. This would have been the grand feat of the expedition, if it had been accomplished. But the Euphrates was too large a boat, and drew too much water for the passage of the Lamlum marshes at that season—before they had ascended more than half way to Hillah, one of the engines became useless,—and the party, in deep disappointment, had to put about and return to Kurna. From Kurna Colonel Chesney proceeded to Bombay, leaving the command with Major Estcourt, who, after another ascent of the Tigris, and an extended examination of the delta

of the united rivers, finally, in obedience to orders from the Foreign Office, broke up the expedition towards the end of January, 1837.

The main object had been to test the navigability of the Euphrates. This was done. It has been established, in point of fact, that at the lowest period of the river it might be descended and ascended by river steamers of suitable dimensions; that abundance of fuel could be had all along the banks; and that the bordering tribes were eager to deal for articles of British produce and manufacture: And all this has been effected at a cost, including the value of the lost Tigris, of less than 30,000*l*. The expedition had not been designed for any special scientific purpose. It had no corps of *savans*, properly speaking. The surgeon volunteered the geology; the military officers performed the surveying; a German gentleman and his lady, in exchange for their passage down the river, took notes of the Fauna and Flora; all contributed their quotas of learning and sagacity, *tantum quantum*, in identifying the sites of ancient places, and fixing the routes by which the great armies of antiquity had marched and counter-marched across the vast field subjected to their examination. Thus Colonel Chesney had acquitted himself of the task confided to him; indeed, had performed more than was required of him; and, if he had been a mere soldier employed on a particular service, might have discharged his mind of all further regard for the Euphrates, or its commerce, after forwarding his last official letter to the Secretary of the Board of Control. But the commander of the Euphrates Expedition aimed at something beyond a mere record of distances and soundings. He aspired to the production of a work corresponding to the greatness of the subject in its widest aspect. The region he had explored was indeed the cradle of mankind, the seat of early civilisation and commerce, the theatre of the greatest military operations of antiquity; had been for many centuries the highway between the Oriental and the European markets; and, just in proportion to its present desertion and defencelessness, it sooner or later will probably be found to offer sufficient inducements to the great powers of the world to make it once again the battleground of rival operations, military, political, or commercial. But, great as the subject was, Colonel Chesney, in his over anxiety to do it justice, has conceived an exaggerated idea of its dimensions; until in the multifarious heap of matter constituting the preliminary portion of his work, and with which the two volumes, so far published, are almost wholly occupied, he has as much exceeded the just limits of a suitable memoir, as a river log book would have fallen short of them.

But, although a less ambitious arrangement, which had proceeded at once to deal with the immediate topics, would have been far preferable, we cannot deny to these volumes the respect due to a vast design, executed with infinite pains and fidelity, and in many respects worthy of the occasion. Looking at the plain of Assyria as the Western depôt for Asiatic commerce, and tracing the various channels by which those streams of wealth have been derived to it, we find it hard to set a boundary to the geographical field, which a full topography of the basin of the Euphrates and Tigris ought to embrace. But Colonel Chesney has carried his geographical excursions into countries plainly beyond his province. It is true we cannot but be struck with the latitudinarian nature of the subject at the outset. The space which forms the immediate topic of inquiry abuts on five great inland seas, situated in a symmetrical arrangement round its borders;—the Caspian and the Red Sea, in the line of one diagonal, the Persian Gulf and the Black Sea, in the line of the other, and the Mediterranean on one side. To this extent we could accompany Colonel Chesney in laying down the *terrene* with all the particularity he might deem necessary; but when he carries us beyond the Caspian to the Sea of Aral, and thence up the Oxus, and past the Solymean Mountains and Indus, to the rivers of the Punjaub, we no longer recognise our proper subject, and feel that we might, with nearly as much relevancy to the purposes of the inquiry proposed, be engaged on the physical conditions of the Rhine or the Danube. For our own part, and for the purposes of this notice, we are not disposed to leave the immediate basin of the Great River itself, farther than to connect it by the nearest route across the Syrian table-land with the shore of the Mediterranean; and we have to regret that, notwithstanding so great a profusion of topographical details, to the extent of hundreds of unnecessary miles on every side, we find no sufficient account, so far, of the surface, or levels, or geological constitution of this particular portion of the route; and this, we need hardly observe, is the very part of it which a practical inquirer would desire to be first informed about. We have, indeed, a line of levels surveyed by Lieutenant Murphy from the Orontes to Bir (Map 1.); but the elevations are much too considerable to allow us to speculate on that route,—especially as it appears that the line by Aleppo to Balis, a point equally near to the Mediterranean as Bir, and 101 miles lower down the river,—is much more practicable. Perhaps Colonel Chesney may have reserved these details for the latter portion of his work,—for these two volumes are almost wholly occupied with introductory or collateral discussions; mean-

while, ordinary inquirers, who wish to know what are the facilities for railroad, for canal, or for highway, between the point of debarkation from the Mediterranean and of embarkation on the Euphrates, will not be satisfied with the gradients of the Hindoo Koosh or with the geology of the Caucasus, no matter how accurately premised, instead. In the same way, as regards historical events, we must own we are more interested in the expedition of Colonel Chesney himself than in any new essay, however ingenious, on that of Nearchus; and would rather have had the personal views of an able and observant man, as Colonel Chesney plainly is, on the present policy of Persia and Russia, than the most crude rehearsals of the wars of the Persians and Greeks. However, since he has been at so much pains to give us these preliminaries, it will be the better and more candid course to accept them as respectable, though inopportune, additions to the historic library. While we desire our readers to understand, that our main object is to concentrate their interest on the main object of the expedition, and that we shall take them at once to those portions of Colonel Chesney's volumes in which we may expect to find the facts relating to it.

A characteristic and clever drawing by Colonel Estcourt of the *Depôt* at the Mouth of the Orontes forms the frontispiece to the first volume; and there is another sketch, of the Scenery at the Camp of Murad Pasha (vol. i. p. 317.); which enable us to realise the general aspect of the route so far with sufficient clearness and satisfaction. But, alas! when we take up the topography of the Pashalic of Aleppo, and endeavour to make out the general features of the district eastward, through which, for a distance of one hundred miles, we have to conduct our reader to the nearest point of water carriage, we find ourselves lost in the evasive language of Mr. Ainsworth;—by whom, as we apprehend with a certainty proportioned to our sense of confusion as we read, the topography of this ill-fated portion of the route has been contributed. We gather, that the average elevation of the plain of Antioch is 300 feet above the Mediterranean; but that the windings of the Orontes carry the fall so gradually as not to impede navigation. To this succeeds a wide table-land, with an average elevation of 1300 feet above the level of the Mediterranean, extending quite across to the valley of the Euphrates.

The most practicable line across the upland appears to be immediately south of Aleppo, where the surface sinks to its lowest elevation of about 1100 feet above the Mediterranean; along the foot of the Jebel-el-Sis, Jebel-el-Amri, and Jebel-el-Haz ranges. These mountains extending from Balis on the

Euphrates to the valley of the Upper Orontes, mark the southern limit of the plateau of Aleppo; and at their bases the waters of the Koweik and Dhahab rivers, which traverse the plateau from north to south, but have not sufficient volume to make their way to the main lines of drainage on either side, stagnate in the respective salt lakes of El Melak and El Sabakhah. From Balis, by this route, to Aleppo is fifty-three miles, by a gradual and practicable ascent of about 400 feet. Lieutenant Cleaveland reports the distance to be 'only fifty miles from Aleppo, 'over a perfectly level country, well adapted for either a rail or 'post road, making a journey easily performed in five or six hours 'by these means.' (*Despatches*, p. 33.) This it must be borne in mind, was written in 1836; an hour and a half would be nearer the time required by a railway at present. A canal also has been projected across this district. In his examination before the Select Committee, Colonel Chesney gave in an estimate of the cost of completing a line of water carriage from the Orontes at Hems to the Euphrates at Balis, at the rate of 3600*l.* per mile; but at that time the levels had not been ascertained; and looking at the actual elevation of the upland, we must doubt whether he would now make the same proposal. Supposing, however, that either a canal or a railway were completed from Balis to Aleppo, and thence across the western division of the plateau to the heights above the valley of the Orontes or the Afrin, and within view of the Mediterranean, the real difficulty of the route would still remain to be surmounted. From Antioch, in whatever direction you seek to ascend the western slopes of the plateau, a difference of level of 600 feet has to be overcome, within distances ranging, we should suppose, from within half-a-mile to perhaps three or four miles. The affluents of the Afrin and of the Orontes respectively, descending by ravines prolonged into the interior of the table-land, offer the most convenient avenues of ascent; but from all we can collect of their character, we should suppose that none of them would be practicable for railway carriages drawn by locomotives. The torrents, however, which descend by these ravines probably afford a sufficient water power for working a short line of atmospheric or tractive railway; and if the difficulty of this portion of the passage were surmounted, there would appear nothing extravagant in speculating on a transit from water to water in five hours. But it cannot be denied that the passage from Cairo to Suez, whether in point of distance or of levels, offers facilities fully twice as eligible; and unless it can be shown that the descent of the river, after having so reached its bank, countervails these disadvantages by some

very great superiority, in speed or safety, over the open navigation of the Red Sea, the legitimate conclusion will be, that the latter is, on the whole, the preferable route for purposes of transit and communication; and that the navigation of the Euphrates ought to be looked to as a commercial and political, rather than a postal undertaking. This observation will bring us, in a subdued and reasonable frame of mind, to the bank of the stream at Balis, where we shall ask our reader to suppose himself now arrived, *vid* Aleppo, after a three days' or a five hours' journey by dromedary or rail as his fancy may suggest.

He will here find himself at the apex of two converging lines of hills, on the bank of a deep and wide river washing the alluvial flat on which his journey has terminated. The traces of the ancient port are still visible; and the formation of docks would be attended with little difficulty. The remains of the town, formerly a considerable place, extend for a couple of miles along the chalk hills and dry valleys in which the Jebel-el-sis terminates towards the river. Looking up the stream a hilly and picturesque country is discovered stretching northward. On the right, at a distance of about five miles, a range of hills terminates in cliffs of 800 feet overhanging the channel; opposite to these, a remarkable white hill will guide the eye in the direction of the ruins of Hierapolis, the city of the Syrian goddess. These ruins occupy an extended site on the eastern brow of the plateau overlooking the valley of the Euphrates, which runs at a distance of about eight miles, and at a depth of 600 feet below. Nothing can now be more desolate than the situation of this once voluptuous city. Whence the supplies of water were obtained for the inhabitants, and for the lakes and fish ponds attached to its great temple, cannot now be discovered. An aqueduct is traceable from the ruins for several miles in a south-eastern direction; but its architecture would seem to refer it to the Mahomedan epoch. The remains of other water works extend northward towards the Sajur, an affluent of the Euphrates, which flows through a fertile valley about ten miles to the north: but to obtain water from the Sajur it must have been raised by hydraulic engines, with which we have no reason to suppose the Syrians of that period to have been acquainted. It is worthy of remark that on the opposite brow of the plateau from this celebrated city of the Phalli, stand the remains of the convent of St. Simon Stylites. The pillar of Simon now lies as prostrate as the Priap of 300 cubits, on which the devotee of the Syrian Apollo set the example of this solitary and suspicious method of adoration. How such a country as this—arid, stony, and severe, could have nurtured the mournful, effeminate

temperament of the Syrians of Lucian's time, seems hard to understand. The valley of the Orontes is still an alluring retreat; but Antioch itself was not a more delicious seat of luxury than the holy city of Semiramis, the air of which, we are assured, was so enchanting that the garments of those who visited it retained the perfume long afterwards. Now, every thing has dried up; lakes, ponds, and religious enthusiasm; and Hierapolis, the city of sacred sensualities, can hardly be discerned amid the sand of the desert. We collect from Colonel Chesney that the remains of two temples may still be traced; but we could have desired a more particular account of this Gentile Jerusalem, the seat of those rites, for the expulsion of which from Southern Syria no less mighty and majestic agencies were needed than the temple and the priesthood of Jehovah. Good part of an antiquary's life would be well bestowed in searching the vaults of the House of Semiramis for the aperture through which the waters of the annual commemorative flood of Deucalion were absorbed,—in exploring the site of the lake across which the devotees swam through the sacred fishes to deposit their offerings on the floating altar of Derceto; in determining the position and dimensions of the Phalli and their relation to the obelisks of Egypt and to the minarets and campaniles of modern mosque and church architecture; and in indicating the analogy between the fanatical exercises which used here, to result in the voluntary mutilation of the Galli, and those similar methods of exciting religious enthusiasm still practised with a success equally debasing among the worshippers of more reputable deities:—But we must remember that the Euphrates flows at our feet, and that our present inquiry partakes rather of an engineering than of an antiquarian character. We take leave, therefore, of Lucian by remarking that the great river, on whose banks we have supposed ourselves at Balis, has descended by this time 250 miles from his native city of Samosata, through the hilly and somewhat barren country we have been describing; and has all along been carrying a volume of water, navigable but much interrupted, especially between Bir and Balis, by numerous windings, sand-banks, and islands.

At Balis, the stream, which so far has had a tendency to run westward, 'seems finally to have abandoned the struggle it had hitherto maintained to reach the shores of the Mediterranean;' it now turns abruptly from the extremity of Jebel-el-Sis into the south-eastern course,—the direction which it pursues through the rest of its passage to the sea. We are here in latitude $36^{\circ} 1' 21''$ N., longitude $38^{\circ} 7' 10''$ E.; $101\frac{1}{2}$ miles from the Mediterranean by the air line, 118 miles by way of Aleppo and Scande-

roon, and 123 miles by way of Aleppo and the valley of the Orontes: we are distant from Bir, above, 101 miles, and from Bussorah, below, 1096 miles by the windings of the river. The stream is half a mile wide, with a depth in the low season of from twelve to seven feet in the principal channel. The banks, except where alluvial tracts occur at the mouths of tributary streams, are bold, occasionally precipitous; but the higher lines of hills, which constitute the proper valley of the river, stand at varying distances of from ten to twenty miles apart. Behind these hills, on the opposite bank, is the upland country of Upper Mesopotamia, an undulating, far-extended tract of stony hills and scanty pastures, inhabited by tribes of Turkomans, whose villages and tents of black camel hair cloth, now pitched here, now there, speckle all the surface between Samosata on the Euphrates, and Mosul on the Tigris. These celebrated rivers, 'never further than fifty, approach in the latitude of Bagdat 'within twenty-five miles of each other:' Colonel Chesney says, seventeen. We need not wonder at their ancient use and glory, especially considering the country they traverse. In the midst stands Orfah, a stone-built walled city, with mosques and minarets shining afar over the bare downs. Here, according to the traditional nomenclature of tanks and wells—the objects in such a climate most likely to retain their original names—was the country of Job; as, further south, in the same hill country, was Haran, the resting-place of Abraham on his journey from Ur to Damascus. A bath, a castle, the remains of a temple, and the well of Rebecca, constitute the existing remains of Haran. This hill country extends southward to the range of the Sinjar Tagh mountains, which define the upper limits of the plain of Chaldea, extending, in a continuous line, from the valley of the Tigris at Old Mosul to that of the Euphrates at Queen Zenobia's city of Zelcibi, 161 miles lower down the stream than where we are now supposed to be standing; and thence, after leaving room for the river to issue on the great alluvial plain, pursuing the same south-west direction through the desert to Palmyra. The Palmyrene and Syrian desert lies behind us on the south and east; and beyond its limits the high plateau and airy, aromatic, wilderness of the interior of Arabia. But we must not, by 'desert,' understand a Lybian Zahara or a sandy Syrtes. Mr. Ulney, Consul-General for Syria, states (vol. i. p. 579.), in reply to queries as to the loss of caravans by moving sands, that at a meeting of the native Sheiks at Beirout in 1838, he was assured that 'for thirty years such an accident, in any 'part of the desert, as the loss of a single animal or man had 'not been heard of from that cause.' The surface, in fact, is

generally of that kind called Barr by the Arabs, being ‘merely ‘an uncultivated land, diversified with hill and dale, like the ‘Dorsetshire Downs.’

Such are the regions which lie on the traveller’s left and right respectively as he embarks on the Euphrates at Balis, and descends past the site of Haroun-al-Raschid’s palace at Rakkah, and through the willow and tamarisk forest of Amram, towards the apparently impassable line of the Sinjar Mountains. We have a good view from the pencil of Mr. Stanton of the general appearance of the stream at Zelebi, where it emerges from the defile by which it passes the mountain barrier. The natural quay wall of the bank is cut into steps at either side, which conduct to a ferry. Similar steps occur at various points along the upper valley of the river, where the channel at the low season runs at a considerable depth below the level of the banks. Zelebi itself is an interesting place, as well from its association with the name of Zenobia as on account of its architectural remains.

‘This striking place is fortified with walls and towers which, as well as the public and private buildings, are constructed of fine gypsum. The town has the form of an acute triangle, whose base rests upon the river, whilst its sides ascend the steep acclivity of a conical hill, and terminate on its summit with a small acropolis. . . . In the town are the remains of a temple, and an extensive palace containing many ornamented apartments; also numerous well constructed private dwellings, supported by arches; and, in general, the buildings are so well preserved, that the mind can scarcely be brought to feel that all have so long been unoccupied.

‘Like the great city on which it was dependent, the Necropolis occupied a prominent situation in the valley and along the declivity of the hill westward of the town, and it is remarkable for a number of square (sepulchral) towers, precisely of the same construction as those near Palmyra. These monuments of mortality usually consist of three stories; the lowest and middle appear to have been tenements of the dead, whilst the upper story served as a place of defence, and was terminated either with a flat or pyramidal roof surrounded by battlements. In one of these tombs Captain Lynch recently discovered a female mummy, whose face was covered with a thin mask of the finest gold, which is to be seen at the India House.’

When Gaspar Balbi made the descent of this part of the river in 1579, it appears to have been much impeded by masses of rock fallen from the overhanging cliffs. The only obstructions experienced thus far by the navigator at present arise from islands and sand-banks, with which the channel, although always practicable, is seriously encumbered all the way from Bir to the river’s exit from the hill country. The river makes its escape at Deir, fifty miles from Zelebi. Below this point the

islands are by no means so numerous ; but it must be borne in mind that the survey of the river to Rakkah was executed in the low season ; from thence downward during the season of floods ; hence, probably, the marked difference in the breadth and soundings of the stream on the map from Rakkah downwards. How fatal this difference was afterwards experienced, in the Lamlum marshes. The river here appears, on its first escape from the highlands of Upper Mesopotamia, to have a uniform width of three quarters of a mile, and an average depth of twenty-five feet. Carrying down this body of water, it passes by Deir, a place of considerable importance, in the event of steam navigation being ever established on the Euphrates, by reason of its beds of lignite or native wood coal. Great forests also line the banks at intervals through all this part of the river's course, from which abundant supplies of split wood and wood charcoal could be obtained with ease and regularity. We now approach the disastrous locality of Werdi, where the expedition took in wood from one of these forests, immediately previous to the occurrence of the hurricane which overwhelmed the Tigris. The boundary lines of the valley which from Zelebi receded until nearly lost in the plain, close in again on the river below Werdi ; and the channel from hence to Hitt lies between banks of considerable elevation. This is the portion of the navigation in which the chief obstructions occur. At Karabla, an island about half a mile above the picturesque little town of Anah, which lies midway between Werdi and Hitt, a ledge of rock occupies the bed of the river for a distance of 600 yards, having ten feet of water in the flood season, but as little as twenty-two inches only over some parts of the rapids when the river is at its lowest level.

The bed of the river continues rocky for thirty miles farther down, although nowhere so shallow as at Karabla, and during the high season easily navigable all through by vessels drawing eight to ten feet of water. Hitherto permanent villages on the banks have been rare ; the scene now changes. Fixed habitations and cultivated fields take the place of the tents and pastures of the upper valley. The constructions necessary for irrigation — the peculiar manure of a soil saturated as this is with the other elements of vegetation in excess — become prominent and even imposing objects. They are, however, to a great extent only the remains of former industry, and now no longer in use.

A cloud of black smoke issuing from the brow of an eminence on the right announces our arrival at the bitumen pits of Hitt. Here all the landscape appears dressed in brown. The town is mud-built, mud-walled, and many of the houses plastered and roofed with the black product of its smoking pitch fountains. ' One graceful minaret appears amid the mass of brown clay ;

‘ and some respectable specimens of arabesque architecture are displayed in the saints’ tombs, a little way out of the town; but the scenery is that of barren brown hills and a desert country.’ This uninviting locality is, however, the seat of a considerable trade. Other bitumen pits occur higher up the river, as at Giaber, near Balis; nitre and naphtha are obtained at Anah; marble quarries abound in the mountains on both banks above Zclebi; but these advantages have not yet stimulated the Arab population to any commercial activity. It is only at Hitt that the rudiments of a real commerce become developed. Pitch, naphtha, salt, and lime are their raw products: these they exchange for the Arab luxuries of rice, tobacco, dates, oils, cloths, and Indian goods, coffee, sugar, powder, lead, &c., purchased at Bagdat and Bussorah and imported in lateen-rigged river boats, or by caravan. Their own boats, in which they ship their exports, never return; being broken up and sold for firewood and the worth of their pitch coating, at the end of every voyage.

The construction, as well as management, of these Hitt lumber boats is an operation of great simplicity. The materials for their framework, are brought down from the forest district about Deir in the form of still ruder rafts. A platform of pieces of timber laid on a sufficient number of inflated sheep or goat skins, and bound together with withes of tamarisk or willow, constitutes the whole apparatus of navigation. If the skins touch an obstacle they yield and rebound without a rupture, and the raft swings round and passes on with the current. It is not impossible that modern science might take a hint for the safer navigation of shallow rivers from this barbaric precedent. A false prow of gutta pereha strained on elastic steel ribs might enable a river steamer to make the passage even of the rapids of Karabla with as little risk as now attends the raft on its yielding floats of inflated leather. The basket-boats of Herodotus, framed of woven osiers, and covered with hides, still ply on the Great Babylonian river: their cargoes indeed have fallen off to a smaller scale and a poorer kind of traffic, — but the round boats of the Euphrates and Tigris are even now the selfsame objects we read of in the pages of the father of history and see in the earliest sculptured monuments of the Assyrian kingdom.

The brow of limestone rock from which the bitumen founts of Hitt bubble forth is, with a single exception, the last considerable eminence visible from the Euphrates, which henceforth winds its way to the sea through the sea-like alluvial flat of Babylonia. The aqueducts now disappear and are succeeded by bullock mills, or rather by bullock-wrought pulleys for

raising water, which still continues to be the only and indispensable fertiliser of the tillage lands on either side. The quantities of water thus withdrawn from the Euphrates exceed the accessions brought to it by its affluents: and what with irrigating canals, hydraulic wheels, and evaporation, the volume of the river would be materially diminished, did not the deepening channel and slower movement of the column of water contained in it, counterbalance the loss. The navigation is now wholly unobstructed; and the banks recall those of the Danube between Widdin and Silistria, but are much more animated:

‘Covered with Arab villages of mats or tents almost touching each other, with numerous flocks of goats and sheep and some cattle feeding near them: also beautiful mares clothed and piqueted close to the tents, their masters strolling about around, and the poorer males or slaves busily employed raising water by means of numerous water-pulleys, all in operation at the same time, and producing all the fertility of Egypt as far inwards as irrigation extends, beyond which the country is, generally speaking, “desert.”’ (*Appendix*, p. 55.)

Marshes and salt lakes on either hand mark the commencement of the great flat which, on the left, extends to the Tigris, and, on the right, to the foot of the hill country of Yemen. The ‘tells,’ or detached conical mounds, which, on the upland of Aleppo, seemed natural eminences, become more evidently artificial; and, associated with these, we discover, scattered over the plain, long barrow-like ridges, the remains of Babylonian constructions of the epoch, perhaps, of Semiramis, perhaps of Nebuchadnezzar, Belshazzar, or Cyrus; to such remote and renowned associations do all the monuments which present themselves from this point downwards carry back the mind of the spectator. On the left, just south of the point where the prolongation of the Median Wall would meet the river bank, a heap of crumbled brickwork still retains the name and possibly marks the site of Sippara, ‘the city of the sun,’ under which the Babylonian Noah of Berosus buried the yew-wood tablets, containing ‘the beginning, intermediate state, and end of all things,’ in anticipation of the deluge. The ruins exhibit the traces of two principal masses of building, surrounded by circular constructions, indicating, probably, an even higher antiquity than that of the rectangular mounds which, seventy miles lower down, mark the site of Babylon itself. South of the mounds of Sifara (its modern spelling) the canal of Nahr I’sa, crosses the intervening flat to Bagdat. It is navigable in the season of floods, and at that season terminates in a wide lake, which spreads along the left bank of the Tigris. On the western margin of this lake a vast solid tower of brickwork, the cone apparently of such another mound as the

Birs-Nimroud, raises itself over the wide-spread solitary plain and inundation, — an impressive memorial of departed power. From its name, Akar-Küf, it is conjectured to be the Accad of Nimrod ; as Colonel Chesney takes the mounds of Werka or Irak, about a hundred miles south of this locality, to be the Erech, — and Chalanne, near the foot of the Sinjar chain, at the junction of the Khabur with the Euphrates, to be the Khalne of the same mighty builder.

Descending by Felujah, a narrow strip of verdure divides us, on either hand, from the desert. Occasionally groves of date and palm tree, opening on the right and left, disclose the brown mass of a ruined mound, or a vista of the boundless yellow plain. In one of these breaks on our left, — excluding, through a distance of nearly three miles, the approach of vegetation, — the brown mouldering heaps of Mujelibeh, ‘the ‘overthrown,’ mark the north-eastern extremity of ancient Babylon. Four miles lower down we arrive at the town and bridge of boats of Hillah ; and eight miles S.W. from Hillah, and about four miles from the right bank of the Euphrates, the Birs-Nimroud most probably marks the opposite diagonal of the great quadrangle described by Herodotus. Inward from the Mujelibeh, all across the intervening flat as far as the Tigris, there occur at intervals over the arid surface, mounds, tells, and long barrows ; — a vast extent of ruin, doubtless destined to yield as rich a return to the investigator as the heaps which so long lay equally neglected on the bank of the Tigris opposite to Mosul. That the Kasr, one of the group which includes the Mujelibeh, contains chambers, has been an established fact ever since Mr. Rich’s examination, in 1811. In the meantime the collation of cuneatic readings is daily making progress, and promises to prepare future explorers of Babylon for a use of materials wholly unavailable to earlier inquirers. The volume of the river, exhausted by the continual drain of irrigating canals, begins sensibly to diminish below Babylon ; and several lateral branches being drawn off from it on the descent to Lamlum ; it narrows at the latter point to a width of no more than sixty yards. This diminished breadth, — occasionally contracted to forty and even thirty yards, — it retains throughout the low tract of the Lamlum marshes, for a distance in direct measurement of twenty-three miles ; after which the collateral branches beginning to fall in again, the river by degrees recovers its volume and dignity, and, from Al Khidr, flows nobly onward to meet the Tigris at Kurnah, — having already, before reaching the point of confluence, become sensible to the effect of the ocean tide.

There are, then, on the whole line of navigation, from Balis

downward, two material obstructions,—that, namely, at Karabla, and these marshes of Lamlum. A moderate expenditure of gunpowder would clear the channel at Karabla, and elsewhere, wherever rocks or gravel banks occur in the bed of the river. In the high season, even now, a vessel well piloted might ply through all the portion of the route above Lamlum, by night as well as day, and with such clearances might do so all the year round. But the narrowness, the abrupt windings, and in the low season the shallowness, of the channel from Lamlum to Al Khidr, would make it necessary either to transfer the cargo at Lamlum from the Balis steamer to others of smaller dimensions, or to undertake the serious operation of cutting a canal twenty-three miles in length from one end of the marsh district to the others. That undertaking, however, would not be by any means so difficult as, from the cost of similar operations in our part of the world, might be supposed. The soil is as easily removable as garden mould. Labour is as cheap, if not so abundant, as when the undiminished stream at Babylon was on one memorable occasion diverted into a completely new channel. A few cuts uniting the straighter portions of the river bed, and a temporary stoppage of the lateral branches so as to throw the whole current into the main channel, would probably suffice to deepen and straighten it to the requisite extent. Other projects have been suggested, such as deepening and repairing the Nahr I'sa Canal, so as to open the passage at all seasons of the year from Felujah to Bagdat;—or that of making an entirely new cut of only seventeen miles from river to river at the narrowest point, from the mounds of Mohammed, about midway between Sifara and Babylon, to the Tigris, immediately below Bagdat: but either of these expedients would considerably increase the distance to Bussorah, the terminus of the river route. Should the navigation of the Euphrates, therefore, be undertaken as a commercial or postal speculation, we must be prepared to expect a transfer of passengers and cargo at Lamlum, and a descent from that place in vessels of smaller dimensions and inferior power.

Supposing, however, everything to be accomplished which money and friendly relations can secure,—a railway partly locomotive and partly atmospheric or tractive, from the coast to Balis,—a clearance of the channel at Karabla and the other rapids,—a straight cut of sufficient width and depth to permit the passage of large river steamers direct to and from Bussorah,—and further, river depôts of wood and coal, buoys, lighthouses, and signals, so as to admit of full speed all the way by day, and half speed at night; supposing, also, a maximum speed of twenty miles an hour to be maintained

in the descent, and twelve miles an hour ascending,—the whole distance from the shore of the Mediterranean to Bussorah might be traversed in somewhat less than three days and a half; the reverse route in somewhat less than five days. Add now from Bussorah to Bombay five days, and from Antioch to Southampton twelve days, and the result will be, that under the most favourable circumstances, we shall be able to communicate with Bombay in twenty and in twenty-two days for the out and home voyages respectively. Taking this sanguine view of the case, we should have a saving of six to eight days over the present route: a saving of time on which four to five days more might still be gained, were we to transmit our mails by way of Trieste. For telegraphic communication, Trieste and London may already be considered as locally identified. So also, in the event of a Syrian railroad and Mesopotamian line of water carriage being established, we might look to an electric telegraph as their necessary attendant, and in that case, Antioch and Bussorah would cease to be divided by appreciable space. Intelligence might then reach London from Bombay in nine days: but we are here on a field of speculation to which imagination only can venture to assign a limit. The submarine telegraph now comes in. On the other hand, leaving speculation and looking at circumstances as they are; taking into account a land transit by dromedary or on horseback; a river navigation so interrupted as to prevent steaming by night; and a transshipment at Lamlum: in this case, the saving in absolute distance is more than counterbalanced, we apprehend, by the slower rate of progress, and, for all purposes of direct communication with our Indian possessions, the balance of advantage must be held to remain with the present route by Suez and the Red Sea. It is, therefore, rather as a possible field for commercial enterprise, than as a line of postal communication, as long as Egypt continues open to us, that the navigation of the Euphrates is still entitled to be regarded with almost undiminished interest.

Looking at the question in a commercial point of view, the two principal subjects for consideration are the products in which, and the people with whom, we should have to deal. A very able paper (Appendix N. vol. ii.) details the existing trade of the principal places from Ormuz, at the entrance of the Persian Gulf, to Scanderoon. The raw materials of our own principal textile fabrics abound throughout the entire region: silks at both extremities of the line; cottons in the delta of the great rivers; and wools in inexhaustible abundance from the pastures of Upper Mesopotamia. The country is equally rich

in indigo, madder, gall-nuts, and other staple dye stuffs; although the growth of indigo is at present impeded by so heavy an excise as to make it the interest of the consumer to import it from Bombay. The best tobaccos in the world are grown in the pashalic of Aleppo at the hither end of the route, and in the Persian provinces, accessible from Bussorah and Bagdat, at its further extremity. The growth of wheat and maize along the middle line of the Euphrates, is limited only by the demand. A constant supply of Arab and Persian horses could also be depended upon, in case settled commercial relations were once established at the leading points of the route. In return for these exports, the eight millions of Arabs, Turkomans, Syrians, and Syro-Chaldeans, who inhabit the adjoining territory, eagerly seek for every form of cotton manufactured goods, light woollen cloths, linens, hardwares, china and delf pottery.

The sources from which these supplies are now derived, and to which, of course, the surplus wealth of Mesopotamia goes in return, are almost exclusively two,—Russia and British India. In the direct interchange of commodities, England participates to a very inconsiderable extent. It is true, whatever passes out of India conduces more or less to the advantage of this country; but these relations offer us no greater facilities for obtaining raw cotton nearer home. And, in the meantime, the greater part of the existing commerce does not flow even through these collateral channels to England, but to Russia. We are here on one of the most remarkable portions of Colonel Chesney's book; the part of his labours which does him most credit, and will confer a lasting value on his work. We mean his treatise on the ancient and modern commerce of Western Asia, which forms the subject of the eighteenth chapter of the second volume; it is learned and comprehensive, and embodies a variety of new facts both from original documents and personal observation. The earliest traffic of mankind was overland; and the great route between the chief trading nations of eastern and western Asia has been, from time immemorial, by that isthmus of well watered and habitable land lying between the desert of Tartary on the north and the great salt plain of Persia on the south, through the upper valley of the Oxus. Balkh, the Bactrian capital, was, in very early times, the central depôt of this system of traffic, commanding by its highways eastward the trade of China and India, and, by its western routes,—following the valleys of the Attruck and the Oxus—the markets of Persia on the one hand and of Transoxiana on the other. The discovery of the Cape of Good Hope, although it lessened, has never caused a permanent discontinuance of this

traffic; and the caravans, which still pass annually between Orenberg and the frontiers of China, so faithfully pursue the track of their commercial predecessors that the same route has been continuously used for probably three thousand years.

As Balkh was the chief diverging point of this chain of routes to the east, so Raï, the caravan station of Tcheran, — about midway between Ispahan and the Caspian, and once, as Chardin told us, second in size only to Babylon, — was the key to their western ramifications.

‘Eight days from Damaghan (twenty from Balkh) bring the caravan to Raï. The latter, as a free mercantile city and commercial republic, might then be considered the greatest emporium of trade in the world; and it was still an important place in the third century of the Hijrah. Here the route was crossed by another coming from the shores of the Caspian Sea, which took a southerly direction onwards through Ispahan to the Persian Gulf. The principal road, however, continued in a westerly course, having afterwards a branch to Tabriz, and from thence to Tarábuzún; whilst the other, as just noticed, passed through Hamadán and Mósul, &c., to Phœnicia. Raï was considered midway between Balkh and Tarábuzún, from which port, at a later period, goods were shipped for the coast of Cappadocia, to supply Asia Minor, as well as for some of the ports of the Mediterranean, and the more distant parts of Europe.’

The English reader would see his way much more clearly in these as in the other matters treated of, if a more familiar nomenclature were employed. It has been a prevalent affectation among successive Oriental writers to disguise the names of familiar places under new and continually varying phonetic equivalents. The Bedouin of the Desert has passed through as many transformations as the syllables of his name are capable of combinations. We do not find these fopperies in use in cases where they would be more excusable, as less likely to lead to confusion or misapprehension in a reader of ordinary intelligence. The traveller in Italy tells us what he finds at Florence or Leghorn, without considering himself under any obligation to write ‘Firenze’ or ‘Livorno.’ Vienna never figures in English literature as ‘Wien.’ Trebizonde and Bushir are pretty well known to persons of plain education as ports on the Black Sea and Persian Gulf; but Colonel Chesney’s reader must understand, *à priori*, that Tarábuzún and Abú Shahir are the forms under which he is to recognise these localities in the midst of the multitude of other strangely circumflexed and accentuated names of places, which perplex his eye and task his sense of phonetic analogies in almost every page of these volumes.

The mercantile activity of the regions about the Caspian received a new impulse after the occupation of Egypt by the

Arabs. The line of the Red Sea, which, since Hippalus first took advantage of the recurrence of the monsoons, had served for the transit of the wealth of peninsular India, being closed to Christian enterprise, — ‘An indirect route was opened with Constantinople, whose long and circuitous course may serve as an illustration of the difficulties which may be overcome in order to satisfy the real or imaginary wants of mankind. The merchandise in question being carried for a certain distance up the Indus, was taken from thence to the Oxus, by which it was conveyed to the Caspian Sea. Having ascended the Wolga a certain distance, it was carried by land from the latter river to the Tanais, by which it descended into the Euxine, and was finally transported in vessels to Constantinople.’ The rivalry of the Venetians and Genoese led to a further cultivation of mercantile relations by this track, which is now one of the main routes of Russian enterprise. The Muscovite goods reach the plain of the two rivers partly through Persia by way of Raï, and thence to Mósul and Bagdat, and partly through Asia Minor by Trebizonde and Diarbekar. The supplies by the former channel are portions only of a much larger commerce, of which Orenberg is the source. ‘Every year numerous and well-equipped caravans leave Orenberg with white cloths, muslins, woollens, chintzes, and heavy articles in metals; and proceed through Bokhárá and Samarcand to Koba and Yarkind, in China; also to Orgnuje and the small cantons around the capital, bringing black teas, silks, musks, rhubarb, and other products of China. The Russian traders study so carefully the wants and tastes of the people with whom they traffic, that the nations of Kábul are seen wearing portions of dress got up and sewn for their use at Orenberg.’

Muslins, said to take their name from Mósul as the original seat of their manufacture, are now brought by way of Trebizond from Russian print works in the vicinity of Moscow to Mósul itself, and sold there at a price with which the British manufacturer cannot compete. The disadvantage at which our goods are brought into competition arises from the want of a regular system of supply. ‘The present consumption of English goods in Mósul and the adjacent country is more than sufficient to support a mercantile establishment, although these goods are at present carried thither from Aleppo, Damascus, or Bagdat, by native traders of small capital, who pay a very heavy duty of 14 per cent., and are purchased from third or fourth hands, by which the price to the consumers is so enormously enhanced, as to place the articles almost beyond their reach. A piece of print worth thirteen shillings in Manchester, is sold in

‘Mósul for thirty-two shillings. The English merchants, however, only pay 3 per cent. In any mercantile establishments in Mósul it would be necessary to have a person at home acquainted with the taste of the natives to select the goods. The great attention paid by the Russians to the taste of these countries has been one great cause of their success in trade.’ (*Appendix*, vol. ii. pp. 702—3.) Sir G. Simpson, in his voyage round the world, was equally struck by the growth and omnipresence of Russia.

The success attending the early operations of the Turkey Company, one part of whose establishment consisted of a chain of mercantile stations on the Euphrates, naturally suggests the same method of regaining the command of those markets which it appears England actually possessed as early as the reign of Elizabeth. The charter to the Turkey Company, granted September, 1581, incorporates them for the purpose of traffic with, among other places, ‘the cities of Babylon and Balsara (Busso-rah) on the Euphrates;’ and, two years afterwards, certain English merchants, John Newberrie, Fitch, and others, went out with a venture of cloth, tin, &c. to Bagdat by way of Aleppo and Bir. ‘Her husband’s to Aleppo gone, master of the Tiger,’ is evidence of the popular interest and mystery attached to these adventurers. The Queen speaks of the trade as one ‘not heretofore in the memory of any man living known to be commonly in use;’ and in the renewed charter (1593) describes the way overland to India, as having been lately discovered by John Newberrie and others. Having descended the Tigris, and made the voyage to India, they returned in 1591 to London, when their report induced the Queen to provide a regular service of river boats at Bir for the use of the merchants. A curious note (vol. ii. p. 592.) extracted from the MS. collections in the British Museum (*Cott. Nero*, b. vii. 47.), contains a list of the commodities exported by the Turkey merchants in the 16th century, and of the foreign goods brought back in return; among them are, ‘India blew and cotton woll.’ The French Levant Company at one time had near twenty houses in Aleppo alone; but it is now extinct: and our consulate there, after existing for upwards of two hundred years, was withdrawn at the close of the last century. This route can scarce hope to recover the Indian market. Its chance with Turkey and Western and Central Asia remains to be seen. The points at which Colonel Chesney now recommends the establishment of British factories are Balis, Anah, Hitt, and Hillah on the Euphrates, Kurna at the junction of the streams, and Mohammarah at the confluence of the Karun, a large river navigable

to a distance of nearly 200 miles into the western Persian provinces. We have already consuls at Bussorah, Bagdat, and Mosul. Kurna, from its admirable position for a fortress, was recommended by Sir John Malcolm to the consideration of Lord Wellesley, when Governor-General of India.

In a mercantile point of view, and looking to the encouragement of the cultivation of cotton for return cargoes, a water communication between Balis and the Orontes would be more desirable than even a railway. Supplies of water for the summit level of such a line could be procured from the Koweik and Dhahab, with the additional advantage of removing the unwholesome marshes in which their waters now run to waste. Barges laden with cotton could then ascend from the alluvial plain, cross the intervening tract and unload by the side of the merchantmen lying at the mouth of the Orontes. Such a work ably executed would bring another valley of the Mississippi within three weeks' sail of Liverpool. It would greatly reduce the risk of a short cotton crop — would save us from being so largely dependent on a single State for this prime necessary of our industrial existence — and, by opening friendly relations with another of the families of mankind hitherto little known, would at once extend our commerce and our charities, augment our wealth, and consolidate our national interests and influence. But before indulging further in speculation we ought to know with precision the physical conditions of the plain of Aleppo; which by railway or by canal must be crossed, before British enterprise can descend for any practical purpose into the basin of the western Asiatic rivers. Russell's *Natural History of Aleppo*, excellent as it is, is of little use for our present wants.

The people with whom we should have to deal are mainly Arabs. The high-featured, broad-built, muscular races, represented on the Ninevite and cognate monuments, have disappeared before the lank, light-limbed sons of the desert. The Assyrian, apparently, was a man of ponderous proportions; thick-necked, broad-shouldered, and of a singularly muscular development of limb. It is true, much of the peculiar style of representation in these sculptures may be conventional; but, all allowance made, we are entitled to take them as being at least equally faithful to the originals as the sculptured groups of Persia or the painted monuments of Egypt. The physical contrast between the former and present dweller by the great river is not greater than the moral. The Assyrian, still more the Babylonian, was an eminent organiser of States and Societies, an assiduous husbandman, a brilliant citizen, a mighty builder and engineer. The Arab also of the Caliphate was a man of the highest

civic and social accomplishment: and the region through which we have passed abounds with attestations to the advancement of both races in all the arts of life. It may, however, be fairly questioned whether Arab genius would have attained the height it reached in pure science, in astronomy and medicine, had it not been transplanted into the old prescriptive land of stellar observations and of cyclical and genethliacal computations. But the 'Babylonian numbers' are now forgotten. The 'Castle of the Stars' of the royal astronomer Almámún, lies as deserted on the bank of the Euphrates below Bir, as the great altar-temple of the worshippers of the host of heaven, in its sterner solitude, below Hillah.

The stationary Arab of the towns retains but little of the civilisation of his forefathers and predecessors. Colonel Chesney's estimate of his character is by no means prepossessing. 'The more indolent life of the resident Arab has produced a fulness of face, beard and figure, forming quite a contrast with the spare muscular frame, thin beard, and lank tawny brown countenance of his brother of the desert, than whom he is less proud and independent, but more unfriendly to strangers, particularly Franks, where his suspicions scarcely know any bounds; whilst his rapacity is only limited by his power to obtain, by deceit, fraud, or occasional force, anything in the stranger's possession which he may have seen and marked as his own; having less of the spirit to make an open attack for this purpose than the Bedouin, like whom, he must be paid beforehand for whatever he undertakes, because he never confides in a promise, the natural consequence of not fulfilling his own.' (*Minutes of Evidence*, App. p. 68.) Still less amiable is the picture of the Bedouin dweller in tents: — 'Notwithstanding his few wants, the Bedouin is avaricious as well as greedy, and must be largely paid for his labour; preferring, as he does, inert idleness with poverty, and even the addition of scanty fare, to exertion of any kind, unless it be preceded by a great price, or likely to be followed by the animating reward of plunder. The Bedouin will not, it is true, rob the stranger whilst under his tent, but it is by no means quite so clear that the plan will not be laid there to do so elsewhere, his disposition (out of his own tribe) not being regulated by the precepts of the Koran, or any other moral code, but simply by what it may be in his power to do with impunity.' (*App. to Report from Select Committee*, p. 68.) Such are the unpromising materials out of which commerce would have to re-construct a polite and peaceful society in the country of the Caliphs. They are the same race, however, who gave us some of the principal

elements of our domestic arts. Considering that our very muslins and damasks remind us by their names of the Arab industry in which our textile skill originated, we shall, in some particulars at least, be but repaying the debt of the child to the parent, in carrying back among them the results of arts and sciences derived from themselves.

At present there is little to be learned among such a population beyond the arts of a comparatively low and simple state of society; but these are not without their interest; while in many districts of Western Asia, some of the most important of other arts are for indefinite periods, possibly for ever, prohibited by the physical conditions of the surface. In all that relates to the breeding and care of horses and cattle, they are naturally quite at home. The method of arranging, provisioning, and marching a caravan across the desert is another part of the education of a Western Oriental as important as the art of constructing a steam vessel, or a railway with its rolling stock, among Europeans or Americans. Colonel Chesney's description of these operations is marked with the precision and practical method of a soldier. The march of the Arab tribe when pursued by an enemy is particularly graphic:—‘During a retreat of this kind the people sleep
‘and take their food without halting. In order that they may
‘not fall from their camels while sleeping, they stretch themselves
‘at length on the animals, placing their feet in a bag on each
‘side of the neck. The food is prepared by women at certain
‘distances from one another. One, mounted on a camel loaded
‘with wheat, continues grinding with a hand mill, and passes the
‘meal to another, who is provided with leathern water bottles,
‘suspended on each side of her camel; she having prepared the
‘paste, the latter is passed to a third female, who completes the
‘operation by baking the bread in thin slices on a chafing dish
‘or portable oven, which is heated with wood and straw. This
‘bread, with a proportion of cheese and dates, are then dis-
‘tributed by her to those persons whom it is her province to
‘feed, and the frugal meal finishes with a draught of camel's
‘milk. The latter is drawn from the animals as they walk;
‘the men using for this purpose *cadahs*, or large wooden bowls,
‘which are passed from one to another.’

The constructive arts of building and tunnelling are those which the necessities of their position have longest preserved among the degenerate population of Arabia, Mesopotamia, and Iran. The representatives, in locality at least, of the earliest masons of the world, they still excel in the preparation of cements, and in the expeditious construction of arches and dome-works, which combine lightness and strength in a degree to which

European bricklayers hardly can attain. We are here again on practical matters, with which Colonel Chesney is evidently familiar. The cements of some of the buildings of ancient Babylon are still capable of analysis, and appear to be the same in use at the present day. Bitumen, when so employed, is boiled with a certain proportion of oil, and is impermeable to water. It is used to cover water courses, tanks, the floors of bath rooms, and, with the addition of a proportion of sand or earth, it serves to form the terraced roofs of houses. Another and more tenacious cement,—made of a calcarous earth found in the adjoining desert, called ‘jus’ by the Arabs, and ‘karej’ by the Turks,—appears to have constituted the staple mortar employed by the Babylonian bricklayers. The third, and finest description, is found on the sides of the bricks which once formed the exterior of the hanging gardens. It constitutes an excellent stucco still perfectly hard, and retaining the traces of polychrome. Borak, which is found in this district in large craggy lumps resembling gypsum, appears to be the principal constituent. The Persian cement for water-tanks is composed of one part of a red earth highly charged with mineral particles, two of slaked lime, and one of sand. The cement employed by Shapur in the great reservoir at Shuster was a mixture of sheep’s milk with lime and white plaster. Buttermilk, oil, whites of eggs, ghee or clarified butter, and the pulp of plums, figure among the various ingredients in these compositions. With the help of these cements, and favoured by their dry and equable climate, the masons of Babylonia and Persia are enabled to raise the elegant domes and graceful arches of their ordinary buildings without the aid of any kind of centering. ‘All that is necessary is that the bricklayers’ attendant should hold the portion of the work already executed for a few minutes till the bricks or tiles have set to the proper curve; more materials are then gradually added till the arch or cupola is keyed. On other occasions, the two sides of a Saracenic arch are constructed on the ground, from whence they can be raised up to their places and keyed. Of late years something of this kind has been practised in England; sections of a cylindrical drain, for example, being separately formed and cemented when put together.’

It is in the conduct and economisation of water, however, that the people of these rainless provinces retain in the most remarkable manner the constructive and scientific skill of their predecessors. The open aqueducts derived from the channel of the Euphrates command the attention of every traveller. But these are only capable of fertilising the land immediately ad-

joining the river. Whence then were the supplies of water procured for the tillage of the interior, which must have been to a very great extent, if not continuously, under cultivation? The surface now retains no trace of minor watercourses. In truth, any rivulet exposed through a course of a few miles to the sun of Babylonia would be wholly drunk up by evaporation. One of the early expedients for preserving the contents of such conduits appears to have been that adopted by the Arab king, who, during the expedition of Cambyses, constructed the canal of skins commemorated by Herodotus (*Thalia*), which extended from the river Corys, a distance of twelve days' journey, to the cisterns prepared upon the intended line of march in the arid interior. But the older and more enduring method was, to hide the current in a subterranean sewer. This is the practice alluded to by Polybius, when in describing the campaign of Antiochus (lib. x. c. iv.) he remarks that in the parts beyond Ecbatana no water is ever seen above ground, although there are many wells and streams throughout the desert which are known only to the people of the country. These subterranean aqueducts are now called *kanáts* or *kahreez's*. The free inheritance of the ground for five generations at present rewards the discovery of a new spring-head in Persia. The head of water being discovered, the construction of the *kanát* is proceeded with according to the method of tunnelling now in use among European engineers, but which has been traditionally handed down in Western Asia from time immemorial. Shafts are sunk from point to point of the intended line of canal to such respective depths as to secure a uniform slope in the tunnel, which is afterwards run beneath from shaft to shaft to the point of supply. Many workmen are thus simultaneously employed; and so expert are they in this kind of mining, that a failure in hitting the proper slope and direction scarcely ever occurs.

‘ The main channel of a *kanát*, as well as the shafts leading down to it, is about $3\frac{1}{2}$ feet diameter, and it is almost always completed without resorting to any artificial support of the soil. But when the latter does not possess the necessary tenacity, the difficulty is overcome either by masonry in particular places, or by a lining consisting of a peculiar kind of earthen rings. These are of baked clay, from 5 to 9 inches broad in the rim, about 2 inches thick, and large enough to enable a man to crawl through the channel formed by placing them either at short distances, or, if necessary, in contact one with another. To facilitate their introduction, as well as the replacement of those that are broken, the rings approach an oval shape, so that when placed upright they rest against the top and bottom of the tunnel, and are kept in their places by stuffing earth into the spaces left on each side. The pipe thus formed, being as hard as ordinary pottery,

is very durable, and sufficiently strong to restrain the earth from falling down and interrupting the free passage of the water.'

Throughout Susiana and the plain country of Persia the kanáts may be traced, some for a distance of fifteen and thirty, and even of forty miles, by the mounds thrown up about the apertures of the shafts. When the water has reached its destination, if it be for domestic supply, it is discharged into cisterns, also covered from the sun; if for purposes of irrigation, it is at once led abroad over the land, and after discharging its office of fertilisation, returns to the atmosphere. Doubtless the great plain of Mesopotamia contains many such sources of new life and verdure concealed under its desert surface. Other sources might probably be opened by Artesian wells; although borings to a great depth would be required, if we are to judge by the profundity of the wells on the Arabian side; one of which, on the route from Bussorah to Meeea, sunk at the cost of Zobcide, the sultana of Haroun-al-Raschid, descends to no less a depth than 800 feet. We can hardly leave the contemplation of this now barren yet once exuberant plain, with its baked yellow surface probably covering many hidden springs of a new fertility, without calling up again the image of the Bedouin, as sketched above, — with his lank yellow exterior and unprofitable life, — though still capable of the enthusiasm, and gifted with the genius which made him once the pioneer of science, and may yet enable him to enjoy the fruits of a revived and perfected civilisation.

We have dealt, so far, with Colonel Chesney's book in the practical spirit of the expedition which it commemorates. Other speculations less practical, but to the majority of readers probably more agreeable, suggest themselves in connexion with most of the objects and scenes which we have been describing. We have glanced at some of these in our passing regrets that the ruins of Membidj should have received so slight a notice. We experience similar regrets in passing by Raccab. The map indicates a well defined ichnography of the city and palace of Haroun-al-Raschid. The gate of Tamerlane on the ground-plan raises our expectation of finding something that the mind can realise with satisfaction in the letter-press. But, it is the case of Membidj aggravated. The text is wholly silent. So again, passing between the sites of Seleucia and Ctesiphon on the Tigris, we look with intense eagerness for some new particulars respecting the arch of Chosroes, that astonishing mass of mixed Byzantine, Saracenic, and Gothic types, — which, if it be the veritable vestige of the sixth century that its name imports, —

may be regarded as the most instructive key to the origin of architectural styles in monumental existence. An oblique, illusory allusion to 'the striking arch of Chosroes, which announces that the stream is washing the western side of the 'remains of Ctesiphon,' is all the instruction we derive from the text. So, we make a fruitless search for something explanatory of a striking drawing, from Colonel Chesney's own pencil, of certain great mounds at Sús, seemingly similar in bulk as well as in form to the mounds of Khasabad and Nemrud. Again, we had counted, with an agreeable confidence, on some specific information respecting the state of the river-banks at Babylon — whether any remains of retaining walls may still be discovered between Mujelibeh and Hillah; or whether an experienced eye can detect indications of the river having changed its channel. To have learned something special of the state of the river-bed just at this point would have been particularly interesting. Do the soundings show an even bottom, or are there traces of piers, buttresses, or any thing that might indicate the existence either of the stone bridge of Herodotus, or of the tunnel described with such particularity by Diodorus Siculus? We inquire in vain — although conducted twice past the site of Babylon; and greatly fear that, notwithstanding all our author's industry, that we are destined to derive no satisfactory information on the paramount topic of antiquarian interest connected with the subject of his work.

Some other archæological inquiries, however, receive welcome elucidations from those volumes. We have spoken of the 'tells' of Syria, and of their supposed natural formation. The question of their possible sepulchral origin does not appear to have been mooted. On the plain of Babylonia, however, they are evidently artificial erections, and seem to form a link between the topes of Affghanistan and the Egyptian pyramid; and here on the map (No. 9.), on the side of the Tigris, below Bagdat, we observe a 'tell, 'with an earthen glazed coffin on the summit.' Remembering the practice of the Babylonians of burying their dead in conspicuous places, as over the city gates, and looking at the arrangement of the tomb of Cyrus, where the sepulchral chamber forms the vertex of the pyramid, we here seem to have a clue to the uses of some at least of these characteristic objects. Colonel Chesney's account and drawings of certain rock-cut tombs at Narsis, on the left bank of the Euphrates, about thirty miles south of Samosata, illustrate another question of much greater curiosity in reference to ancient sepulchral constructions. The doubts cast on the authenticity of the supposed Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem rest on topographical considerations too palpable to make any complete

restoration of its credit among men of learning at all probable. But many of the minor objections have been of late displaced. One of these, we recollect, was drawn from Asculf's declaration to Adamnan, that the ceiling of the grotto when he visited it, towards the end of the seventh century, was arched; whereas the tombs of the Jews were, it was alleged, flat-ceiled. Now here are rock-cut tombs of evidently high antiquity, the construction of which, while it removes that objection, illustrates in the most complete manner all the details of the Holy Sepulchre as we read of it in the Scripture narrative. A sloping descent leads down to the door-way. The aperture of the door-way is rather more than three feet high, and two feet six inches wide, with an arched top. The arch is neither Roman nor Gothie, but a parabolic curve. To look into the tomb through the open door-way, a person standing at the bottom of the descent must stoop. The door which closed this aperture did not turn on hinges; neither was it laid simply against the opening; but it was emphatically a door which should be 'rolled away.' It consists of a circular disk of stone, like a thin mill-stone, set on edge in a chamber cut behind the jamb of the door-way, as we sometimes see shutters drawn out from grooves in the thickness of the wall. The floor of the chamber formed a gently inclined plane, down which the disk of stone, when left free, would roll by its own gravity; and lodging in a corresponding groove in the opposite jamb, would completely seal the entrance to the tomb. To remove it from this position required the exercise of considerable force; and a hole near the edge appears to have served both for the purpose of fastening it by a chain, and of receiving a handle to aid in rolling it back. Within, the same parabolic curve appears in the vaulted ceiling and in the lateral alcoves containing the shelves on which the bodies were deposited. Colonel Chesney conjectures the city, among whose remains these interesting objects occur, to have been the Anthemusia of Strabo and Pliny.

In speculating on the probable construction of the Babylonian buildings, we may derive some assistance from a reference to the remains of Persepolis, of which Colonel D'Arcy has given a remarkably good perspective. From no other ichnography or drawing of these amazing constructions have we derived so satisfactory an impression of their general character and arrangement; and we desire to take this opportunity of expressing the obligation which the elegant pencils of this officer and of Colonel Estcourt have conferred upon the public in the various illustrations they have contributed. One cannot look at this representation of the great Persepolitan platform without being struck

with its analogy to the broad spreading mounds which mark the sites of the Babylonian and Ninevite palaces. The same idea of a vast graduated substruction appears to have pervaded the designs of them all; save that at Persepolis, the platform is broader in proportion to its height, and composed of stone instead of brick-work. If this analogy really exist, we might be prepared to infer that, on the one hand, the superstructure of the Babylonian mounds was some kind of pillared edifice similar to the Chil Minar; and that, on the other, galleries and chambers resembling those disclosed by the labours of Layard and Botta, will yet be discovered within the body of the Persepolitan platform. Should such a discovery at any time verify this conjecture, we might then conclude, without much rashness, that the sloping heaps of the Mujelibeh were once ascended by broad flights of steps, leading to groups of porticoes and colonades, which, during the temperate season, may have constituted the royal residence; while chambers cased with a thickness of many yards of solid brickwork, may have served beneath as 'serdaubs' or retreats from the vehement summers of Babylonia. Such subterranean chambers are still in use throughout this sun-burnt region; and that the heat is in no degree more intense than formerly, we may well believe from what Plutarch relates of the rich Babylonians of his day sleeping, for escape from the violence of the sun, in tubs and cisterns of water; and from the characteristic statement of Aristotle, that the people of Mesopotamia were accustomed to cook eggs by whirling them through the torrid air in a sling. But we must cease further speculation, and hasten to pronounce our final opinion on the labours of Colonel Chesney.

On the whole, then, if we have been disappointed in small matters by this work, we have also been gratified by it in great ones. It is a vast subject only too largely handled. A multiplicity of material has overlaid the matter immediately in question. But it is a disproportion caused by industry and conscientiousness in excess. A more astute writer would have left a multitude of collateral subjects to the care of the text-books; and a more mature writer would have brought out the minute features of his own peculiar subject with greater distinctness. But a literary reputation is not the object of the work—Colonel Chesney has had a higher ambition. As the conductor and illustrator of an expedition so important and so successful, he has merited the reputation, and ought to enjoy the honours, of an eminent pioneer of civilisation and a faithful and courageous promoter of the name and renown, as well as of the material interests, of his country.

- ART. VI. — 1. *Pericles : a Tale of Athens in the Eighty-third Olympiad.* By the Author of a Brief Sketch of Greek Philosophy. 2 vols. London: 1846.
2. *The Fawn of Sertorius.* 2 vols. London: 1846.
3. *The Fountain of Arethusa.* By ROBERT EYRÈS LANDOR, Author of *The Fawn of Sertorius*, &c. 2 vols. London: 1848.
4. *Amymone : a Romance of the Days of Pericles.* By the Author of *Azeth the Egyptian*. 3 vols. London: 1848.
5. *Antonina ; or, the Fall of Rome.* A Romance of the Fifth Century. By W. WILKIE COLLINS. 3 vols. London: 1850.

IN selecting classical romances as a subject for criticism, we shall hardly be suspected of an intention to conciliate those of our readers who are likewise readers of novels. Ranging as the books before us do over the last four or five years, they cannot be spoken of as the five most popular works of fiction which the period has produced. Even Mr. Collins's '*Antonina*,' though advanced to the dignity of a second edition, and, as we understand, already translated into German, has not had that marked success which would have rendered it an exception; and if it had, it would only have been better qualified for proving the rule. '*Amymone*,' indeed, is the only other work on the list which in its form and price has conformed exactly to the external conditions of a circulating library career. The author of '*Pericles*' in the very first sentence of his preface has taken pains to remove the possible impression that he has been attempting a novel; whilst the *Fawn of Sertorius* gives itself out to be the rearrangement of an old Roman narrative coeval with Sallust, — and is evidently constructed so as not intentionally to dispel the illusion. Mr. Robert Landor's second production is not even a tale; being rather a series of imaginary conversations, of much the same stamp as his brother's, but written with a connected purpose, and set in a fictitious framework. Still, though no more than two out of the five aspire to the full rank of a novel, they may all be classed together, as showing that a certain quantity of invention (which might have bestowed itself elsewhere), has been employed during the last quinquenniad in endeavours to reproduce in detail the spirit and habits of classical antiquity. The species of composition to which they belong, and the books themselves, will furnish sufficient materials for such consideration as we can afford to give them.

There can be no necessity for wasting many words to prove the utility and worth of historical fiction. We have said enough when we have said that it is essential as a complement to history. History alone would not suffice to bring out that which we must all feel we ought most to desire to know — the nature and power of a people's genius — what they thought, what they hated, and what they loved. Thucydides, by the introduction of speeches, a device in itself belonging as much to romance as to literal matter of fact, has dexterously contrived to give us more information about the Athenian character than could have been gained from the simple recital of their actions; but, if we had only him to trust to, we should know but little of that wonderful intellectual movement which was going on during the whole time of the Peloponnesian war. No mention is made of Socrates, because the two occasions on which he acted as a public man happened to fall after the date to which the history reaches; but even if it had included them, what an account would that have been of a life like his! Of the everyday manners and customs of the Athenians it teaches us even less. Yet this is a work, which the prophetic genius of the author most justly pronounced to be a possession for all time — a history which the world is probably more interested in preserving than any other record of any other period. The enlarged plan of modern historians has enabled them to take in much that we miss in Thucydides. The writings of the time, scientific treatises, tragedies, comedies, satires, memoirs, and correspondence, are put into requisition to tell us what philosophers and ordinary men were doing while such and such great events were in progress. This knowledge, however, is conveyed not in the body of the history, but in separate chapters, having no relation to it except that of mere juxtaposition, — resting-places where the reader may look about him while the train of historical circumstance is supposed to stop. Mr. Macaulay's celebrated chapter on the state of England is but a chapter after all. If it were taken away, the history, though deprived of a most valuable portion of its matter, would nevertheless be complete in its form. History still remains as imperfect as ever, though later writers have learnt to attach essays and disquisitions to it. It is hopeless to think of fusing biography with it, and presenting at one view life, public and private, political and social. Memory has delivered to us the facts separately, not in connexion; yet we feel that the connexion would give them not an added but a multiplied value. Thus after the historian has done his utmost, much is yet left to be done; and there is no faculty to do it but the imagination. Every intelligent reader

will do it for himself according to his measure ; linking the great thoughts into the same scheme with the great deeds, and realising both alike as developed under certain social conditions, by men wearing a certain dress, partaking of certain meals, assembling at certain meetings for business or pleasure. But few will have insight enough to apprehend this very keenly, and fewer still fertility to construct it in its details, or retentiveness to keep it together when constructed : and so they are glad to have the work done for them, and reserve the more desultory energies of their own intelligence for purposes of criticism. How it is done depends of course on the knowledge and power of the doer. It is easy to prophesy that where so much is left to presumption, even the most instructed will occasionally go wrong, and fill up the historical outline—which, however much he borrows from actual events, must always be scanty—with things which could never have taken place. But in proportion to its success the work will be not only more attractive but more completely true than history itself. The advance which historical inquiry has made and is making since Scott began to write, may possibly discredit the *Waverley* novels in this or that particular ; but if ever they are superseded, as pictures of the times which they represent, it will be by a series of fictions of similar compass, not by Thierry or Kemble.

If our remarks have hitherto been somewhat general, the illustrations which we have used must have rendered them particular. Those who, after filling up blanks in *Thucydides* by the present help of Mr. Grote, and in *Tacitus* by the anticipation of Mr. Merivale, are still conscious of a void, ought to welcome any imaginative writer who professes to supply it. Classical fiction only makes that promise for ancient history, the performance of which in the case of modern history was received with such delight thirty years ago. Stories founded on classical mythology of course stand on a totally different ground. They have no more to do with the history of Greece or Rome than Southey's *Thalaba* and *Kehama* with that of Arabia or India. Their interest rests on the interest of the ideas embodied in the ancient belief. So far as those ideas have influenced history, their faithful expression will have an historical importance. But it is something more than the significance of a particular superstition which would make us long for a more complete description of the Athenian panic after the mutilation of the *Hermæ* in a Grecian *Peveril of the Peak*.

It cannot be wondered at that the classical writers should have left the accomplishment of the task to us. The full development of prose fiction is a phenomenon belonging almost exclusively to modern times,—we had nearly said to the present

century. The 'Golden Ass' of Apuleius was apparently in no great favour with antiquity. Macrobius, at least, would relegate to the nursery Apuleius 'et hoc totum fabularum genus.' When we speak of Plutarch's 'Lives' as romances, we intend not a compliment but a satire. The natural antithesis to history was then supposed to be poetry. Even poetry, however, rarely ventured to deal with a strictly historical subject. Epic poems were grounded on their mythology, so that critics talked about supernatural machinery as a necessary ingredient in such composition. Tragedy, after one or two attempts to emancipate itself, had to retire back upon the houses of Pelops and Laius. Comedy, so long as it dealt with contemporary history, was merely a satiric farce; nor was it until it surrendered its historical pretensions, and confined itself to imaginary personages, that it began to sketch men and manners, and hold up to the times its own mirror. Indeed, an historical fiction on a contemporary subject is a thing essentially hazardous and impracticable. The illusion, which it is the writer's chief interest to preserve, is at once dispelled by the introduction of persons who are known and can be referred to, or whose immediate representatives, at any rate, might disprove the story; and it is succeeded by Horace's feeling of incredulous disgust. When Mr. D'Israeli, in 'Sybil,' makes his hero consult Lord John Russell on a critical occasion, we smile at the awkwardness into which his subject has led him. If the subject of the book had been less than a Chartist rebellion, we might have passed over the interview as an unimportant circumstance; as it is, we think of Malesherbes' quiet remark to the poet who feigned some convulsion of nature to have taken place in honour of a royal progress,—'Though this happened in my time, yet I do not recollect it.' The laws of art are at least as stringent against such misrepresentations of living characters as the laws of libel; and the Greeks, who did not always stand in fear of the latter, were sure to be amenable to the former. Thus virtually cut off from the imaginative treatment of contemporary history, they were deprived, in a great measure, of every opportunity of cultivating historical fiction. While the inventive powers of their literature were yet unexhausted, they could not have gone very far back in their history without trenching on the 'divine foretime;' and their genius and their means of information would equally have prevented them from choosing an independent story out of the annals of another country. Xenophon's want of national spirit, as well as the comparatively late period at which he wrote, must account for his selection of the *Cyropædia*. The Romans, it is true, had all Grecian history before them; but they apparently did not like to touch what their masters had not

attempted. At any rate, we do not find that their imaginative writers made any effort to revive the glories of the nation to which they owed so much; while they scarcely seem to have thought of approaching their own, except once or twice through an epic medium. Whatever may have been the cause, the fact is clear, that if we wish for any such supplemental history of ancient times, we must go to modern writers. The counsels of the conspirators the night before the death of Cæsar are known to us only through Shakspeare. No earlier authorities than Mr. Savage Landor and Miss Lynn volunteer to tell us what Pericles said to Aspasia.

Unfortunately, however, the proved legitimacy of a branch of writing does not necessarily insure its popularity. Classical fiction may be deserving of as much currency as the romance of history, but it has not attained it. As we have seen from our present list, its cultivators hardly think it wise to court a very extended circulation. No doubt this is mainly owing to the little interest felt by the reading public, omnivorous as it is, in classical antiquity. The classics are studied at school and college, and, except occasionally when a quotation is thought desirable, tabooed for the rest of life. Byron's hatred of Horace was of a piece with the feeling which Pope had celebrated long before—the hostility of no small portion of his countrymen to every thing they had learned at school. Modern history is looked upon with more favour; rather on account, we fear, of the absence of scholastic associations, than because it is more generally understood, or felt to be more intimately connected with the life which we see around us. If recent improvements in education should succeed in bringing it into the regular routine of academical training, it may be in some danger of falling into like disrepute, and so ceasing to be useful as a foundation for the drama or the novel. We are inclined to think, too, that scholars themselves do something towards keeping up this feeling. Whether from pride or from vanity, from tenaciousness of their own pursuits or from deference to the prejudices of the unlearned, they are not generally indisposed to concur in regarding any attempt to mix up ancient learning with modern light reading as pedantic and unseasonable. A professed scholar, who has gained any fame by his labours, is about the last person from whom we should expect a classical story, unless it were for some purely didactic object, like Becker's 'Charicles' and 'Gallus.' It should be recollected, too, that the practical evidence which is most convincing to an English mind, the *solvitur ambulando*, is here rather deficient. There are no great masterpieces of classical fiction to which an admirer can point in justification of his enthusiasm. Scott, after having

ranged through the middle ages, stopped short at the Greek empire; and the novel in which he portrayed the effete senility of the Byzantine court bears too evident marks of his own decay. Mr. Lockhart's 'Valerius,' we suppose, is not meant to be understood as having been produced under his inspiration, though it has touches which would not discredit such a source. 'The Last Days of Pompeii' attracts the sympathies of the man of taste, rather than addresses him as 'a prophecy of the past' from the depths of history. No one has favoured us with such a representation of an ancient Greek as 'Anastasius' gives of his modern counterpart. If those whose works we have now to notice cannot complain of the ground as being preoccupied, they have the disadvantage, on the other hand, of having no bright example to cheer them, no acknowledged model to strive after.

This very circumstance would seem to make them more deserving objects of critical attention than they might have been, had their department been one where the standards of excellence are less equivocal, and the conditions of success better ascertained. Whatever may be the intrinsic worth of the popular judgment, no one will refuse it at least a concurrent jurisdiction over works which have for their main object the gratification of the popular taste; though it may be no less true that the popular taste is all the better for cultivation and direction. To contradict it flatly would be to imitate the tailor in the play, arguing against Lord Foppington's natural perception of the fitness of things: to ratify all its conclusions is to convert the upper house of literary legislation into a chamber for registering democratical edicts. But a subject like the present may be safely looked upon as a critic's *peculium*. The sphere of his authority is narrow perhaps, but it is at any rate tolerably independent. It would be affectation to deny that classical romance must conform to the fundamental rules which regulate all other fiction: it must be equally vain to pretend that it has not special necessities of its own, which require special treatment from the writer and special consideration from the reader.

Every one knows that in historical romance-writing the great, perhaps the only special difficulty, is to preserve a proper medium between the old and the new—between a literalising adherence to the past, and a modernising disposition to confound it with the present. This difficulty, formidable at all times, is peculiarly felt when the subject chosen is from ancient history. On the one hand, the difference of thought and feeling, in the times before and after the fall of the Roman Empire, is so striking and unmistakable, that a writer, especially if he is a

competent scholar, is in danger of forgetting the essential unity in the apparent contrast, and exciting wonder and curiosity at the expense of sympathy. If he has genius of his own, he may produce something like a tale of mythology, where the persons and actions, though utterly foreign to experience, may still be interesting: if not, his work can only be a sort of incarnation of the Dictionary of Antiquities, in which the clothes will be much more genuine, as well as more conspicuous, than the men who fill them. On the other hand, the similarities between ancient and modern history are at least as deceptive as their discrepancies. The two civilisations, of Paganism and of Christianity, stand out in broad opposition to each other: but it is no less evident that they are the only two phases of society which admit of being so compared. Ancient civilisation, indeed, has been somewhat irregular in its development, visiting different parts of the heathen world at different times; so that parallels may be made between its several periods: but the civilisation of modern Europe has been much more uniform, in proportion to the greater uniformity of its causes; and in comparing its various manifestations, we think not so much of different ages, as of different nations, contemplated at the same moment. Thus, if a novelist, professing to represent the sixteenth century, introduces the features of any other, it merely proves, so far as it goes, his want of historical discrimination. But when a period of ancient history is selected by a modern writer, the very possession of a certain degree of historical power is likely to lead him wrong. He sees the truth of Arnold's remark, that there is a modern history in ancient times, and does not take into account how much the antiquity of the time must have balanced the modernness of the history. Accordingly he writes a story, of which the names and facts are ancient, but the whole substance and life belong to his own century. We are mistaken if this is not the extreme which, of the two, requires to be more carefully guarded against in the present day. Formerly the dilemma naturally lay between the scholar, who was absorbed in the study of past ages, and the general *littérateur*, who could form no conception of any age but that in which he was himself born and bred. Now, however, no one is more eager than the professed historian to assert the essential identity of the times he is actually living in with those he has dwelt with in thought. We realise the party struggles of Greece and Rome as keenly as if they were now going on about us, and are guided in our view of their merits by our opinions on home politics. Consequently the novelist is free to indulge his natural bent without rebuke, and sketch his Athenians and Romans as if they were persons

of exactly the same stamp as those whom he meets with daily in society. It is only now and then, when we have been bewildered by some book like those in which Professor Becker has tried to combine the tale with the archæological treatise, and of course spoiled both, that we need to go out into the streets in order to assure ourselves that we are in a land of ordinary mortals. The books before us, at any rate, err in the direction of modernism rather than in that of antiquarianism. If the characters are occasionally stiff and unlikelike, it is for the same reason which would have made them stiff and unlikelike in a story of 1850. As we are not writing a general treatise, but simply commenting on certain faults of practice, it may be well to confine our observations to the more pressing evil.

More than twenty years ago, Mr. Macaulay, with his usual felicity of language, pointed out in this Review* the mistake of attempting to embody in a fiction the result of an imperfect critical analysis. He spoke merely of character-drawing: but the remark is susceptible of wider application. A whole nation and its history, all or part, may be the subject of a similar error. It is possible to make not only a character but an entire narrative or fable 'a personified epigram,' by 'following those pointed descriptions in which satirists and historians so much indulge.' And not only satirists and historians. For instance, the life of Athens has been called one glorious boyhood; and the descriptive epigram, unless objected to on other grounds, may very well pass, since it happens to express a really prominent feature, and that in terms sufficiently concise and picturesque to attract the attention and occupy the memory. Upon this hint, however, a novelist will, perhaps, arise and speak, investing his characters with such properties as a moderately logical imagination may be able to deduce from the knowledge of their essence, so communicated: forgetting all the time that Nature is not bound to conform exactly, though she may approximate, to the proposition of a rhetorical writer, still less to the inferences drawn from it by an artist of not absolutely transcendent genius. It is another form of the scholastic attempt to substitute logic for the interrogation of Nature, only repeated in this case by men of inferior mental power. Such a temptation is likely to prove peculiarly seductive where the propositions which the critic offers to the creative spirit, are based on the doctrine of historical analogy, before mentioned. As we saw in our last number, this doctrine has asserted its right to determine the theory of translation. The process is the same as we have just described:

* Edinburgh Review, vol. liti. p. 566.

criticism declares epigrammatically that the Scotch are the modern Dorians, and the translator (Mr. Walsh in his *Aristophanes*, for instance,) renders the Megarian calling out his pigs for sale and the clouds pouring out their dithyrambic rhapsodies into the language of Burns, in its gaiety and in its gravity. Here the effect will probably not be felt as discordant or unpleasant; the coincidence, whether exact or not, is acknowledged to be a happy one; and, if the writer has only tolerable skill, it will not fail in the execution. For the mere form of a translation, the character of the diction, is not usually so much studied, at least in England, as to make it easy to detect any latent discrepancy which the adoption of a style only partially similar to that of the original may have introduced. Again, to turn from translation to the experiment, so happily conceived and exemplified in the *Lays of Ancient Rome*. On Mr. Macaulay's success in preserving a thorough nationality in both the materials and the spirit of the successive legends he has reproduced, we have never heard two opinions. But language has difficulties of its own. If it often fails in saying all we want it to say, it sometimes fails from its saying something more,—from its striking upon a chord we did not mean to touch. A word or cadence, which should call up associations foreign to the subject of a poem, would so far interfere with its effect. Mr. Macaulay observes, in his preface, on the obvious impropriety of mimicking the manner of any particular age or country: and was so little conscious of the possible existence of any resemblance of style, such as could suggest a suspicion of imitation, or disturb the poetical illusion of a single passage, that he mentions, in the same sentence, his having ‘borrowed something from our own ‘old ballads, and more from Sir Walter Scott, the great restorer ‘of our ballad poetry.’ However slight may be what has been so borrowed, yet any reader, who is unfortunate enough to be called away by it, though for a moment, from the Minstrel and the Forum, will regret its presence. But in the construction of a romance or classical drama there is far greater peril than that of a tone or manner associated with more recent times. An author who has discovered that the age of which Thucydides wrote had some of its most distinctive features in common with our own, will be in perpetual danger of running his parallels aground; and will pay dearly for his good fortune if it leads him to copy the nineteenth century too minutely, and in making his characters half Athenians, half modern Europeans, to lose sight of the real humanity which might have been attained by a proper observation of either.

The authoress of ‘*Amymone*,’ Miss Lynn, is in this respect the greatest offender on our list. Her minute inaccuracies, such

as her mention of the statue of Anthemocritus* (the herald whose death was imputed to the Megarians), as erected before Pericles' expedition to Samos, her representation of Nicias and Alcibiades as schoolboys together, and her singular orthography of Greek names,—an unlearned mixture of the old forms with Mr. Grote's new spelling,—are presumptive evidence that she has only a superficial acquaintance with the subject; but the entire manner in which she characterises the period tells much more strongly against her. It would seem that she has acquired, perhaps not from the best sources, a notion of Pericles and his times, servicable for rhetorical purposes, but not very distinct or comprehensive; and perceiving vaguely its relevancy to certain matters in which she is herself interested, has sat down to draw, under its name, and with the addition of as many of its peculiar catchwords as she has been able to pick up, a picture of modern society. Indeed, she avows as much in her preface. After expressing her 'fervent hope that the love of classic life may stand in the place of deeper knowledge, and earnestness hold good if skill have failed,' she goes on to declare that 'she has but clothed in Grecian form the spirit of modern England, speaking, under local names, of questions which interest universal man.' We believe ourselves that the analogy between Athenian civilisation and our own is something more than fanciful, even in many of its details; we are convinced that a vivid interest in the subjects of the present day will help the student to appreciate points of Athenian thought and practice which have perplexed really learned men; but we must refuse to let 'love stand in the place of deeper knowledge,' wherever love should prove mistaken, not only, with its customary blindness, in the merits, but in the actual character of the object loved, and when deeper knowledge may appear to include all information which lies below the surface. Where the general spirit of a work is the thing complained of, it is not always easy to give specimens; the following, however, may serve as an instance of what we mean. It is part of an account of a *conversazione* at the house of Pericles. We pass over a slight impediment at the threshold, where we are told in an eloquent sentence that 'thus and there were gathered together the men, whose words go forth in the *Antigone*, *Alcestis*, and *Eumenides*,' (*Æschylus*

* The author of 'Pericles' in a note (vol. i. pp. 312 et seq.) gives reasons for supposing that the death of Anthemocritus took place soon after Pericles' return from Eubœa: but this is an opinion of his own, and as Miss Lynn cannot be assumed to have adopted it, she cannot well be cleared of an anachronism.

having been sixteen years dead, and being evidently not intended here,) and begin with the welcome of the guests:—

“ I greet ye all, my best ones !” said Pericles, coming forward. “ My Euripides, tell me how thou hast left thy gentle Chœrilla and thy young Euripides ; a dearer blessing than even thy triumph of last year ! Aspasia, I would wager my best picture by old Polygnotos that Chœrilla discovers almost as many evidences of future greatness, as didst thou when our young Pericles first called thee mother !”

“ Women are to us what the sweet waters of Callirrhœ are to Athens,” said Euripides. “ Without the nine springs which Peisistratos found, she would languish for drought ; without their virtues we should die for lack of refreshment.”

“ Our poet is warm,” cried the sweet and gentle voice of Sophocles. “ Why, man, all Athens named thee woman-hater, and canst thou speak so ardently ?”

“ I do not love brackish water,” returned Euripides drily, turning on his heel.

“ Pheidias, hast thou seen our friend Pyrilampes of late ?” asked Pericles, anxious to avert the war of words which usually took place when Sophocles and Euripides met ; not because they were rivals in the Goat-song, but rather because of their different natures. . . .

“ Nay, I have not seen him ; but I would thou couldst visit my work-shop before thine embarkation, for I have some plans for thee to look at.”

“ What ! a new building for the violet-crowned city !” cried Pericles, turning with a flash in his eyes, which told, through all his measured manner, how deeply the fame of Athens touched him. “ Thou art the master of Athenian art,” he added ; “ I can only find the workman and the gold. At least not I,” he said, checking himself, “ but the people, on my showing. Hush ! we will talk of this more fully on my return. My noble Panainos, hast thou been sacrificing to the gods lately ? For talents are thy offering, their exercise the sacrifice, and their aim heaven’s temple set up in man !”

“ A holier temple than that purified and consecrated by the priest,” whispered Aspasia to herself.

“ True, child,” said old Anaxagoras ; “ for the heart of man is his only interpreter of the Gods. Ye find it not in books, in temples, or in idols. In the laws of nature intelligence is proclaimed ; but what of love and humanization ? Nothing ! nothing !”

“ Thucydides, I have passed thee over as yet in silence,” said Pericles, taking the historian’s hand ; “ but not from neglect, as thou knowest ! Yet I am not one to throw aside the friend for the stranger. . . . But why art thou here, and Cratippos not with thee ? Is he working for thee in thine absence ? for that is the tale of your unselfish loves.”

“ In all likelihood ; our thoughts are seldom apart,” replied Thucydides, modestly. “ And so thou observest the intellectual rather than the moral virtues ? thou regardest affection before hospitality ?” he added, anxious to hear the opinions of the greatest man of his day.

“ Aye, as far as I hold civilisation above barbarism ! The most

cherished virtues of an age are those whose antagonistic vices are the strongest. In rude times, when the law of might was the only rule, men, as beasts, took all that they might gain by power; the reaction produced the virtue of hospitality. The heroic veneration of age trod on the footstep of the barbarian's deification of strength and vigour; and now, when a refined civilisation has checked the natural impulses, it is well to cling fast to the affections, lest a false and dazzling refinement banish these too, as over rude and rough. I am sure that Meton and Euctemon agree with me!" he continued, turning to the two friends who stood together rather in the background, smiling to them as he thus sought to lead them into conversation.

' "There is truth in that;" said Sophocles, coming between the historian and the statesman.

' When he heard his voice Euripides arose. "I contend with ye both," he said hastily; "for intellect is higher than the affections."

' "Art thou Chærilla's husband, and sayst thou so?" cried Sophocles, half gaily, half reproachfully.

' "Aye, even so. It is a higher, a more refined, a more spiritual life, this of intellect; and to exalt the animal instincts over all that makes man divine is to esteem the brute nature superior to the god-like."

' "Nay, nay, not so! I spoke not of passions, of coarse and strong propensities; but of that moral life to which the affections belong."

' "Pshaw! art thou vapouring? In what, save passions, do thy loves begin? in what end? Thou a poet, and canst not read this spell-word of humanity? Disguise it as ye will, it is ever the same: passion, affection, use what high-sounding phrase delights ye: there is at least one who knows its meaning."

' "Euripides! Euripides! The sun forms the rainbow from out the cloud: and the light of heaven in man's soul produces affection out of passion:" cried Sophocles gravely, and then he turned away.'

Perhaps this extract will not strike our readers as it has struck us, garnished as it is with a tolerable abundance of classical phrases,—'my best ones,' 'the sweet waters of Callirhoe,' 'the nine springs,' 'the violet-crowned city,' &c. &c.; but we confess that it appears to us nothing more than an indifferent sketch of a modern assembly, where the master of the house is assiduous in paying attention to the more distinguished lions. The very crowding of the figures has a modern air, not to mention that Thucydides in particular is not likely to have been treated by Pericles as an intimate friend. It is very little to say that neither the great statesman himself nor the two 'rivals in the Goat-song' (an undoubted piece of sham antiquarianism) quite sustain their reputations. This Miss Lynn might well be unable to accomplish; but they hardly talk in any way like themselves, or even like Greeks. Some attempt is made to discriminate Sophocles and Euripides, but it does not go far; and those who will turn to the next few pages

(vol. i. pp. 82—85.) will see that the direct criticism upon them is not much better than their display of themselves. We will not run the risk of tediousness by showing that the philosophical discussion is neither very natural in itself nor very characteristically expressed, easy as it would be to any one acquainted with the progressive character of Greek speculation, as well in its subjects as in its terminology. To do so would be to break a butterfly on the wheel; for, it is evident that the fair authoress has not thought of the intervals between Anaxagoras and Plato, Plato and Aristotle, or Aristotle and Rousseau; and, that if she has laudably abstained from introducing us to all the precision of German philosophy, it is only because she does not employ it herself, preferring disquisition of the more rhapsodical and sentimental kind. The eloquence which she puts into the mouths of all her favourite characters is the same as that which comes, not ungracefully, from her own when she speaks as narrator; and the substitution of classical for modern accompaniments destroys the only chance which it ever had of becoming something living and genuine.

It is not uncommon to excuse such deviations from historical propriety by saying that, if the mere accidents have been neglected, the essential humanity has been only more fully realised: and those who quarrel with the neglect are stigmatised as pedants having no eyes except for the external. We think, however, that it will be found, in most cases where the plea is set up, that the humanity for which the sacrifice has been made is equally external with that which has been disregarded, and much more commonplace and conventional; being, in fact, only the outer life of existing society. We are met, of course, by the triumphant answer that Shakspeare wrote Roman plays with a very slender knowledge of the classics. It would be sufficient to reply that we are speaking of cases where ignorance of antiquity is not counterbalanced by any very exuberant or profound knowledge of human nature. Possibly posterity may have to deal with another myriad-minded dramatist whose poverty is better than other men's riches: but it must not be rashly presumed that he is likely to appear at all; or, if at all, with the same deficiency of learning which was not unnatural three hundred years back. Meanwhile, it is a perverse and pernicious paradox to maintain that Shakspeare's consummate genius was in any way connected with his 'little Latin and less Greek,' or that he might not have portrayed the Romans yet more successfully if he had known more about them. Believing this, we are not presuming, as the same absurd reasoning would have it, to set up ourselves against him. We do not say that any other man in his age or in our own, however great his command of

learning, could possibly mend those plays by touching them: but we say that Shakspeare himself, with increased knowledge, might have made them yet more perfect. It is easy to oppose inspiration to scholastic culture; to coin antitheses between nature and art; and to say that Shakspeare's Romans are more ideally true than Niebuhr's. There is some truth in all this; but it is not to the purpose. A poet like Burns may have really known more of classical life than a critic like Blair; nay, it may be, that if Keats or Tennyson had been a senior medallist at Cambridge, they would not have produced any thing not only so beautiful but so purely Greek as *Endymion* or *Ænone*. In what we were just saying, we were thinking of the very highest minds. And, when we recollect how gracefully Milton could walk under the weight of his immense learning, we need not fear that the Atlantean shoulders of Shakspeare would have been oppressed by a similar load. The knowledge of antiquity may operate on the recipient so as to produce mere bookishness and intellectual sophistication; but in itself it is a real and legitimate part of all knowledge, a portion of that truth with which poets are conversant, a lesson set in other schools than those where man is teacher. We know not what were Shakspeare's feelings with respect to his own deficiencies; but we cannot believe that the same modesty which besought his friend to chide with Fortune, 'the guilty goddess of his harmful deeds,' would have shrunk from confessing want of knowledge as an evil to be lamented, at the same time that it was imputed to want of opportunity. If he was self-centred, it was in his strength, not in his weakness. His eulogists may show the greatness of their faith in him by doubting whether he could have assimilated the learning which obstructs Ben Jonson's *Catiline* and *Sejanus*; but we have no proof that he thought so meanly either of himself or of that which he happened not to possess. On the contrary, it may be argued from the diligent use which he has made of such information as he had, that he would gladly have taken advantage of more. Arnold, in his *Roman History*, has noted the poet's perception of historical truth in a matter where it might well have been overlooked; and future critics may perhaps spend their time more profitably in discovering other indications of a like vigilant industry than in labouring to prove that the absence of so servile a virtue has been conducive to his preeminence as a creative artist.

The author of 'Pericles' is not gifted with Miss Lynn's power of rhetorical description, nor with her ardent and overflowing enthusiasm: but his soberness has allowed him to collect more information and to draw with greater accuracy. Some lapses in scholarship and history might be expected by the

readers of his earlier work, the 'Brief Sketch of Greek Philosophy;' in which, quoting the words of Æschylus, *Μοῖραι τρὶς μορφοί*, he says, that 'the masculine adjective attached to the 'feminine substantive shows that the poet had not the three old 'spinning women in his mind;' and further on, speaks of 'Cleisthenes and his Spartan allies' as opposed and defeated by the Athenians, who 'could not brook a single ruler.' On the present occasion, however, where something beyond an outline is attempted, the special study which he must have given to the writers belonging to the period has stood him in better stead; and though there is nothing remarkable about his learning, we do not recollect any positive errors either in the text or in the rather copious notes at the end of his volumes. Though his date is somewhat earlier than that fixed on by Miss Lynn, he relates several of the same events, such as the prosecution of Phidias, Anaxagoras, and Aspasia, and the death of the former in prison; and that in a tone which accords better with what we can fancy to have taken place. The Socrates of 'Amymone,' eloquent as he often is, has scarcely one of the characteristic features to which Plato and Xenophon have accustomed us; the Socrates of 'Pericles' indulges with tolerable frequency in irony and cross-examination. Still, even about him there is something stunted and modern; while Anaxagoras and Aspasia, to whose prelections we are admitted, discourse like any modern lecturer on things scientific and philosophical. The book has much in it which is creditable to the author's knowledge and ability, possessing to a certain extent the liveliness of a regular fiction, though built, as he professes, mainly on historical facts; but it will not content those who, after drinking deep at all the original sources, desire to have their imagination yet further satisfied by a more detailed picture of that glorious age, at once truly living and truly antiquarian.

One point in which the modernising spirit is unusually liable to produce serious misconception, is the moral condition of ancient times. Both 'Pericles' and 'Amymone' are intended to contribute to the glorification of Pericles and Aspasia; and accordingly they vie with each other in claiming for the illustrious pair the most unsullied purity of life in our sense of the term. This seems to us to arise from a total misunderstanding, wilful or otherwise, of the customs and opinions of Athenian society. Of course we must not take our notions of Aspasia from her detractors, as if she had been, in Miss Lynn's language, 'notable 'only for her beauty and her luxuriousness,' the purveyor to a *parc-aux-cerfs* in which Pericles enacted the part of the Regent. Viewed according to the morality of the day, they may have been blameless, more blameless than the mass of their contem-

poraries: but we must not suppose them to have been restrained by all the sanctions which the code of modern practice owes to Christianity. In defending them, all that we have to do is to ignore such charges as the enlightened conscience of their time would have felt to be criminal imputations. Socrates we may believe to have been really pure in heart and life, in spite of the strange company into which his genial humanity sometimes led him: but he lived under a moral rule which was confessedly peculiar, and to which even Plato does not appear to have surrendered himself. The misrepresentation is of some consequence, not only as effacing an historical characteristic, but as hiding the glory no less than the shame of the Athenian character. It is no light proof of the mental greatness of a nation that it should have exhibited so much sensuality even among its best natures, and yet remained so noble. Roman civilisation attempted to run a similar course and failed, sinking at once to a level which contains no place for sympathy or toleration. Time accordingly has made a difference in its awards: we can think of Athens without remembering its worst vices, but the moral degradation of imperial Rome is never forgotten. If we miss in Thucydides, who was not blind to the other faults of his countrymen, an account of their social state, the omission may serve to remind us that there was no such conscious demoralisation as that which is forced upon our notice in every page of Tacitus. Mr. Collins, choosing a subject from those dark days in depicting which Gibbon has earned his fame, has been led not more by his own truthfulness of observation than by the imperative demands of facts, to touch on some of the deeper stains of national pollution. Our authors seem quite aware that Athenian life had its shades: Cleon, who is drawn in all the breadth of the vulgar conception of his character, appears as the brutal villain of 'Amymone,' the more harmless debauchee of 'Pericles:': but such personages are no more than modern society can show, while the halo which is cast round the men and women of finer clay serves to produce not so much a more striking as a less genuine contrast. As it happens, the superficiality of the writer in this case is fortunately balanced by that of the ordinary reader, who might have some difficulty in appreciating the excellence of the Athenian worthies, if he were informed of all concerning them: but even if such a condescension to popular ignorance had been intended, it must be reckoned a poor set-off against the perpetuation of error, and the neglect of the instruction which was to have been derived from a faithful exhibition of the truth.

'Antonina' contains more of the requisites for general and

respectable popularity than either of the works which we have noticed, perhaps than any classical romance of recent date. Its descriptive style is as eloquent, though not so uniformly impassioned, as that of 'Amymone,' while in historical truthfulness it is at least equal to 'Pericles.' In literary skill and adroitness of management, it must be admitted to be superior to them both. Mr. Collins has shown his judgment not only in overcoming but in declining some of the difficulties encountered by his predecessors. The period which he has chosen is more tractable in itself; as the external forms of society in the Christianised empire happen to be at once more like our own and more patient of a somewhat vague rhetorical handling than the sharp and pronounced characteristics of Athens in its prime. The 'principles' too on which he has written show equal discretion, having induced him to represent not actual but imaginary characters, — in other words, not the leading men, but the general society of the day, and thus to avoid an unfavourable comparison both with historic greatness and historic fact. The result is a pleasing amplification of Gibbon, preserving the outline of his narrative as a background, and developing the hints furnished by his more general views into a plot and a cast of characters good in themselves and sufficiently suitable to the time. The obvious points, chiefly of contrast, are judiciously seized and effectively presented; the conflict between the old and the new being exhibited in the person of the invaders and the invaded, and also within the walls in the opposition between Christianity and a still reluctant Paganism. These broader features are yet further diversified in detail: we have a Gothic matron, implacable in her revenge against the murderers of her kindred, and her brother, a young chief, forgetting his duties as a warrior in his passion for a daughter of the enemy: we have a pure-minded Roman girl, and a voluptuous senator; an ascetic father, ill suited to educate a nature full of susceptibility and enthusiasm for Art; and, as further foils to him, a self-seeking and corrupt priesthood of his own faith, and a pretended convert. The pretended convert turns out to be a savagely sincere pagan, — who again is himself confronted with the indifference of a dilettante favourer of the old belief and with the relentless reality of Gothic contempt. But it is of course impossible in a single sentence to express with decent perspicuity the complication of the story, or even to enumerate the impressive situations and the strokes of tragic irony which such materials, in the hands of a skilful workman, might be expected to produce. A tolerable specimen of the writing may be seen in the subjoined sketch, which accompanies the first introduction of the senatorial Epicurean already referred to.

At most periods of the world, modern or ancient, the historical student will perceive the existence of a certain class of men, one great object of whose creation appears to have been to supply posterity with the most striking and complete examples of the influence of the age on the individual. Of such an order was the senator Vetricio. Under the flimsy superstructure of this man's laborious trifling and elaborate profligacy lay concealed a powerful and profound intellect, the legitimate cravings of which, unanswered in those degenerate times, were either destroyed by privation, or deceived into a relish for the intellectual garbage of the age. Rather reflective than active, rather imitative than creative, too pliable for resistance, and too social for solitude, his was not the understanding which out of itself can supply its own wants,—which asks from the world without neither inspiration nor sympathy, and which glories in the loneliness inherited by its own ungenial aspirations, or created by its own unwelcome achievements. Like an inland sea, his mind lay calm in itself, among those external influences that alone could rouse it to action, or lash it into grandeur. But the storm of mighty actions or great examples, at that worthless period, never impelled it to cast up its hidden treasures to the day, never agitated it to its inmost depths. Over its indolent surface there passed but the little breeze of luxury, or there rose but the puny wavelet of accomplishments. And thus, intellectually crippled beneath the degenerate influences of his age, this man, who in other times might have led the destinies of an empire, found in his own no brighter distinction than the rule over jesters, and no nobler ambition than the supremacy among cooks.'

It would have been fairer to Mr. Collins, perhaps, to have quoted one of his more striking scenes, such as the 'Banquet of Famine,' in the third volume, rather than a passage which, especially if taken alone, may be set down as a somewhat overdone piece of rhetoric, savouring in one or two expressions of the taste of the age which it portrays; but our space will not permit us to transcribe episodes extending page after page, and there is enough in what we have extracted to show that the author has a certain power both of conception and of expression. We should add, too, that Mr. Collins not only tells us about his characters, but makes them exhibit themselves in action as much as in language. None of the others, perhaps, are so well imagined or executed as Vetricio. Antonina and Goisvintha, —the heroine and her would-be murderess— are good as far as they go, but rather common. Numerian and Ulpian, the Christian and Heathen zealots, are in a higher style, but the artist's success is not equal here to his ambition, and he has not penetrated beyond their more obvious traits; while Hermanric, the Gothic lover, displays a dreamy sentimentalism, ill accounted for by the 'Roman fervour,' with which his passion is said to inspire him. Altogether the romance is one which shows literary craft rather

than genuine mastery over either history or human nature : and the artifices by which the style is diversified are too conventional. An author has not thrown himself into his subject with the necessary abandonment, when he can make apologies to his readers, and assure them that he does not mean to fatigue them. Miss Lynn's sustained enthusiasm is more wearisome, but it proves her to be in a kind of earnest. It may be said, however, and with some justice, that the levity against which we are taking exception is not out of place in a book meant to be read and laid down again. Mr. Collins, in the preface to his second edition, evidently seems to recollect that a more serious tone might be more decorous in a successful author who has a glimpse of permanent fame. The earlier calculation is, however, we suspect, the truer of the two. To be really valuable, an historical fiction must not leave our conceptions of a period exactly where the last great historian placed them. 'Antonina' has earned for itself popularity in England, and possibly an introduction into Germany ; but we should hesitate in adjudging it a more decided apotheosis.

Less adapted to make an impression on the ordinary reader, Mr. Robert Landor's fictions are of a much higher order than the rest of those which have suggested to us our present subject. Like his brother, he does not care to fall in with the humours of his time, though he has not made any open profession of his disregard. Southey, the admired and admirer of both, has declared, that there is, perhaps, no other instance of so strongly marked an intellectual family likeness. Mr. Robert Landor modestly disclaims the compliment which this implies, saying, that 'the Laureat must have meant only such a resemblance as often exists between great things and little.' There is so far truth as well as humility in the disclaimer, that Mr. Robert Landor does not show that rough and untamed vigour, that strong but warped individuality, for which his brother's writings are so remarkable. We are speaking without any knowledge of his early life and fortunes, when we venture to assume that he must throughout have lived in greater charity with his generation. His intellectual habits may have been the same, but he has evidently followed them in much less of an antagonistic spirit ; not flying in anger to the wilderness, but retiring quietly into congenial seclusion. His real sphere must have been not Italy, but his own Worcestershire parish. However this may be, there is certainly enough resemblance to make it probable that the works of the less known brother should be attributed to the better known, as seems to have been the case with 'The Fawn of Sertorius.' Both seem to have studied the classics devotedly, and with the same object, — not as critical scholars or learners merely, but as imitators,

though one is far more disposed to ambitious rivalry than the other. Both have been rewarded by being allowed to catch, not exactly the classical style, but the classical habit of composition, which differs mainly from the modern in paying much more attention to form, and much less to colour. At first sight it might appear that they do not sympathise with the same features of ancient life and character; as Mr. Robert Landor has on each occasion chosen a Roman subject, while his brother's predilections appear to have directed him principally to the art and civilisation of Greece. We are not so sure of this: for while we can have no apology to make to the 'Hellenics,'—our admiration of which already stands on record,—we fancy we can trace, even in Mr. Savage Landor, more of the Roman than of the Athenian. If he has imitated the Greeks in some of his English works, he has copied the Latins in their own language. Nor would any man who was not strongly biassed in favour of Roman doctrine deliberately prefer Cicero to Plato. On the other hand, Mr. Robert Landor promises, in a second series of 'The Fountain of Arethusa,' to take us to Athens. Happy as we shall be to meet him again there or anywhere, we do not feel sure that we shall find him as much at home among the wise men of Greece as he is with the consular phantoms of subterranean Rome, or under the banners of Sertorius in Spain. At present, at least, he shows a better eye for the veritable members of the Roman congress than for Alexander or Aristotle. Not but that in him too, as well as in the rest of our romance writers, there is a little of the modern antique. His views of classical life not unfrequently seem as if taken from the level of the last century, which may be symbolised by his supposed brother-in-law's terrace with its urns and balustrades. His study of Roman history, accurate and extensive as it has been, bears signs of having been commenced in an age when the echoes of Goldsmith had not been forgotten. Even in the lower world, Roman citizens would start at finding themselves written down as J. Cæsar and M. T. Cicero; especially if endowed with a faultless and uncompromising memory. The plan of the 'Fawn' is a direct contrast to that of the 'Fountain,'—the one being professedly a *rechauffé* of a recovered Roman MS., the other as palpably a narrative of exceedingly modern experience; yet, unless we are mistaken, the former contains a prophecy, conscious or unconscious, of the latter in the dialogue between Orcilis, Sertorius, Virgilia, and Myrtilis. In speculating on what may lie hid behind the veil, their anticipations point more directly to the solutions which Christianity was to provide for heathen problems, than they could have done had they been actually conceived by Roman heroes or Spanish ladies

even in those days of expectation. The second tale turns the tables on the Christians, who fail in impressing their superiority on Pagan judges: still it is only in the natural course of things that the shadow cast before by the coming book should have represented it in an inverted form.

Mr. Landor's superior perception of the conditions under which classical romance is possible, is shown, we think, by the fact that he alone has thought it necessary to give his tale a fictitious setting, instead of introducing it at once to the public without any medium. Such expedients — making, in fact, a narrative within a narrative — have been in pretty frequent use among our imaginative writers, since the 'Canterbury Tales' and the 'Taming of the Shrew.' They are evidently artificial contrivances, intended to produce an effect which could not be secured without them — to apologise, as it were, for something in the character of the work which follows; and, consequently, their propriety must be measured by their necessity or utility. It is not enough that they should be pleasing and beautiful in themselves, they must be seen to be in strict congruity with that which they introduce; nor, indeed, is mere congruity enough, if it should appear that they could have been safely dispensed with. The rule which Mr. Pugin has laid down in architecture, holds good in other departments of creative art: the artist cannot be absolved from the duty of regarding utility, — that is, in other words, the purpose and imperative requirements of the work which he is contemplating. This principle excludes an artificial introduction to a story in some cases, as surely as it demands it in others. Thus, it may be questioned whether Mr. Tennyson, who is nowhere more happy than in such preparatory sketches, has not occasionally been led by that temptation to employ them where they are not absolutely needed. What is there in the *Morte D'Arthur* to make it come more properly from 'the poet Everard Hall' than from Alfred Tennyson? Where, indeed, do the respective positions of the two poets differ? Or, again, to take a more illustrious instance, is there anything in the 'Princess' which requires to be understood as the product of an idle interval during a *fête champêtre*? Or, if the poet himself was not to be supposed competent to produce a 'Medley' under ordinary circumstances, such as a reader in the nineteenth century could appreciate without special information, where was the need of imagining a plurality of authors —

'Seven people being set a tale to tell

Which one might have related just as well?'

Scott, in his first great poem, communicated with the public

through the intervention of a 'Last Minstrel:' afterwards he saw that, with a very slight modification of the ballad language, a chivalrous story might be told by himself in person; and, accordingly, he showed his judgment by dropping the fiction. But where the events to be described are such as those of classical antiquity, the case is altered. A writer stands in a certain relation to his subject, and that relation must be accounted for and disposed of. Where the subject belongs to no time at all, like that of the 'Princess,' it may be approached by any person of any time who has the capacity to conceive it. Where it simply belongs to past time, the Middle Ages, for example, a modern author may introduce himself as a mere spectator, and not be perceived to be actually out of place. But where the time to be described is really past, and yet separated from us by another and a wider chasm than that of years, the presence of the writer becomes questionable, and possibly inconvenient. He is liable to be asked not only concerning what he saw but what he felt, and his feelings are sure to be a history in themselves. There seems to be but one alternative,—he must throw off his modern feelings altogether, or he must have them specially allowed for and recognised. Mr. Landor has given us an example of each of these courses. In 'The Fawn of Sertorius' he is not only anonymous, but, for the purposes of the tale, characterless. He appears only as the English editor of a manuscript. That manuscript is assumed to be the substance of a Roman narrative, reconstructed by an Italian who had not the opportunity of copying it entire. Thus, by a sufficiently probable fiction, we are prepared for a story classical in its general spirit, but not destitute of later touches. In the 'Fountain of Arethusa,' on the contrary, the modern narrator is everything. He is virtually identical in his antecedents with Mr. Landor, who might have been himself the hero,—if indeed he could have avoided being thereby in a manner pledged to the authenticity of a very marvellous tale. The subject of the work is the ancient world viewed by the light of modern experience, and reflecting back its own light on modern society. It cannot properly be called an historical fiction, as, though most of its persons are historical, and retain their historical character, they are not represented as existing in historical time: but it indicates, if we mistake not, a way in which historical fiction may be treated, and that, on the whole, perhaps the best way. The innocent forgery of a lost classical work, legitimate as it is in theory, is not likely to succeed in practice. A writer of any independent genius will never be able to tie himself so closely to his supposed model as to produce a really speaking counterfeit. It is hard enough to

execute a sufficiently exact translation; spirited and yet thoroughly antique; but when both the dream and the interpretation have to be discovered, the difficulty is more than doubled, and the chances that the expositor will be found drawing on his own invention are infinitely increased. The very form of a prose tale will have to be borrowed to a certain extent from later times; and no human combination of profound knowledge with profound self-restraint will prevent the sentiments from becoming occasionally the writer's own, both in manner and matter. Some Giraldo Cornacchini will always have to be brought in: and though the excuse furnished may be honourable to the artist's adroitness, the necessity of any excuse must be fatal to a work where there can be no triumph short of perfect success. And even perfect success can have but few laurels to bestow. The difficulty of the task is preternatural, and the labour that is spent in thwarting nature must be labour misapplied. We do not want to have the lost books of Livy supplied by a modern historian, especially when we know that the genius which could perform anything so ungenial must have far richer stores of his own at command. Mr. Merivale is much better employed, in bringing all the strength of recent knowledge and accumulated research to bear on the latter days of the Republic, than in endeavouring to re-produce the views entertained of it by the ancients themselves, — views highly important historically, but intrinsically narrow, and already known, or capable of being known, sufficiently for all practical purposes. So we would have the writer of the next classical romance set to work in the spirit of Mr. Merivale or Mr. Grote, — writing as a modern for moderns, armed with modern scholarship, and able to compare modern with ancient institutions, though not on that account deviating into such modernisms as we have so repeatedly censured, and describing the Greeks and Romans disguised by modern peculiarities. As we saw just now, it will require some artifice to render such a mode of treatment tolerable — an artifice similar to that which Mr. Landor has used in his second work, but not the same. It is possible that we may be ourselves in possession of suggestions towards a scheme of the kind, as the question happens to have occurred to us some time before the publication of 'The Fountain of Arethusa;' but we certainly shall not so far forget the province of critics as to think of communicating them.

Our four authors, perhaps, will hardly thank us for thus noticing their respective performances, rather with reference to certain points of design and execution which have impressed themselves upon us as important, than according to their own profession as substantive and independent works, to be tried by

general, not by special, tests. We can only say that, if we have thought too little of them, we have thought the more of their subject—a plea which we adopt with less reluctance, as we fancy it will be most readily admitted by that one of their number who has appeared to us most successful. Whether any of them will hereafter fully realise the high conception which we entertain of a classical romance, we dare not prophesy. But we would not discourage any one of them from prosecuting the career that they have begun, though we may be allowed to tell Miss Lynn that her power of language and force of passion, to which our plan has not suffered us to do justice, would probably be better displayed in some story from the less sunny and more prosaic life of modern England. If they should venture to proceed, they have vast fields of history before them yet unworked. The age of Pericles, though not exhausted, will perhaps be the better for a little repose; but there are the times immediately succeeding it, the latter part of the Peloponnesian war, less distinguished by large historical figures, which would seem to defy the power of fiction while they provoke it; more tempting, at the same time, from the partial glimpses which their records afford of the internal condition of that astonishing people in its wild fits of panic self-distrust, and its repeated bursts of heroic energy. Republican Rome is rather hard and formal, and the corruptions of the declining empire are not attractive: but the civilisation of the Augustan era is well worthy of all the skill which the ablest artist can bestow on it; and the period which Tacitus and Juvenal represent has many episodes more truly answering to the title of *Les Mystères de Rome* than any French story of the Conspiracy of Catiline. ‘The Waverley Novels of Antiquity’ are yet to be written by a modern hand; and when they appear, though they can never be so extensively read as their predecessors, they may do much to create the taste which they will not find.

ART. VII. — 1. *Minutes of the Committee of Council on Education: Schools of Parochial Unions, England and Wales.* 1850.

2. *Second Annual Report of the Committee of the United Industrial School.* Edinburgh: 1850.

AT all hands it seems now admitted that Emigration can no longer be left to blind chance or the unaided impulses of unthinking multitudes. It has become, at least in our age and country, one of those great operations, which affect too seriously the destinies of mankind. Though opinions may be little in

harmony as to the extent and nature either of the encouragement or the regulations which may be necessary, yet all rational men agree that, for the sake as well of the public as of the individuals immediately concerned, there is great need of more reflection, advice, and arrangement in these proceedings, than they have yet been in the habit of receiving,—that if there be no absolute right and wrong, there are some paths better than others,—that, in short, there is, or should be, a political economy of Emigration, and if not a system, something like one in its principle and method. There are few matters of extensive daily practical operation, in which the public mind is in so chaotic a state, as this of the best economic application of the human drain. The first impression is generally a very simple one. There are too many human beings on these two islands, and a certain number must be removed to bring their population to a reasonable level. But some one who has a turn for statistics remarks, that the removals by the drainage in three years do not equal the increase of the population by the excess of births over deaths in one year; and, if he have also read a little political economy, he asserts that the widest room which can possibly be made by mere emigration will be speedily filled up; and that population, when it has sufficient empty space around it, has a tendency to double itself in some five and twenty years; so that if we exported a million of people in a year,—more than all the ships in the world could hold,—we should soon again be as we were. Thus the first simple theory is thrown into confusion, and the prospect of relief becomes desperate, unless some other view can be taken of the subject.

Amid all the theories which admit of being started and hunted to nice or doubtful conclusions, it may surely be safely asserted that emigration is a valuable resource in two cases;—first, in that of a morally damaged population, which, from its state of social disease, cannot find the means of living at home but may possibly live abroad: and, secondly, in the case of classes of men who, though not actually starving, have been so far left behind in the great race of competition which an old country like ours is running, that they are here on the verge of poverty,—notwithstanding that they possess capacities and dispositions which would enable them materially to raise their position and increase their usefulness in a new and open land.

It cannot but protract the confusion and uncertainty adhering to the common notions on over-population to find men, whose names are quoted in Parliament on the subject of emigration, speaking of the advantage of removing skilled, able, self-sup-

porting labourers from the country by artificial means, — on the supposition, that the better and more effectively any number of labourers may work, the more fully would their absence 'relieve the labour market;' — as if it were production instead of consumption which renders a population burdensome. On the contrary, we conceive it to be an axiom, that a well employed productive population cannot be too numerous. It proceeds as a corollary from this; that it is not from the absolute number of people to the square mile that a population is redundant; but because, from want of capital, or of energy, or of right calculation, or from some social evil or other, a part at least of the population is not working effectively and productively. With free trade — with all the world for its corn-field and its market — a tract of country may be as densely peopled as any crowded city, and yet not be subject to the curse of a redundant population in the true economic sense of the expression. There must be a naturally bad, or a demoralised and degenerate race of people, or there must be bad laws, lack of employment, or some social disease at work wherever we find this sad phenomenon of redundancy; and, with all the calamities which late years have brought upon us, it must be at this moment an object of the purest pride and most hearty satisfaction to every public-minded inhabitant of our island, to believe that the removal of bad legislation is already, by the free space which it has opened to our insular energy and enterprise, doing more to adjust our population to its means than any artificial drain can ever accomplish.

It is not from their absolute numbers, but from the kind of population which goes to make up those numbers, that Ireland is over-peopled by its eight millions; and that the West Highlands of Scotland are over-peopled with their three hundred and fifty thousand. No one who passes through the ruined streets of Cashel, and sees the ghastly prowling objects still left to supplicate subsistence from the passing traveller — no one who passes the turf huts of Kerry melting into their original bogs, while the remaining inhabitants gaze in blank and hopeless despair on their black and rotted potato stalks — can doubt for a moment that those who have fled from these ruins must be better anywhere than *there*. A flight of this kind is more forlorn and terrible than that of a retreating army. But as they were a thoroughly diseased population — a mortified spot in the empire, — on the whole, it is as well for the country as for themselves, that they are gone; and we may vain hope that it is within the capacity of precautionary legislation and social restraints to prevent their places being re-occupied by others

of the like kind, spreading around them similar suffering, degradation, and alarm.

Such is the effect of emigration, as a mere riddance. It is an amputation of the mortified parts of the old social system. But amputation is at all times a harsh sad business. There is, as we have already intimated, another — a nobler — a more cheering aim of emigration — the placing of those who can live, but who live poorly at home, in a position where their qualifications will have a freer range and can be exerted to a fuller purpose. The peculiar drift of our remarks will now perhaps be seen: we desire to unite, if possible, the two purposes, — to try how far a completely damaged and worthless population may be brought up to the rank of the better order of emigrants; so that they shall not be merely shovelled out of their own land, where they were a nuisance, but may be planted where they will grow lustily and bear honest sterling fruit. If we cannot do this at all for the aged, and can do it but imperfectly for the adult, there is a fine field for us in the young — the homeless, hopeless children of vice and misery, who swarm in our streets, and infest our highways. Not only in the administration of the poor laws, but in the management of the ragged or industrial schools, which the earnestness of Lord Ashley and other men of benevolent enthusiasm has lately called into existence in England, may we look for help in the accomplishment of this object. Just now it is not of so much moment to extract money from the public for charitable purposes, as rightly and effectively to direct the vast stream which is flowing in that direction. When our attention was first attracted to these schools, upwards of three years ago, by the eloquent pamphlet of Dr. Guthrie, we could not but express our most sanguine hopes from them, as an evident engine of good. They are now a fixed feature in our social system, and will remain so, unless there should be some lurking unsuspected fallacy about them, of which we are unaware. In the meantime they are at work so fully, practically, and experimentally before the public eye, that we are enabled to go beyond the first question of their general expediency, and study their special uses.

It became soon clear to their most enthusiastic supporters, that as mere places of temporary refuge, these institutions would do little permanent good — that merely to keep from mischief so many young thieves and mendicants for so many hours a day, or so many months, or even so many years, was but baling out the water — not closing the leak. We cannot shut our eyes to the fact that man is a creature of impulse, and energy, and enterprise; and that in this country we are living in a very hotbed of activity

and restlessness. Our future lies not in our overlooking these powerful tendencies, or lulling them into a diseased sleep, but in directing them to good. A youth who has merely been kept from mischief, and has learned nothing by which he can earn his bread, is utterly helpless when cast back on such a world, and will be immediately dragged under its current into its lowest depths: and this must happen in such a case, even though he may have been lately surrounded for the time with the safeguards which, to those who have once a firm footing on firm ground, are an armour of proof against all temptations, — we mean, of course, religious instruction and moral training. The supporters of a system, which aims at entirely sweeping our streets of destitute and vicious children, will naturally seek to economise its resources, so as to bring as many as possible within its fold. This we fear is the prevailing and characteristic weakness of the system. No arrangement can entirely cleanse our streets of imposture and pauperism. While there is so much easy and foolish benevolence to be practised on, the trade of making money through this channel will continue to exist. Of whatever numbers you clear the market, whether by fear or favour, you make it the more profitable to those who remain, and leave an inducement to new comers. With the natural fountains of supply which regurgitate from every corner of our great cities — with Ireland as a great pauper preserve always at hand — the complete exhaustion of the element by any single means is hopeless. The cup of charity is like the horn which the giants in Utgard handed to Thor to test his drinking powers — the end was sunk in the sea; and the thunderer could make no impression on it save by bringing down the level of the ocean. Instead of attenuating their funds over large masses, we believe that these institutions will act in the safest and most effective manner towards society, in converting, if they can, a certain number of the degraded offspring of hereditary pauperism into men and women capable of self-support, by enabling them to produce more than they consume. This will not be accomplished by merely keeping them off the streets — by allowing them food, shelter, and religious instruction, nor even by occupying their hands, unless the occupation be one which may afterwards procure them the means of subsistence. The very easiest and simplest employments which keep the hands in motion were naturally resorted to by the founders of these institutions; and we do not blame them on this ground, for in such projects we can only grope our way to the most prudent and most efficient measures through a cautious examination of results. But it was soon perceived that the picking of old ropes, the sorting of

hair for wigs, the platting of straw, and the knitting of stockings, were not the species of training that would enable those whose parents had lost for them a position in the energetic community of Britain, to win it back again by their own capacity and strength. The longer that a boy is kept to such idle occupations as these, the less capable will he become of acquiring any better.

Every system of charity is in itself a harm to the commonwealth, only justified by its efficacy in averting some other and still greater evil. But when it is once settled that a human being is to be the object of charity, it is often bad policy to stint the amount spent on him. At all events, no reasonable sacrifice should be grudged, which may hold out the prospect of lifting up the pauper and his offspring, from the unproductive to the productive level. Hereditary pauperism is a permanent addition to whatever losses the passing calamities and convulsions of society keep throwing into the chasm. And it was by this curse of hereditary irreclaimability, by workhouse and pay-table pedigrees as complete as those of the peerage, that before 1834 the pauperism of England seemed to be gradually sucking the resources of the State, rich and poor, within its vortex. Under the old system, and we fear there is too much of it still under the new, there were many instructive instances of the false economy of relieving without reclaiming. The parish apprentice was a worthless, useless, hopeless creature; he had been preserved alive, not trained; and he was often sent out of the workhouse with a frame approaching manhood but with no larger inward capacities for its guidance than those which had propelled his infant motions. The great question was, how he was to be got rid of—how to be taken off the parish. Those who wanted real workers, would rather pay a fine than have him. Through funds collected or advanced from the rates, he became endowed with an apprentice fee. The artisan who had no occasion for a servicable apprentice, but who wanted the fee, now came forward. All kinds of tradesmen whose occupations were on the borders of pauperism, competed for these useless recruits; but their principal market was in the great starving body of the hand-loom weavers. And those who indolently favoured this wretched system might have been often enough startled into a sense of its absurdity, by the perpetually recurring phenomenon of both master and apprentice applying for parochial relief, as soon as the fee was spent. In the training school at Norwood a different example was set. Would that it had been well followed! The boy was trained to be much too valuable to require that he should be offered with a bounty. The master of the Limehouse School of Industry, where the training system had been pursued, in answer to inquiries

by Dr. Kay Shuttleworth, replied, — ‘In the first place we diminish the period of residence in the workhouse two years: next, the apprentice fee and expenses are saved; next the children obtain superior situations; they seldom return even temporarily to a state of dependence. We have a strong conviction that they will certainly retain an independent spirit and position in after-life, so that instead of rearing a race of paupers we are now rearing a race of independent workmen and servants Frequently persons come to apply for children at the Limehouse Training School. I immediately tell them we give no premium. That readily disposes of scores of applications, and those who persist in the application are respectable individuals who have real need of the services of a well-trained and well-educated child. It was only the other day,’ he continued, descending to particular instances, ‘that the captain of a ship came to the school to ask for a boy. I told him that we had no boy old enough to go to sea. He said, “I have seen a little boy at sea scarcely higher than a coil of rope, who had been trained in this school, and he conducts himself so well, and is so active and useful, that I am determined to have a boy like him, if I can obtain one;” and he told me there was a boy about his age in the house who would suit him.’*

When it was first seen how ineffectual Ragged Schools, as they were termed, were without a skilful system of industrial training, to elevate their inmates from pauperism to self-support, the next resource naturally looked to for a solution of the difficulty was the system of human drainage or emigration. We have often dwelt upon it ourselves — and no later than January last, in a paper on Colonization — as a necessary condition to our relief, especially in the case of Ireland. But, emigration, as hitherto conducted, has been found to be no immediate solution. We must probe deeper into the evil for its cure. The constitution of society must be so repaired, as not to want a constantly recurring system of depletion. If it be left with those who have grown to manhood, and can read tracts on emigration, to judge for themselves whether they shall cross the sea, and how and where they are to take up their future abodes, surely it depends on some others to consider how our pauper youth may be best adapted to such a destination. Not that we think it would be wholesome that the youth of any class of society should be brought up

* Report to the Secretary of State for the Home Department, from the Poor Law Commissioners, on the Training of Pauper Children, p. 171.

with the view that their ultimate fate must be emigration. No father or mother of what are called the better classes, while patting the head of the rosy well-tended infant which is clinging round their knee, asking all kinds of questions about the future, and talking as if the house it was brought up in must be its home for ever, would admit into their mind the thought that the child is doomed to be expatriated — that it is raised for the foreign market. If we come back ten or twelve years afterwards, when the child has grown a youth, and when he knows that his future must be in a great measure of his own making, still, the judicious parent or parental counsellor would not do well to be in a hurry to tell him that there is likely to be no room for him at home, and that he must look to emigration. And so, as a rule, with the working classes. A population in the state which that of Ireland has got into at present, is, for the time, an exception. Otherwise, emigration should not be a profession for a class so much as an individual resource. Individuals, of any grade, may find, at a particular crisis of their fortunes, that a new country will give them a better prospect of success than the one they have lived in, and may consider it to be their interest and their duty to act upon such a view. Those who have it in their power to influence the fate of masses of the humbler portions of the community, or who are received by them as advisers, may wisely come to the like conclusion, in behalf of their unsuccessful clients, under similar circumstances. A grown-up man must go where he can preserve or recover his independence. Our means of subsistence, — to make life worth having, — ought to be independent means. But to educate any class systematically in the notion that there is not space for them among us, and that they must seek their fortunes on the fresh soil of some distant emigration field, would be generally equivalent to saying to them that, since other resources are avowedly provided for them, they need not be busy, careful, and virtuous, like their neighbours, who seek to live at home. Such a system must tend to train them in the belief that they have found the secret of relieving themselves from the universal curses of manhood—labour and anxiety; and that there is a table spread for them in the wilderness, where they have only to go and sit down. The predestined emigrant will thus dream that he has obtained an exemption from the cares, perplexities, and toils of his native country: though in reality he is only placed in a position where such energy, forbearance, patience, and industrious endurance as he may possess, will have an opportunity of being more fully developed and more sternly tested — where alone they will be more plentifully rewarded. Now if any delusion of this sort is a probable

consequence of special schools for emigration, what advantage is there to be set on the other side? In our opinion, none at all.

There are not two kinds of industrial schools required: one for home, another for the colonies. The best way to train a youth for emigration is, to train him to get on at home. Wherever his lot is cast, we should wish him to be something better than a hewer of wood and drawer of water to his life's end; though wool-sorting or rope-picking are even a still poorer training for the Canadian forests, the Texian weed prairies, or the pasture plains of Australia. The destiny of the individual encumbrance on charity may be settled by his being shipped off to the most promising, or to any, settlement; but the diseases of a social system, infested by swarms of this description of pauper, are not to be so easily cured. The mere emptying out of human beings upon shores where they have a chance of life which they had not at home, though there may have been sound enough reasons for it during a dreadful famine and commercial panic, is not a practice to be systematically followed, with decency or humanity. When we take the starving Celt from Skibbreen or Skye, and land him on the sands of Canada or the mud of Australia, we are rid of him, to be sure; so are we of the discontented workman, who is carried from the crowded piers of Liverpool or Glasgow, to be set down on the equally crowded quay of New York, where, to his intense astonishment, he will find that he is as far as ever from an easy life, high pay, and cheap liquor. The other hemisphere shrinks from many of our emigrants almost as much as from our convicts. The individuals who are so disposed of may never come back again; but even if it were personally no subject of regret that they have been woefully disappointed and foully deceived, they waft over a miserable history, — one which surrounds emigration, especially as a resource to the humbler classes, with desolation and misery, instead of hope and progress.

Supposing that we are right in thinking that one and the same training will equally answer for both purposes, the question is reduced to this — What that training ought to be? To merely occupy their hands, without opening their capacities to skilled labour, is to give the inmates of Ragged Schools and Union Workhouses a very miserable chance of success in life, and to give society a very miserable chance of being rid of that burden which hereditary pauperism has imposed on it. We truly believe that the best thing that can be done with all children who are once brought within the circle of pauper or eleemosynary education is, to train them, as effectively as circumstances will permit, to some practical and useful line of life, so as to

make them good home citizens. If emigration, after all, should turn out to be their future destiny, this training will be in every way of service to them,—fully as much so as any that could have been administered with a special view to their expatriation. If they are enabled to live by it at home, the system will have saved for the commonwealth so many valuable members out of what was thought to be its very rottenness.

Now, what difficulties or dangers are in the way of this great national experiment? We know of no difficulties, but the cost: and of no dangers, but two visionary fears,—the fear of a glut of useful labour, and the fear of heartless parents abandoning their children, wholesale, to the public. The experiment of making pauper children useful members of the community has surely probability enough on the face of it, to justify whatever cost and risk it may involve. In case we can do nothing with their labour here, then colonisation comes in most opportunely: and will provide them with a satisfactory opening abroad, as a substitute for the place which their parents have lost for them in our own complex system. To give them the tedious minute training, equivalent to an apprenticeship to any of our old generic trades,—such as cabinet-making, tailoring, boot-making, &c.,—is what neither compulsory nor voluntary eleemosynary institutions can afford to do,—what perhaps they ought not to do, if they could. But in a well-trained industrial school, a boy learns a deal of coarse handiwork in various capacities, which may be of infinite service to himself and those about him, when he may be thousands of miles from regular tradesmen. His capacities may not have been accurately enough shaped and polished to adjust themselves to the studiously tessellated system of this country; but for that very reason they may be the better suited for the rugged road of the colonist. He may not be able to turn a boot, or veneer a sideboard, or tool in the gilding of a russia-bound volume,—but with his general knowledge and his rude aptitudes, natural and acquired, he could perhaps do in his own person, for a new settlement in New Zealand, the equivalent of what it needs three highly-trained workmen to do at home; for he can make a pair of brogues, put together a deal bench, and bind all the literature of his brother settlers in hog-skin. Such rough-handed miscellaneously trained beings may make better emigrants than your finished mechanics, whose pedantic adherence to the dogmatic methods in which they have been drilled, and whose firm belief in the impossibility of anything which is out of their taught track being sufficiently correct to answer its purpose, are the curse of all inventive geniuses, and of all eccentric gentlemen who wish to have the

things about them made different from their neighbours'. We will not say that these finished mechanics would be less fit to adapt themselves to the wants of new colonies than the coarsely trained youth of the industrial schools; but we believe it would give our hand workers, both mechanics and manufacturers, a better and firmer position, whether in their own country or in a new settlement, were they acquainted with more than one sort of business, and able to turn their hands to various constructive operations. It must be left to the enlightening influence of national education to accomplish this desirable end, as well as many others, which will serve to raise the working man to a greater share of independence and security than he can now attain to, — and this, simply by giving him access to a wider round of occupations.

Though Ragged Schools and Union Workhouses cannot train their youth to the thorough mastery of a trade, experience has shown that their miscellaneous industrial training prepares a boy for learning one, and makes him more valuable to a master, even in a different pursuit from that in which he may have been principally engaged. There is a mischievous superstition, which operates most banefully on the working classes, that the capacity to do one thing infers incapacity to do another. The number of objects which can be accomplished by any human being is doubtless limited; but the ability to do any one thing with the head or with the hand opens the faculties, and makes almost any other work to which they may in after life be exclusively devoted the more easy. There is no sound moral, except by way of warning, in the fable about a philosopher caught by the Algerines, who was found fit for nothing but to sit on eggs and hatch chickens.

As it would be injudicious to attempt to make finished workmen by this system of training, it would also be a very great mistake to endeavour to make such institutions self-supporting, by bringing fabrics into the market. The best and most instructive labour in which pauper children can be employed is, in ministering to their own wants: — making their clothes, food, and furniture, and fitting up their dwelling-places. It would not be just to the independent mechanic that the money of the charitable wealthy should be used as a means of competing with him; it would be still more unjust to tax him to support his rivals. But that he should ever really suffer from such a cause is an empty fear; — any attempt to compete with him in such a quarter would be quite ineffectual.

A general glance at the economic advantages which emigration to a fresh soil confers on the poor but able-bodied 'surplus

inhabitant' of the old country, may serve still further to show the value of skilled industrial training. The emigration field will not be a great almshouse for him; far from enabling him to live idle on the bounties of nature, it simply restores him to that position of a capacity to earn his bread, which his parents, by degenerating from the ranks of prudent industry, had forfeited. He and his brethren in misfortune are redundant, not from the absolute number of people in the country, but because their parents, through vice or culpable indolence and carelessness, have failed to fulfil the conditions of a high social state; the very first of which requires that every man should preserve something of what he produces, under pain of sinking below the level of self-support. It has been well said that there never was a surplus population, where every head of a family has a hundred pounds in the savings' bank. But the saving out of past production does not necessarily embody itself in money or tangible property. It may be represented by education, or professional training, or whatever gives the human being opportunities for the future, by exemption from immediate daily necessity. The opportunity which the carpenter or the bookbinder has got of mastering a lucrative skilled profession, is the hereditary gift which his parents have bestowed on him through their caution and forbearance in not immediately consuming all they had produced. This is his capital. But the city savage, and the abandoned child of the social wilderness have no capital in any shape, and society cannot afford to invest them with so much as their neighbour the carpenter possesses; it would be dangerous if it did so. Now the advantage of emigration to such a person, we repeat, is just this, — it redresses the wrongs which his parents have committed in regard to him, and sets him off in life with a beginning, with a kind of capital. The untilled alluvial soil of the prairies or New Zealand, is another kind of capital lying waiting for any one who will go to it; in this country it requires an expenditure of from ten to twenty pounds an acre, in paring, trenching, and tile-draining to make its like. But the extent to which it is really available as capital will depend much on the capacities of the men who go to it. If they can only plough, and sow, and reap, they may have food in autumn, but they will have to wait long ere they obtain by the exchange of commodities other rewards for their labour. But if while his neighbour ploughs and reaps, one of them can, however roughly, make chairs, tables, and agricultural instruments, and another can perform tinker's work, while a third can turn out a pair of shoes, and a fourth a suit of clothes, they have among them the main primary elements of a social community, and the fixed capital — the land — is immediately available to supply all the wants of those who live on it. Once taken out of

the Slough of Despond and started fairly in the world, there is, of course, no saying to what height of fortune the redeemed outcast may arrive. But the accumulation of great fortunes is not a peculiarity of emigration. Certain coincidences of good luck, skilful management, and prudent forethought are ever, from time to time, creating fortunes almost out of nothing, in our depse cities, as well as in our emigration fields. The natural function of emigration is merely to give the poor man a start in life—not to carry him over the ground.

Apart from any question respecting the merit of founding Ragged Schools as places of refuge for abandoned children, supported by private charity, we owe to them the application of industrial training, which, we believe, will in the end be found their most valuable feature. We look forward with confidence to the enlarged experience of the Norwood Training School, established under the auspices of the Poor Law Commissioners. Among these schools supported by voluntary contributions, there is at least one in which the industrial training system has been systematically pursued—the United Industrial School of Edinburgh. Such efforts are not artificial interferences with the natural organisation of society; they are restorations of a balance which has been artificially disturbed, and their immediate wholesome influence cannot be better exemplified than in the following statement of their experience reported by the managers of the United Industrial School.

‘ Besides the prospect which it affords of bringing up useful members of society, the industrial system has proved of eminent advantage to the discipline, harmony, and effectiveness of the institution; as a mere place of education. It has been found eminently adapted to the nature of the children, and hence to their contentedness and good conduct. It is too often forgotten, that the mature outcast of society and the child of want or degradation are two totally distinct beings, both in their physical and mental nature, and demand as different a social treatment. The former becomes supine, inert, and hopeless, during his career of vice and misfortune—the latter often shows an acuteness and energy beyond his years.

‘ It has been observed, that children early deprived of their natural guardians exhibit remarkable precocity, as if by a wise provision their natures were adapted to the difficulties of their position. Among those poor abandoned children whose daily ingenuity is taxed to supply their daily wants, the young human faculties are subjected to an artificial forcing system, which enlarges them to their utmost stretch, and the extent to which they are developed seems sometimes incredible. These qualities have an accompanying excitement, which demands a field of development. Employments which do not in some degree tax the ingenuity and the powers of body and mind, exhibiting results which increase with the energies bestowed on them, cannot fill

the vacuum left by the exciting occupations of mendicancy, imposition, and plunder. When the hands are occupied in picking old ropes and sorting wool, the mind is at the old haunts, accompanying the pickpocket and the gambler, or revelling in the flash house. On the other hand, skilled labour, inferring progress with effort, has served entirely to supersede these dangerous hankerings, while it keeps up a healthy energy of body and mind, visible in the zeal with which the children betake themselves, whether to their work or their tasks. The turning lathes are especially popular; and it is impossible to avoid feeling a sympathetic interest with the evidently keen and absorbing emotion with which the boy sees the evidence of his own enlarging skill there growing into tangible shape before him.'

We do not mean to insist that skilled training, or any other individual system, contains the one effective remedy for our social evils. The body social can, no more than the physical frame, be revolutionised, like mere chemical matter, by the introduction of some one new element; and social therapeutics can accomplish their object only by small degrees and partial amendments under the direction of earnest, thoughtful, patient industry. It is one of the great glories of our age,—a glory which will hereafter make it shine with a brightness such as no genius or lustre of great achievement could have conferred on it,—that it is marked by diligent inquiry into the diseases which our forefathers have allowed to creep into society, and by an anxious desire to cure them. And though the first inquiries have opened a sad and disheartening picture, and have displayed sores too deep for immediate healing, yet when the present generation with its miseries shall have passed away, there is hope that all this earnest endeavour will not be lost, and that it may have prepared a brighter moral dawn for the generations that are to come.

ART. VIII.—*Le Siècle. Le Pouvoir: Le Moniteur: Le Journal des Debats: 1849, 1850.*

MANY of the errors of political philosophers, and many of the failures of practical statesmen, appear to us to have had their origin in the same oversight: both have too commonly ignored, or have not sufficiently studied, the fundamental characteristics, intellectual and moral, which distinguish different nations: they have too generally reasoned and acted as if they had to deal with an abstract or an 'average' man, instead of with populations impressed—whether by the hand of Nature or by the operation of long antecedent circumstances—with marked and distinctive features; endowed with special apti-

tudes, gifted with peculiar excellences, disqualified by peculiar deficiencies. In consequence of the omission of these considerations, which should form, not only an essential element in their calculations, but almost the foundation of them, their philosophy becomes inapplicable, and their statesmanship ends in disappointment. That nations *are* marked by such distinctive capacities and incapacities few observers of our species on a large scale will be found to doubt: any difference of opinion merely regards the inherent and ineradicable nature of these distinctions. While some conceive them to belong to the race, its pedigree, its physical conformation — others attribute them to the operation of external influences, as country, climate, government, surrounding accidents, or historical antecedents.

Thus, a broad line of demarcation distinguishes the Oriental from the European nations. Progress distinguishes the one; a stereotyped stationariness the other. The former rest unambitiously in the blind worship of the past; the latter draw all their inspiration from hope, and lay the scenes of their dreams of happiness in the times that are to come. The golden age of the one is the primeval Eden of their ancestors; the Paradise of the other is the future dwelling-place of their children's children. Passive and uncomplaining resignation under the evils of life is the religion of the East; indomitable and untiring energy in conflict with those evils is the virtue of the West. The Oriental acquiesces in all that is ordained; the European acquiesces in nothing that can be amended. Neither character presents a complete and perfect whole: and the philosopher may be tempted to speculate on the splendid results which would signalise the union of the two, if such an event be among the future possibilities of human destiny: —

‘ In dreaming of each mighty birth,
That shall one day be born
From marriage of the Western earth
With nations of the Morn.’

Nor can we shut our eyes to the fact that differences, less marked indeed, but quite as real, distinguish the several European races from each other. Each has its peculiar gift — its special line of excellence, in which it is unapproachable — its special incapacity, which no experience and no effort seem able to cure. The spirit of patient, unwearying, and minute research, of profound and far-reaching speculation — the perfection of the abstract intellect — are the dowry of the Germans. But the faculty of managing successfully the rougher and homelier affairs of social life seems to have been granted to them in far scantier

measure. They are glorious musicians — very common-place administrators. On the theoretical science of government they think profoundly — in the actual *art* of it they have been as yet children. To the Italians, again, is assigned that fervid imagination — that keen susceptibility to all the finer influences — that intense homage to the Beautiful — that pursuit of the Ideal as a reality, out of which springs the perfection of the fine arts. But for some centuries back they have seemed to purchase this brilliant pre-eminence at the expense of incompetence for the practical duties and business of political life. With the most singular combination of intellectual powers among European nations, they have suffered themselves to be more misgoverned than any people except the Spaniards; and with the finest soil and climate in the world, they have long remained nearly at a stand-still in all the material elements of civilisation. Perhaps it may be this very sacrifice to the Ideal which incapacitates them for the achievements of common life, where *modifications* and adaptations rather than *creations* are wanted — improvements of what is, rather than the removal of it, to make room for what ought to be. Probably also the pursuit and overweening appreciation of the merely beautiful are unfavourable to a certain hardness and sternness of mind which may be essential to success in the rough work of the political arena.

The French, too, unrivalled in scientific precision, are stricken with impotence when they approach the higher regions of poetical or spiritual thought. Pre-eminent as a military people, they have signally failed in all attempts to add naval success to their other achievements. And with the thoughts of the whole people, occupied for sixty years in the search after that 'abstract perfection in government' (which, as Canning remarked, is not an object of reasonable pursuit, because it is not one of possible attainment); and with as fair a field, and as unimpeded a career, as was ever vouchsafed to any nation in Europe — they are actually at the present time no nearer than at the beginning, to the realisation of their ideal. While the English, on the other hand — loathing abstract thought, looking with suspicion or contempt on all endeavours after scientific accuracy in moral or political questions, empiric, tentative, often blundering, always unsystematic, alternately sleeping in smiling apathy, and awakening with a panic start — now straining at the smallest hardship, now swallowing the most monstrous oppression; now neglecting the growth of the most frightful evils, now arousing themselves to the most microscopic vigilance; now wretched, frantic, and remorseful, if a criminal is harshly treated, or a pauper inadequately fed; now contemplating with serene in-

difference the grinding misery of thousands; — nevertheless have contrived to advance with magical rapidity in the material arts of life; and to proceed, though at a far slower rate, with the remedy of public ills and the diffusion of social welfare. Surrounded by difficulties, they succeed in maintaining their freedom unimpaired, and even confirmed; and in making almost yearly some steps — halting, and uncertain as they are — towards a better and wiser government.

If we are right in these views — if no national character is complete and perfect, and equipped in an adequate measure with all capacities — it follows that, to expect from all nations success and excellence in all lines, or in the same lines, is an unreasonable demand; and to imagine that the same political garments will fit all alike, is a practical mistake of the most dangerous description. Yet recent events have shown that it is about the most widely diffused of all misapprehensions; and it is the one, of all others, into which Englishmen are most apt to fall. We have been too much like the enthusiastic convalescent who would force upon every invalid the invaluable medicine which has cured his own malady and agreed with his own system. To our representative institutions — to our ‘glorious British constitution’ — we gratefully ascribe (whether altogether justly we need not here discuss) our long career of prosperity, our wide empire, our high position, our unequalled amount of personal freedom, the buoyancy with which we ride out the fiercest storms, the elastic energy which carries us triumphantly through the darkest disasters. Our neighbours draw the same inference, and clamour for institutions similar to ours; and they are backed in their demand by the most ardent sympathy which the flattered vanity and the genuine benevolence of England can afford. They seize eagerly upon the magic spell; and find — alas! too late — alike to their astonishment and ours, that the magic resides, not in the spell, but in its special adaptation to the practised hand that wields it. God forbid that we should undervalue our national institutions! May we ever be assiduous, not only to preserve, but to improve them, and keep them perpetually bright and young. But close observation, both of ourselves and of our imitators, may convince us that the real merit and effect of these institutions belong far less to the forms themselves than to those national qualities — for the most part virtues, but not always as amiable as respectable — which enable us to use them so skilfully, to supply their deficiencies, and correct their incongruities.

We think that a little reflection will show reason for believing that, if we have succeeded in the great object of a people’s

existence — progress towards good — it is to be attributed far more to our national character than to our national institutions; and perhaps more to the suitability of the two to each other, than to the peculiar excellence of either; — that if these institutions have worked well, and borne rich fruit here, thanks are due less to any inherent perfection of their own than to that sterling good sense and good feeling which so incessantly, habitually, and almost unconsciously, interfere to prevent them from working ill. We believe it may be shown, in the first place, that we have materials, in the frame-work of our society and in our national character, for the formation and management of the Representative system, and of free institutions generally, such as no other people is blessed with; and, in the second place, that that system and those institutions could only bring out satisfactory results — could, in fact, only subsist at all — among a people who *need as little government* as the Americans and the English. The price which even we ourselves have paid and are still paying for the proud distinction of parliamentary government, in the shape of defective administration, expense, blunders, and neglects; and the extent to which individual wisdom and collective reasonableness and energy are hourly called in to counteract the perils and remedy the mischiefs resulting from this form of government; these are points which foreigners can never know — which Englishmen themselves are seldom fully aware of — and of the tendency of which no one can form an adequate conception, who has not watched the working of English institutions in Irish hands, and thence gained a glimpse of what in such a case would happen, were England not at hand to interpose a corrective and restraining power.

The English constitution is full of theoretical defects. It contains at least half a dozen indefensible provisions, any one of which would, at first sight, appear sufficient to vitiate all its excellences, and to bring it to a dead-lock in a month. Yet not only has it continued (with some variety of form) to work for centuries; but under it, and in spite of its manifest imperfections, Englishmen have enjoyed a greater degree of practical and sober liberty than any nation in the world. Its faults are neutralised, and its contradictions have become reconciled or hidden. Mindful that a mixed government can exist only by compromise, we have always prevented the extreme cases of the constitution from occurring, and taken care not to strain our conflicting rights till they give way. For instance, our monarch has an absolute veto, which has not been exercised since the days of William of Orange; and which, though the unquestioned prerogative of the Crown, never is and never will again be exercised; because its exercise would practically

bring the entire political machine to a stand. Our House of Commons has the power, when it differs in opinion from the Crown and the House of Peers, of stopping the supplies, and so starving them into a surrender. But the power is never exercised,—rarely even threatened or hinted at,—because the tyranny of the proceeding would be repugnant to the general feelings of the country, save in those ultimate emergencies which are never permitted to occur. The monarch, when the House of Lords thwarts his wishes, has the power of controlling its opposition within itself and reducing it to obedience by swamping it with new creations; but his subjects and himself alike shrink from such a violent enforcement of the Prerogative. In like manner the House of Peers, by obstinate resistance to the will of the Commons and the Crown, may effectually stop legislation altogether; but prudential considerations have always come in aid and held them back, before they had carried this privilege too far. Thus, any one of the three constituent elements of our government may, by the theory of the constitution, tyrannise over the others: yet they never do so; or if they do, the oppression is covered by a decent and courteous veil. Nay, more; any two or three factious members of the House of Commons have the power of arresting all the business of the country, stopping the supplies, paralysing the government, and check-mating the parliament, by putting in practice their undoubted right of incessantly moving the adjournment of the House. Yet the propriety of such a power, when exercised moderately, and its utter inadmissibility when carried to excess, are found practically to be a guarantee against both its abolition and its abuse. In the same way, the unanimity required from juries would habitually defeat the ends of justice and abet the escape of criminals, did not the common sense and mutual forbearance, characteristic of our countrymen, practically convert this unanimity into the opinion of the majority, except in the very rarest instances; so that, in reality, it only operates as a security for more careful and deliberate decision. In the Sister Island these salutary counteractions have been found wanting; and the whole history of the Irish parliament and the Irish courts of law is a practical comment, of the most convincing kind, of the great truth on which we are now dwelling:—how necessary is an approach to English steadiness and English principle to make English institutions *work*. It is to the national schools and the municipal corporations of Ireland, that we must look for the education which shall teach the means of self-government, and the practice which shall make perfect.

For the last sixty years the idolators of free institutions and of the representative system have been grievously disappointed

and disgusted by observing how ill these worked in France; how deplorably they were mismanaged; and how small a measure of public good or real liberty were the fruits they bore. In the first Revolution, many of our purest English sympathisers were staggered in their adherence to the principles of constitutional freedom in consequence of what they witnessed in France. Traces of this may be found in the writings of the staunchest Whigs of the period, such as Romilly and Mackintosh. They were horror-struck at seeing what mischief might be wrought by forms of government which they had been accustomed to look up to as only instruments of good. We can all of us remember how bitter was our mortification after the second Revolution, when, under a far soberer movement, the dangers of a violent and destructive despotism appeared to be exchanged for a scarce less damaging and discreditable corruption. And now, after a third experiment, how many real lovers of the public good are sighing for a military autocrat to educe something like order out of chaos! how few venture to hope that France can extricate herself from her present dismal and almost desperate condition, without either succumbing to a tyranny, or undergoing a fourth convulsion! Much of this disappointment might have been spared, much of this infidelity to the worship of liberty might have been avoided, had we reflected that sufficiently free institutions need certain national qualities for their success,—that they have no patent for conferring wisdom and virtue, but are simply instruments by which wisdom and virtue may work out infinite good; but which, in the hands of violence, selfishness, or folly, may be turned to immeasurable evil.

It was observed long ago that, while a monarchy may consist of one principal character and dependents, republics are the creations of art and time. Of the ability of the countrymen of the Abbé Siéyes to manufacture the mere machine, there can be no doubt; but the question is, whether they are in a state to comply with the conditions, on which alone it can do its work successfully. We waive for the moment any uncertainty concerning the fact of the French people having a real preference for a republican form of government: though there are suspicious circumstances to the contrary. On the first Revolution, we have heard, that a popular election of the Executive was objected to in some quarters, lest the choice might fall upon a Bourbon: and M. Sarrans, in his *History of La Fayette*, and the Revolution of 1830, was ashamed to confess that the excesses of the first Revolution had left behind such a decided aversion for a republican form of government, that the proclaiming of one would have given rise to almost universal alarm and opposition. We will

suppose, however, the government of Louis Philippe to have succeeded in dispelling that aversion and alarm. The serious question still remains, — whether a republic, to be successful, does not require conditions, with which France as yet is unable or unwilling to comply?

In a review of M. Sarrans' work, as far back as Jan. 1833, we remarked on the involuntary testimony it contained of the difficulty of naturalising such a form of government in that country: and as an authority to the same effect, we produced no less a person than that stoutest of all republicans, Jefferson himself. No man was ever more convinced of the necessity of adapting forms of government to the character and circumstances of the governed. We refer our readers to that paper (vol. lvi. p. 493.) for evidence of his loss of confidence even in the future of the United States, and for his solemn warning to the populations of Europe, who might think that they had nothing more to do to secure liberty than follow the example of America. One sentence from Jefferson's last letter to La Fayette is all we can quote here. 'A full measure of liberty is not now perhaps
' to be expected by your nation: nor am I confident they are
' prepared to preserve it. . . . Instead of that liberty, which
' takes root and growth in the progress of reason, if recovered
' by mere force or accident, it becomes, with an unprepared
' people, a tyranny still of the many, the few, or the one.'

In order to bring out our views more clearly, we will endeavour succinctly to point out, *first*, a few of those qualities in a people which are indispensable to the successful working of self-government, or a parliamentary government like ours; and, *secondly*, some of the unavoidable mischiefs which such a government entails even among ourselves, — mischiefs, however, which we gladly submit to as the needful price for a most precious good, and which we meet and neutralise as best we may.

The very first requisite is a sense of truth and justice, widely diffused and deeply engrained in the heart of the people. It must be borne in mind that he who takes a share in the direction of the community, is called upon to govern *others*. It is not merely his own interests that he has to consider, but the interests of his country and his fellow-citizens, even where these clash, or appear to clash, with his own. It is not only what is due to himself, but what is due to all other members of the Commonwealth, that he is under a solemn obligation to regard. Conceive what a community *that* would be, of which simple selfishness, unchecked by conscience, unenlightened by clear-sighted wisdom, should be the motive impulse and the guiding star! All history has shown that real freedom can only be

maintained where genuine patriotism pervades the nation,—and the very essence of patriotism is an unselfish, though a partial, love of justice. Amid a people wanting in real public spirit, the representative system must soon degenerate into a deceptive form, and may then become one of the most fearful phases and instruments of misrule. The secret history of the Irish Parliament and of the French Chambers proclaims this lesson with alarming vividness. The very safety of a nation, as well as its interest and its honour, depend upon having just men carried to the head of affairs, and maintained there; but where,—when the population has been made a prey to ignorant, greedy, tenacious self-seeking,—where is to be found the sense or the principle, either to choose such, or to tolerate their rule when chosen? A government selected from and by the people can only reflect the qualities of that people; if the mass of the nation be wise, just, and true, the rulers will be not only the embodiment, but the *élite*, the filtered essence, of that wisdom, that justice, that truth; if the mass be corrupted, grasping, and regardless of the rights of others, the concentration and aggravation of all these disqualifying elements is certain to be found, sooner or later, in the high places of the State.

The entire absence of a due regard for the rights of others — almost of a perception that such rights exist — which has been manifested by nearly all classes in France, both during and since the convulsion of 1848, will go far to illustrate our meaning. Liberty — equality — fraternity — were the watchwords of the last revolution, as of the first. The Provisional Government announced them at its first sitting in the Hôtel de Ville, and all their decrees were headed with the magical syllables. Every man was to have a share, an equal share, in the choice of rulers and the decision of the form of government. Nothing could be fairer than the promise; and, if the old system of things was to be considered entirely swept away, nothing could be juster than the principle. But it soon appeared that neither the Provisional Government nor their supporters had any idea of adhering to it. Their profession, as well as their duty, clearly was, to ascertain as soon as might be by universal suffrage, the real wishes of the country on the nature of their government, and then promptly and uncomplainingly to carry them into effect. But it early became evident that nothing could be further from their thoughts than either to obey these wishes when ascertained, or even to wait for their expression. They proclaimed a Republic at once; alike ignorant and careless whether France, when consulted, would not prefer a monarchy or an empire. They issued decrees after decrees with greater recklessness, greater indifference to the feelings, greater contempt

for the rights and possessions of their fellow-citizens, than any autocrat in Asia would have dared to manifest. They plundered alike the rich and the poor; they abolished titles, and robbed the Savings' Bank. They did not even profess to allow the French nation (out of Paris) freedom or fair play in the exercise of the universal suffrage they had just proclaimed. They sent out emissaries to the provinces with authority to displace any functionaries who held opinions adverse to the governing *clique* at Paris, and to use every means to secure the election of such representatives, and such only, as should be thorough republicans. Louis Philippe, among all his oppressions, never ventured upon any attack on the freedom of suffrage half so barefaced. The government, so far from wishing fairly to ascertain the will of the whole nation, evidently feared the expression of that will, and were anxious to control it. Most of the active parties in the Parisian movement shared this feeling; they fancied (right or wrong) that the majority of the French nation were not on their side,—were not favourable to republican institutions; and they were resolved—so ill had they learned the first principles of liberty—that the voice of the majority should be silenced or coerced. When the regiments of the National Guard assembled to choose their officers, the pledge exacted from the candidates was this:—‘that in the event of the new Convention declaring ‘against a Republic, they would march against them and put ‘them down!’ What was this, but to make public profession of military despotism? What was this, but a declaration on the part of certain classes of the population of Paris,—‘If the votes ‘of the great majority of French citizens, honestly ascertained, ‘should decide against our views, we will unscrupulously ‘trample upon that majority, and carry out our views by force?’ Accordingly when the Convention met, the members were compelled to appear upon the balcony in presence of the armed mob of the metropolis, and cry *Vive la République*, without having even a decent interval allowed them for going through the form of a deliberation. How *could* free institutions work among a people who showed themselves so utterly insensible to the commonest dictates of justice between man and man?

The same regardlessness of the rights of others, thus early pronounced by the Provisional Government and the National Guard, pervaded every class, and every individual, both in Paris and the other great towns. No one had the slightest scruple about imposing his own will upon others by force. In all discussions, the minority were ready to appeal to arms. If out-voted, they would fight for it. However small the number who held their opinions, however conscious they were that the vast mass of the

nation was opposed to them, they still held themselves entitled to compel obedience to their wishes. Every man maintained his right to coerce the whole nation. Every vote of the Assembly was a signal for some party or other who were offended at it, to 'descend into the streets,' as the phrase was. Hence the six months succeeding February witnessed a scarcely interrupted succession of actual or attempted *émeutes*. How could a representative system flourish and bear fruit, when the very foundation on which it rests, — submission to the decision of the electors, unequivocally and constitutionally expressed, — was not merely overlooked or overborne, but openly denied and scouted?

A similar spirit has animated the course pursued by all parties even to the date at which we write. The President and the Assembly preserve an attitude of mutual and indecorous hostility, instead of mutual forbearance and respect. The malcontent minority rail at the triumphant majority, *i. e.* the Assembly; and the Assembly, forgetting that angry criticism is the inalienable right of the minority, endeavours to punish and gag the press. The defeated Socialists seem incessantly occupied with plots against the government, and the alarmed authorities retaliate by a new electoral law which disfranchises half the constituency of France. Encroachment is retorted by encroachment; and tyranny on the one side, and conspiracy on the other, indicate too plainly how little either party understand the duties of citizens or the rights of man. 'Partout (says M. Guizot) les libertés individuelles des citoyens scules en présence de la volonté unique de la majorité numérique de la nation. Partout le principe du despotisme en face du droit de l'insurrection!'

Again, a general regard for truth is the bond, the tacit postulate, which lies at the very root of every social relation. In all the daily and hourly transactions of life we assume that a man will do what he swears to do, and has done what he affirms that he has done. We could not get on without this assumption; all society would be brought to a dead-lock in a single day, were we compelled to forego it. No concerns, least of all those in which the citizens take a direct share, as in the administration of justice or in municipal government, could be carried on, were this postulate once proved and felt to be a false one. The effect upon the operation of free institutions, of an habitual disregard of the obligations of truth and justice, is well illustrated by the working of trial by jury in Ireland in a certain class of cases in recent times.

This institution is based upon the assumption that witnesses will give true evidence, and that jurymen will a true verdict

find according to the evidence,—both parties swearing that they will do so. If this assumption be correct, trial by jury is the most invaluable of free institutions; if the assumption be false, it is of all institutions the most noxious and treacherous. Where the assumption is correct, trial by jury is the safeguard of liberty and the protection of the community; where the assumption is incorrect, then trial by jury is the shield of the wrong-doer, the peril of the good citizen—‘a delusion, a mockery, and a snare;’—it becomes an institution, not for discovering, but for concealing truth—not for administering, but for evading justice—for compromising, dishonouring, and endangering society. Now the assumption has long been *not* correct in Ireland; and it is notorious that it has not been so. In that country it is well known that frequently where party feeling, religious hostility, or class sympathies intervene, neither the statement of a witness, nor the oath of jurymen, can be relied on. One instance will suffice. The statement was Mr. O’Connell’s, and was made, we believe, in the House of Commons. ‘On one occasion,’ said the great agitator, ‘I was counsel for a man on his trial for murder. I called only one witness for the defence; but that one, anywhere save in Ireland, would have been sufficient. *I put the murdered man into the witness-box* to prove that he was still alive. No question was raised as to his identity, *but my client was found guilty.*’* The State Trials in Ireland in 1848 brought out the same truth with the most painful and instructive clearness. Three men were severally put on their trial for treason and sedition. About their guilt there was not a doubt: it was notorious and avowed. They did not even plead that they had not committed treason; they simply argued, after the pattern of the French *émeutiers*, that they had a right to commit it. Yet so doubtful was the decision of an Irish jury felt to be, that the whole struggle took place, not on the question as to the value or relevancy of the evidence, but *on the striking of the panel*. In the two first cases the prisoners escaped because unanimity was required, and two of the jurymen were partisans: in the third case a conviction was obtained because the prisoner chanced to have no friends in the jury-box. So completely was this acknowledged, that in all the angry discussions which subsequently took place, the only question argued on either side

* Mr. Lover, in his ‘Rory O’ More,’ mentions a similar instance. Mr. Foster (Letters on Ireland, p. 409.) states, having had the curiosity to count, that in 1000 instances the statements made before Lord Devon’s Commission *on oath*, have been flatly contradicted *on oath*.

turned on the constitution of the jury ; — for on the great issue, that of guilt or innocence, there was no difference of opinion. The complaint of the seditious was that their virtual accomplices were excluded from the jury-box : the defence of the authorities was, that this was indispensable in order to obtain an honest verdict. Both parties were right. But how can trial by jury work in a country where oaths are of so little cogency, and where party feeling is so universal, so vehement, and so unscrupulous, that, to speak plainly, a prisoner's only choice often lies between a jury of antagonists or a jury of partisans ?

The second national requisite for the successful working of self-government is an habitual respect for established law. Before a people can be trusted either to make the laws or to enforce them, they must have learned the first great lesson of yielding them a cheerful and reverential obedience. Without the wide diffusion of this virtue through all ranks, the law can have no permanence, the administrators of the law no authority. Without this, what hold could judges and officers have over the people, by whom they were appointed, by whom they were removable, and from the will of whom they derived their mission to control that will ? Where the great majority of the nation venerate and uphold the law, the judge and the sheriff act against the malefactors and the turbulent with the whole power of the community ; where it is otherwise, their task is the hopeless one of casting out Satan by Satan's agency. Conceive the consequences in Ireland, were legislators, judges, and officers the direct creatures of the people's choice ! Who would dare to make a just law or enforce a stringent one ? In America, the great body of the people still retains much of their ancestral reverence for the laws — what Carlyle calls 'an inveterate and 'inborn reverence for the constable's staff,' — and a wholesome education is contending manfully in the same direction. Yet even there, we see occasionally alarming indications of the difficulties which are felt by popularly elected officers, in cases where the law-makers and the law-breakers are identical. The exceptions are few indeed ; but enough to make us at times afraid that the apprehensions of Jefferson on the probable *euthanasia* of democracy in the United States may be a proof of his foresight as well as of his sensitiveness. In France, the despotic and anomalous power of the police to which Frenchmen have been long accustomed to submit, and the extensive ramifications of the bureaucratic system, which scarcely leaves full freedom of action in any of the ordinary transactions of life, have hitherto in some degree replaced that respect for law which is so sadly

wanting there; but as these wear out, or are cast off, the consequences cannot fail to develop themselves.

The French have a significant phrase in common use, *le droit d'insurrection* — the right of revolt. The expression, at least the ordinary use of it, speaks volumes. The right of rising in arms against the government is with them one of the most precious of the 'rights of man,' — a right, too, which they take care shall not be lost *non utendo*, — a right not, as with us, kept in the background, in secrecy and silence, disused and forgotten till oppression has driven wise men mad, but kept bright and burnished as a daily weapon, constantly flourished in the face of rulers, and ready to be acted upon on the most trivial occasions. To repeat a simile which has become a common-place with us, — what in England is considered the extreme medicine of the constitution, is made in France its daily bread. In the code of French constitutional law, every man whom the rulers may have injured or displeased — every man who deems any decisions of the Chamber unpatriotic or unwise — every man who thinks the proceedings of the government oppressive, or its form impolitic, — has the sacred and inalienable right of insurrection to fall back upon, and may at once set up the standard of revolt, and try what fiery and foolish spirits are rash enough to join him. An Englishman would shrink back from any similar enterprise, as being black with the guilt, and terrible with the penalties, of treason. A Frenchman has no such feeling: with him it is no question of right or wrong, but simply of the chance of failure or success. The right of 'cashiering' his rulers, if they will not do his bidding — if they persist in doing the bidding of the great mass of his countrymen instead — he considers to be as indisputable and inherently vested in him as the right of choosing his representative, and one to be exercised with almost as little consideration. In England we look upon the matter very differently. We appeal to the great precedents of our history: and, without denying that cases may occur in which the oppressions of a government justify a general outbreak on the part of the people, we are accustomed to regard such an outbreak as an extreme measure. The right of resistance depends upon the sympathy and support of the nation; personal opinion or individual injury can never warrant it. And it is one of the inestimable advantages of liberty of speech and suffrage, that they provide the means of readily ascertaining what is the amount of injury sustained in any case by the public, and what is the opinion of the public concerning it.

A further illustration may be gathered from comparing the whole tone of proceedings in State Trials for libel, treason, and

sedition, in France and in England. The contrast is startling and instructive. In England the sole questions asked are, 'What is the law? and has the accused violated that law?' To these questions all parties,—judge, prosecutor, and prisoner,—address themselves, and confine themselves. Neither the counsel for the Crown, nor, generally, the counsel for the prisoner, makes any appeal to the political predilections of the jury: they are supposed to bring no such predilections into court. The judge coldly explains the law; the jury impartially investigate the fact. If the prisoner is condemned, it is because it has been made clear that he knowingly broke the law: no other inquiry is entered into. If he escapes, it is either because he is able to prove his innocence,—or, as is more frequently the case, the possibility of his innocence,—or because our almost superstitious reverence for law allows him to avail himself of some loophole which its weary technicalities afford. In France, the prosecutor blazons the iniquity of the doctrines broached by the accused, or the seditious views he is known to entertain; and the accused replies, seldom attempting to prove that he did not publish the libel, or was not concerned in the *émeute*, but pleading boldly his *droit d'insurrection*, defending at great length the soundness of his political opinions, and appealing to the first principles of society, the laws of nature, and the rights of man. We remember to have read an account of one of these trials, in which the prisoners in their defence left wholly on one side the question of their guilt or innocence, and confined themselves to a proof of *la supériorité de leurs principes*!

This want of respect for established law is far more to be deplored than wondered at. How, indeed, should the French possess it? Since the First Revolution, sixty years ago, swept away all the laws and institutions which were venerable and powerful from the strength of centuries, none of those by which they were replaced have lasted long enough to acquire any firm hold upon the popular mind, or fairly to take root in the habits and affections of the nation. Every institution has been liable to be changed long before it had time to gain a prescriptive title to respect; every law has stood by its own strength alone; and France has found itself in the pitiable, anchorless, rudderless situation of a nation without antecedents. It is probable that at least a century of stable government must intervene before Frenchmen can look upon their national laws with any of the same feelings, with which an Englishman bows to those which are hallowed to his mind by their connexion with the past and the antiquity of some eight hundred years.

One of the most essential conditions of success in self-government, in nations as in individuals, is a certain sobriety of cha-

racter. They must have some capacity of independent thought, some power of resisting the influence of mere oratory, of withstanding the contagion of sympathy with numbers, of turning a deaf ear to high-sounding but unmeaning watchwords. Now, to be able to do all this implies either unusual natural solidity of intellect, or a degree of mental cultivation hitherto rarely to be found in the body of the people. It is curious, as well as instructive, to observe how much more readily the populace of most countries, France and Ireland more especially, can be fired by grand ideas, and fine, though wild, conceptions, than by the ablest appeal to their reason or even to their material interests. They turn with disgust or incredulity from the wise and far-sighted political economist, and drink in with eager ears the exciting rhapsodies of the poet. ‘Gain but
‘ their ear (it has been said) and you will rarely find them fail
‘ in their comprehension of an abstract notion; whereas they
‘ are generally incapable of penetrating into any points of detail.
‘ Talk to the starving people of plans, the best devised and
‘ wisest, for giving them bread to eat; try to induce them to
‘ see the positive correctness of your calculations; and they will
‘ either leave you to discourse to the winds or will stone you
‘ to death, after accusing you of wishing to take advantage of
‘ the public distress. But entertain them with declamations
‘ about glory, honour, charity, and they will forget their wants
‘ in child-like admiration.’ Now, there is much that is beautiful, much even that is hopeful, in this greater aptitude for the entertainment of high and glowing images than of material and interested considerations, in this keener susceptibility of the passions than the appetites; but it is a feature in the popular mind which does not promise well for the success of free institutions at the time, nor indicate a high capacity for self-government. It is a peculiarity which makes a people the easy victims of demagogues, the ready instruments of every fanatic orator, the prey of every soured or hungry patriot. It is interesting to see the French artisan, scarcely able by the strictest frugality and the hardest toil to maintain his family, yet listening with eager aspect, swelling attitude, and flashing eyes, to the haranguer. And what says the harangue? It speaks to him of the unblemished honours of the Flag of France, ends every sentence with *la gloire et la patrie*, and strives by an appeal to historic memories to arouse his ancestral antipathy to England. Under the excitement not only is poverty forgotten, but joyfully exchanged for actual starvation, so that some imagined insult offered to the glory of his country may be avenged. It is interesting to see the Irishman, with all his habitual want of order and self-control, touched, and subdued, and carried away captive

by Father Matthew. His picturesque and imaginative temperament was so wrought upon, as to enable him to renounce his favourite vice, and exercise a forbearance which no regard to his own interests could ever force upon him. But in both these spectacles, if there is much to interest, there is also much to alarm. They point to a weakness in the national mind—a weakness which, beyond doubt, has its bright and servicable side, but still a weakness which has been found to seriously impair their fitness for the management of their own affairs,—a weakness which places them at the mercy of any eloquent misleader,—a weakness which is at least as easily swayed to evil as to good. This infirmity is one which the demagogues of both countries have understood thoroughly, and have worked most mercilessly for their own bad ends; which in France, indeed, Lamartine once turned to temporary good, but which in Ireland O'Connell turned—also with one great exception—to incessant and incalculable mischief.

Further. It is of the last moment that all who are, or are likely to be, called to administer the affairs of a free State, should be deeply imbued with the statesmanlike virtues of modesty and caution, and should act under a profound sense of their personal responsibility. It is an awful thing to undertake the government of a great country; and no man can be any way worthy of that high calling who does not from his inmost soul feel it to be so. When we reflect upon the fearful consequences, both to the lives, the material interests, and the moral well-being of thousands, which may ensue from a hasty word, an erroneous judgment, a temporary carelessness, or lapse of diligence; when we remember that every action of a statesman is pregnant with results which may last for generations after he is gathered to his fathers; that his decisions may, and probably must, affect for good or ill the destinies of future times; that peace or war, crime or virtue, prosperity or adversity, the honour or dishonour of his country, the right or wrong, wise or unwise solution of some of the mightiest problems in the progress of humanity, depend upon the course he may pursue at those critical moments which to ordinary men occur but rarely, but which crowd the daily life of a statesman; the marvel is that men should be forthcoming bold enough to venture on such a task. Now, among public men in England this sense of responsibility is in general adequately felt. It affords an honourable (and in most cases we believe a true) explanation of that singular discrepancy between public men when in and when out of office,—that inconsistency between the promise and the performance,—between what the leader of the opposition urges the minister to do, and what the same leader, when minister himself, actually

does,—which is so commonly attributed to less reputable motives. The independent member may speculate and criticise at his ease; may see, as he thinks, clearly, and with an undoubting and imperious conviction, what course on this or that question ought to be pursued; may feel so unboundedly confident in the soundness of his views, that he cannot comprehend or pardon the inability of ministers to see as he sees, and to act as he would wish; but as soon as the overwhelming responsibilities of office are his own,—as soon as he finds no obstacle to the carrying out of his plans except such as may arise from the sense that he does so at the risk of his country's welfare and his own reputation,—he is seized with a strange diffidence, a new-born modesty, a mistrust of his own judgment which he never felt before; he re-examines, he hesitates, he delays; he brings to bear upon the investigation all the new light which official knowledge has revealed to him; and finds at last that he scruples to do himself what he had not scrupled to insist upon before. So deep-rooted is this sense of responsibility with our countrymen, that whatever parties a crisis of popular feeling might carry into power, we should have comparatively little dread of rash, and no dread of corrupt, conduct on their part: we scarcely know the public man who, when his country's destinies were committed to his charge, *could* for a moment dream of acting otherwise than with scrupulous integrity, and to the best of his utmost diligence and most cautious judgment,—at all events till the dulness of daily custom had laid his self-vigilance asleep. We are convinced that, were Lord Stanhope and Mr. D'Israeli to be borne into office by some grotesque freak of fortune, even they would become sobered as by magic, and would astonish all beholders, not by their vagaries, but by their steadiness and discretion.

Now, of this wholesome sense of awful responsibility, we see no indications among public men in France. Dumont says, in his 'Recollections of Mirabeau,' 'I have sometimes thought that 'if you were to stop a hundred men indiscriminately in the streets 'of Paris and London, and propose to each to undertake the 'government, ninety-nine of the Londoners would refuse, and 'ninety-nine of the Parisians would accept.' In fact, we find that it is only one or two of the more experienced *habitués* of office who in France ever seem to feel any hesitation. Ordinary deputies, military men, journalists, men of science, accept, with a *naïve* and simple courage, posts for which, except that courage, they possess no single qualification. But this is not the worst; they never hesitate, at their country's risk and cost, to carry out their own favourite schemes to an experiment; in fact, they often seem to value office mainly for that purpose, and

to regard their country chiefly as the *corpus vile* on which the experiment is to be made. Diffidence — filial respect for their native land — are sentiments, apparently, alike unknown. To make way for their cherished theories, they relentlessly sweep out of sight the whole past, and never appear to contemplate either the possibility of failure, or the weight of parricidal guilt which failure will cast upon them. Like the daughters of Pelias, they unscrupulously 'hack their aged parent in pieces, and put 'him into the kettle of magicians, in hopes that by their poisonous 'weeds and wild incantations, they may regenerate the paternal 'constitution, and renovate their father's life.'

Few men ever lived so well entitled as Burke to try their hand at constructing a theoretical constitution, and at setting it to work. But, though the first of political philosophers, he was to the last unable to conceive 'how any man can have brought 'himself to that pitch of presumption, to consider his country 'as nothing but *carte-blanche*, upon which he may scribble 'whatever he pleases.' This point, however, has been attained by many of the most active politicians of France. The events of 1848 too clearly showed it. The history of the strange proceedings in February of that year, and of Lamartine's part in them, as detailed by him in the work which we lately reviewed (No. 183.), displays more strikingly than any words of ours could do, how utterly the portion of patriotism which consists in reverence for country, is absent from the thoughts of even the principal performer on that occasion. Lamartine relates, that on reaching the Chamber of Deputies, on the morning of the 24th February, he was accosted and led into a private room by seven or eight individuals, chiefly journalists, who addressed him in the extraordinary terms which we formerly quoted: —

'L'heure pressé; les événemens sont suspendus sur l'inconnu; nous sommes républicains; nos convictions, nos pensées, nos vies, sont dévouées à la république. . . . Nous ne l'abandonnerons jamais; mais nous pouvons l'ajourner et la suspendre devant les intérêts supérieurs à nos yeux à la république même, les intérêts de la patrie. La France est elle mûre pour cette forme de gouvernement? l'accepterait-elle sans résistance? . . . Voilà l'état de nos esprits, voilà nos scrupules; résolvons-les. Nous ne vous connaissons pas, nous ne vous flattons pas, mais nous vous estimons. Le peuple invoque votre nom. Il a confiance en vous; vous êtes à nos yeux l'homme de la circonstance.' Ce que vous direz sera dit. Ce que vous voudrez sera fait. Le regne de Louis-Philippe est fini; aucune réconciliation n'est possible entre lui et nous. Mais une continuation de royauté temporaire sous le nom d'un enfant, sous la main faible d'une femme, et sous la direction d'un ministre populaire, mandataire du peuple, cher aux républicains, peut-elle clore la crise? . . . Voulez-vous être ce ministre? . . . Le parti-républicain se donne authentiquement à

vous par nos voix. Nous sommes prêts à prendre l'engagement formel de vous porter au pouvoir par la main désormais invincible de la révolution qui gronde à ces portes, de vous y soutenir, de vous y perpétuer. . . . Votre cause sera la nôtre."

Lamartine asked *five minutes* for reflection; and then, without a shadow of diffidence or compunction, decided in favour of a Republic, — and within six hours was accordingly installed, as the head of a Provisional Government, at the Hôtel de Ville.

Now, consider well the salient points of this strange narrative. While Louis Philippe still reigns at the Tuilleries, — while the city is in tumult, and occasional shots are heard, — while the new Ministers are insanely withdrawing the troops under the idea that the people will be satisfied with the concessions of the monarch and the appointment of a reforming administration, half a dozen journalists accost an influential deputy, inform him that the old Government is at an end, that the monarch is, or shall be, deposed, — offer him the helm of State, as being in their gift, and crown the monstrous proceeding by *giving him five minutes* to decide whether the future Government of France shall be a Republic, or a Constitutional Monarchy under the Count of Paris! Lamartine expresses no surprise, — he is not shocked at the astounding audacity of the proposal, — he is not terrified by the face-to-face view of conspiracy and treason, — he does not disclaim the influence which is ascribed to him, — he does not shrink from the tremendous magnitude of the question submitted to his decision; but, 'covering his face with his hands, and leaning his elbows on the table,' he rapidly runs over the arguments on both sides, for and against, and then — in less time than an English banker would take to decide upon the acceptance of a dubious bill, or a merchant to decide upon a purchase or a sale of stock — he raises his head, and with the confident dogmatism of an oracle, pronounces the fiat which expels the House of Orleans from France, and changes at once a dynasty and a constitution! We question whether all history can produce a parallel instance of sublime assurance.

Some nations need, and are accustomed to, a much greater amount of government than others. In that case, their habits, and the necessities generated by those habits, present serious obstacles to the satisfactory working of a more popular organisation. A people reared in that condition of swathed and bandaged helplessness which bureaucracy inevitably engenders, has a long and difficult track to traverse, before it is fitted either to use free institutions, or to maintain them. A business-like training in the school of municipal self-government would seem to be an in-

dispensable preparative for managing the affairs of a Republic. In America and in England it is surprising how little government we require; and how much of that little we supply to ourselves through the instrumentality of local administration. Much of our taxation, and many of our public works, we settle at parochial or county meetings. We may pass year after year, without ever becoming conscious of any direct action of Government upon us. So rarely does it step in to affect officially the ordinary life of an Englishman, either to guide or to control, that he may pass through his whole career without becoming cognisant of its existence, except through the periodical demands of the tax-gatherer. He is accustomed to guide himself, to decide for himself, to arrange for himself in all the transactions of the world, without the interference or consultation of any higher power. The county municipalities of Hungary were in like manner admirable schools for the formation of working politicians. But in France and Austria, and throughout the Continent generally, the case is as much the reverse of this as possible. In almost every proceeding and event of private life, the action of Government is felt,—peremptory and immediate. The public functionaries are omnipresent, omniscient, and almost omnipotent. In the choice of a profession, in the conduct of a business, in contracting a marriage, in making a will, the central authority interferes to direct, to license, to sanction, to prohibit. The Frenchman and the Austrian experiences, endures, and therefore perhaps by this time needs, twenty times as much government as the Englishman or the American. Hence, free institutions bestow upon him, not personal liberty, but merely the power of selecting the particular set of busy-bodies who shall fetter that liberty. His discontent remains the same under all changes; for he feels himself little, if at all, more free under the Republic than under the Monarchy,—the heavy and irritating tyranny of the bureaucracy existing equally under both. He is as much governed by other people as he was before, and left as little to the government of himself; and feeling this, as Carlyle would call it, ‘inarticulately,’ he is as little satisfied with the idol he has set up as with that he has thrown down.

Where the functions of the ruling powers are limited to the decision of peace or war, the maintenance of order, and the execution of settled laws, the men who are to execute these functions may be chosen and changed by the popular will more or less wisely, more or less frequently and rashly, yet without any very serious consequences in ordinary times. But when these functions are extended over every department and almost every action of social life; when the rulers undertake to

dictate to every man what he shall do, and when and how he shall do it; when all those local and parochial arrangements, which we make for ourselves and among ourselves, are settled at the tedious discretion of a central power, it is clear that a class of persons with wholly different qualities and powers are needed: you then require men specially trained and long habituated to the business of administration, independent of the dislike of those whom they are to drill and lead, and not liable to be removed through popular caprice and replaced by inexperienced successors. It seems almost a truism to say, that the less government a people require, the fitter are they for governing themselves; and that the more independent they are of external guidance and control, the greater the chance of popular institutions succeeding among them.

It now remains to point out a few of the items that enter into the price which we find ourselves called upon to pay for the blessing of a popular parliamentary government, — even in this country, where our suffrage is still so limited, and our aristocracy still so powerful; — a price which would probably be far heavier elsewhere.

The first great disadvantage inherent in representative government, where the basis of the representation is at all extended, is this; — it brings to the head of affairs not necessarily the wisest statesmen nor the ablest administrators, but simply the most effective speakers and the most popular leaders. In a country, — where the body of the people are so much in the habit, and cling so much to the privilege, of expressing their opinions in public meetings, and where, periodically, the candidates for their suffrages address them from the hustings, — rhetorical powers will of course be in the greatest demand, and cannot fail to command for their possessor a success and a position in public estimation out of all proportion to their real value. In a representative assembly, too, where all the measures of government and all the interests of the nation are topics of daily *viva voce* discussion, — promptitude and vigour in debate, the ‘art of dressing up statements for the House,’ readiness of speech, quick perception of the fallacies of an opponent, practised skill in concealing one’s own, are the qualities which raise a senator to eminence. It is these endowments, far more than profound views or administrative ability, which give the leadership in popular assemblies; and it is from among the leaders that, by constitutional etiquette, if not of constitutional necessity, the ministers of state are chosen. Such men cannot, it is felt, be passed over in the distribution of offices, whatever may be the idea formed of

their official capacity. So large an aristocratic element still lingers in our constitution (long may it linger!) that mere eloquence, or brilliant debating skill, will not often alone give the leadership of a party in England; but it is even here a main step, and elsewhere must become *the* main step to it; and the position is universally recognised as constituting in itself a title to the high places of a new administration. The men who occupy the front rank as debaters in the House of Commons, or in the French Chambers, feel that they have a prescriptive right to the chief offices of state whenever their party comes into power; with perhaps this difference, that in England it is *speaking*, and in France *writing*, which confers this special distinction. Now it is evident, and is daily proved, that lucid statement, powerful rapid argument, eloquent declamation, skilful sarcasm, fierce invective,—all the elements which go to make up the mighty orator,—not only differ widely from, but are seldom lodged in the same mind with, those which concur to form a sagacious statesman. On the contrary, sobriety of view, tenacity of purpose, comprehensiveness of vision, patience in inquiry, wisdom which learns from the past, prophetic insight which can discern the direction of the future, mark the politician, to whom the conduct of affairs may safely be confided. It is probable that these endowments are found more frequently, and in richer measure, among those who speak seldom and who speak ill, than among the more prominent and brilliant debaters. It is possible that the chief, to whom the task of forming an administration is entrusted, may be fully aware of this fact,—may distrust the salient brilliancy, and recognise the value of the hidden gem; but he must succumb to the necessities which representative government imposes. Even while we write, the evil which we are pointing out forms one of the chief embarrassments of the Protectionist party, when speculating on the prospect of their return to office. The position occupied by Mr. D'Israeli, long their most pointed and striking speaker, and latterly their recognised leader in the Lower House, unquestionably singles him out as entitled to one of the principal secretaryships of state in the event of a Protectionist administration. Lord Stanley is the last man who with any grace could deny the validity of the claim according to etiquette and custom; and Mr. D'Israeli is not a man to waive it. Yet so universally, even among those who most admire his talents, is his incapacity for such a responsible situation felt and acknowledged, that no prime minister would dare to place him in it. The danger of appointing him would be even greater than the danger of omitting him; and either difficulty is great

enough to render the formation of a Protectionist ministry almost impossible.*

In England, the mischiefs arising from the cause we have here indicated, are kept in check by our national esteem for solid character; also by the opportunity which the work of Parliament offers to men of general ability for proving their several powers, independently of mere oratory, and of acquiring a sufficient facility of speech for the transaction of ordinary business. Education and the press may in time do something towards spoiling the market for mere declamation. But it is evident that the more excitable the people, the more extensive and dangerous this evil. Among nations so susceptible to eloquence as the Irish and the French, men like O'Connell and Lamar-tine, though possessed of no particular qualification, and with almost every disqualification, for the government of others, might acquire a degree of influence, which could not fail to be attended with the most fatal consequences. When the torch and gunpowder meet, we know what follows.

It would seem to be the tendency of all nations in the enjoyment of free institutions, more and more to supersede the original functions of their legislatures, and to carry on in society at large, by popular meetings, or through the medium of the press, those political discussions for which the Representative Assembly is the recognised arena. The effect of this is to approximate the Legislative Chambers to a sort of *lits de justice*, for the registration of the popular decrees. Whether this be or be not an evil, is not here the question: the tendency is clearly observable in England as well as in America and France. The same cause operates to reduce ministers from the rank of originating, initiating, and really *ruling* statesmen, to that of mere executors of the popular will. The class of qualifications we require from them is thus materially changed; administrative ability is more specially needed than, (what we have never set great store by,) a capacity even for philosophic legislation; and as there is now no place or little opening for commanding statesmen, it becomes more important that we should have able administrators—men who can carry out with skill and judgment the recorded decisions of the nation.

Another of the drawbacks inherent in popular government is

* Sheridan and O'Connell may be specified as recent examples of distinguished debaters in the House of Commons, and in one sense undoubted leaders, whom yet it would have been fatal to appoint to influential offices. Paley once said of a man, that he knew nothing against him, but that he was a popular preacher. We must, however, beware of the other extreme, nor carry our presumption against oratory, lay or clerical, too far.

that the turmoil, tumult, and contention it involves, deter men of thoughtful minds, peaceful tempers, and retired habits from coming forward to bear their part in it. The more popular the system, the pressure of this objection becomes more sensibly felt. Now, the object of every nation is, or should be, to call to its councils and place at the head of its affairs the ablest and most virtuous of its citizens. That form of constitution which could show that it best secured this end, would go far towards showing that it was itself the best. Now, the honest and deeply reflective man, whose views of the true interests of a nation are soundest and most comprehensive, will often be found of a character which unfits him for conciliating the popular voice, and inspires in him a distaste for public struggles. The same habits of patient and quiet thought which have guided him to wisdom, indispose him to carry that wisdom to a noisy and contentious market. The profound and subtle understanding which is an invaluable assistant at the Council Board, is commonly accompanied with a refined and fastidious taste which shrinks from the contest with reluctant colleagues, angry opponents, or an unappreciating and coarse constituency. Thus we find that in democracies, and more or less in all governments which approach that form, the most useful men are often shut out from public life. That they allow themselves to be so, is no doubt partly a weakness and a dereliction of duty on their side; but when the highest kind of wisdom is likely to be overlooked, and their duties are made irksome to the wise and good, the public will have to bear by far the greatest share both of the penalty and blame. It is an ill-omen for a nation, that calm, delicate, and philosophical minds should abjure her service, and retire into privacy. The mischief is already perceptible in England, notwithstanding the limitation of our suffrage, the variety of our constituencies, and the generally correct and gentlemanly spirit of our popular Assembly. But in France it is seriously felt; and in America it has long been a source of regret and alarm to her most intelligent sons.

Thirdly, — representative government prevents our chief officers of state from regarding merit in the distribution of their appointments as much, or as exclusively, as the interest of the country demands, and as we believe they themselves would wish. The applicants for every vacant office are innumerable; and their respective claims are supported by influential parties whose alliance, from public motives, must be rivetted, whose hostility must not be risked, or to whom a debt of gratitude is owing for former services. The distribution of patronage is, and we fear must inevitably be, materially affected by a view to the pur-

chase of parliamentary support. Paley in his day shocked the more moral sections of the public by broadly stating the extent, in which influence had succeeded to prerogative: and in itself this is unquestionably an evil and a danger. But we do not mention it as a reproach to any set of ministers, when kept within due bounds. It is to be regarded rather as one of the inherent defects in a parliamentary system,—as part of the price which we pay for representative institutions,—a price which the sense and virtue of our statesmen, aided by the watchfulness of the people, it may be hoped, will continue to prevent from becoming too exorbitant. Indeed, a marked improvement in this respect has taken place in England within the last few years. Still the danger remains one which only a generally high tone of public morality can keep at bay; and it is one to which France is more especially exposed from the immense number of places at the disposal of the government,—we have seen it put at nearly 600,000,—and the universal spirit of place-hunting stimulated, though not generated, under the late dynasty. The spirit is of older date. Madame de Stael bears witness to it under the Empire.

Under a Parliamentary Government, an inordinate amount of the time and strength of our statesmen is wasted in parrying attacks on themselves and their measures: days and hours that ought to be devoted to the silent and undisturbed study of the country's wants, are habitually consumed in meeting the assaults of implacable and sleepless adversaries; and energies that should be spent in the actual work of administration, are frittered away in the far more harassing task of personal defence. This is a sore and a growing evil, and one under which the public service suffers most deplorably. Any senator, whom hostile feeling, love of notoriety, or genuine though restless patriotism, prompts to bring charges of partiality, malversation, or injudicious conduct against a minister, may occupy the time of the House and the country in the investigation of charges which often turn out frivolous or groundless; and the minister is called away from his appropriate duties—already far too heavy for his strength—to rake up the ashes of long-forgotten transactions, and prepare and collect documents needed for his justification, but become useless for any other purpose. We have seen many instances of this in our days,—some indefensible enough of very recent date. It is well, no doubt, that all public measures, especially such as are to be embodied into laws, should undergo the ordeal of the severest and most searching criticism; it is well too that all public men should feel that they are acting in the light of day, and before an audience, by whom their characters will be considered public property, and no lapse or failing be permitted to pass with

impunity;—but in these points, as in so many others, the immoderate use of a valuable privilege may be a serious drawback on its value,—so much so, that the price paid for it at last may depopularise and discredit what ought to be the grand censorial office of a House of Commons. Popular bodies will always want reminding more or less of the celebrated protest of their most illustrious member to his constituents at Bristol: ‘I must beg leave just to hint to you, that we may suffer very great detriment by being open to every talker. It is not to be imagined how much service is lost from spirits full of activity and full of energy, who are pressing to great and capital objects, when you oblige them to be continually looking back. Whilst they are defending one service, they defraud you of a hundred. Applaud us when we run; console us when we fall; cheer us when we recover; but let us pass on—for God’s sake, let us pass on.’

But this is not the only evil arising from the same cause. The constant, pervading recollection that they have to run the gauntlet betwixt ranks of hostile critics, almost inevitably compels Ministers to frame their measures with a view to the ordeal through which they will have to pass, rather than with a sole reference to the public good. They construct, not the best they are capable of, but the most passable. Statesmen under an autocratic government are at liberty to bring forward such enactments as diligent inquiry and practised sagacity satisfy them will be most conducive to the public weal: they can disregard the opposition or the doubts of those less informed or less far-sighted than themselves, and can trust to time to vindicate the wisdom of their views. But statesmen under a representative system are unable thus to appeal from the present to the future: they can pass no measures for which they cannot make out a case clear and satisfactory to the public at the moment: their projects must be plausible, as well as sound,—they must *seem*, as well as be, wise and expedient,—and often the reality must be sacrificed to the seeming. Here, again, the extent of the mischief will be measured by the degree to which the democratic element prevails in the assembly; since that will probably be the measure of the degree in which the wisdom of the trained statesman surpasses the wisdom of the legislative many.

It will be readily believed that we have been led to dwell upon the difficulties and drawbacks inherent in the working of free institutions with no idea of disparaging them, or casting doubts upon their value; but in order to warn those nations which are new to them, and those which are striving after them, that, when they have won them their work is not ended, often

indeed only half begun; that these institutions are not unmixed blessings, nor self-acting charms; that their real value must depend upon the wisdom and the virtue of those who manage them. In themselves they can confer neither personal freedom, nor good government, nor national prosperity; they are simply a means of obtaining these signal advantages. They are a spell of power, but not of power for good alone. They afford a field for the exercise of all patriotic virtues: while they dispense with none. For France this warning is especially needed; since, in truth, she is trying an experiment which, taken in all its collateral circumstances, is altogether new. The apparent similarity of her institutions to those of England and America should not blind her to this vital fact. She is trying the experiment of the most completely democratic government the world ever saw — with the broad basis of a suffrage all but universal — among a people the vast numerical majority of whom are not only defective in general education, but are wholly destitute of that special political education which habits of municipality (so to speak) can alone bestow. In America general education is cared for, and universally spread among the people to an unparalleled degree; in no country is so large an annual sum willingly raised and expended for this noble purpose. Severe economists in everything else, they are prodigal in this. But this is not all — the Americans have an instinctive faculty for self-government — a faculty which is kept in continual practice. They govern themselves in every detail of social life; in every town, in every village, in every hamlet, they can at once extemporise a municipal administration, without the least aid from the central power. By this means their political education is continually going on; every American is early and daily accustomed to discuss and act in political affairs; and the result is, that he understands these when he understands anything, and often when his education is deplorably defective on all other points. In England, it is true, though political training and habits of combined action are far more widely diffused than in France, yet the mass of our people are nearly as uneducated; but then we have a very limited suffrage, and a still powerful aristocracy. France, in her perilous political experiment, possesses neither the safeguards of America nor those of England.

We do not mean to predict that therefore the experiment must fail — we hope better things; but we say that it must encounter dangers severer than have menaced either of its prototypes; and that its success must depend upon the manifestation of qualities to which Frenchmen have not yet made good their claim. Their perils are obvious; and we think their course is clear. It will not mend the matter to seek, either

by fraud or force, to give the cards another shuffle. Having based their constitution on universal suffrage, and having thus secured a fair and simple means of ascertaining the popular will, their plain duty is not to flinch from the consequences of this fundamental principle, but to bow to that will as the supreme law.* It is more sensible and more conservative than they suppose. Let them enlighten it as fast as they may — change it when they can by eloquence and reason; but obey it unreservedly while unchanged. Let it be recognised on the part of all — as an axiom of their understanding, a dogma of their creed, a fixed, unquestionable rule of their public morals — that the *majority must rule*; — that, on the one hand, any appeal to arms or to secret conspiracy on the part of the minority is treason to the majesty of the law, for which no dishonour can be too deep, no penalty too sharp or peremptory; that, on the other hand, (as a correlative proposition) any attempt by their Rulers to coerce, prevent, or vitiate that free expression of the popular voice by which only the real majority can be ascertained, is an equal treason and equal crime.

Majorities and minorities have reciprocal rights and duties. Any tampering with the fair broad basis of the suffrage — any fetters upon free discussion — any restrictions on the decent freedom of the press — are, on the part of the victorious majority, as clear, undoubted violations of the rights of their antagonists, as insurrection and conspiracies would be on the part of the defeated minority. While every man has a vote, and full freedom in the expression of his views, no excuse can exist for violence or secret plots. On the other hand, while every man bows to the decision of the aggregate votes of the community, no excuse can exist for tyranny on the side of the dominant party. Everything must be decided by votes, and votes must be gained by discussion. This is the inevitable corollary of the Revolution: in accepting it frankly, and following it out boldly, lies now the only hope of freedom or salvation — the endeavour to escape from it can lead only to bloodshed and confusion. In a forbearing respect for each other's rights the antagonist parties will do well to seek safety and peace. For if peace is their object, to this they must come at last. Otherwise, as long as each persists in encroaching on the power and province of the other — in pursuing secretly ulterior designs incompatible with loyalty to the constitution they have sworn to maintain — in employing power, when they have obtained it, to cripple and disarm their opponents — in refusing allegiance to any government, and obedience to any law, which does not embody their own crotchets, or which is not established by their own party — we can see no prospect but continued turbulence and

final anarchy. If the President *will* make secret war on the Assembly, and intrigue for an illegal augmentation or continuance of power — if the Assembly *will* thwart the President and encroach upon his functions — if the conservative majority *will* fetter the press, and disfranchise half France, because it fears the Socialist minority — while the Socialist minority lives, moves, and breathes in a perpetual conspiracy against government and order, — the issue cannot be either distant or doubtful; and, end how it may, the result cannot but be lastingly injurious to France, and discrediting to the cause of Representative Government all over the world. Our apprehensions for Republican France lie deeper, it will be seen, than any revision of an impracticable constitution, or any fusion of parties, honest or dishonest, can possibly remove.

ART. IX.—1. *The Works of Quintus Horatius Flaccus, illustrated chiefly from the Remains of Ancient Art.* With a Life by the Rev. HENRY HART MILMAN, Canon of St. Peter's. London: 1849.

2. *The Life of Torquato Tasso.* By the Rev. R. MILMAN. 2 vols. London: 1850.

IT is an occasional privilege of our craft as reviewers to turn aside from newly opened paths and to survey some beaten track upon the great common of literature. We do not, indeed, summon reputations which have become authentic to the critical bar for a re-hearing of their case: but we submit them to a fresh analysis, or contemplate them under novel aspects as records of intellectual effort or permanent models of art. It is a privilege we would not willingly forego, and it is one which most readers will cheerfully grant; since it enables both parties to 'interpose a little ease' amid the uncertainties and excitement which inevitably attend upon our contemporary politics and literature. No essay of the present day can indeed add renown to the metaphysical pyramid of Aquinas, or to the sombre and lustrous vision of Dante. Nevertheless it is good at times to reconsider the laws of strength and beauty which governed the structure of the *Summa Theologiæ* and the *Divine Comedy*.

The volumes before us afford a fair pretext for exercising this privilege. They relate, indeed, to lighter matters than those great culminations of mediæval science and imagination. Yet the subjects of them are scarcely less illustrative of the epochs and the circumstances which gave them birth. Few

authors have attained a wider reputation than Tasso; none are more popular or indeed beloved than Horace. From Tasso we learn our first lisplings in Italian literature, and imbibe perhaps our most vivid impression of the partly religious, partly ferocious passions which, at the close of the eleventh century of the Christian era, precipitated Europe upon Asia. With Horace we connect the memory of days when friendships were first formed, when hopes were most buoyant, and literary aspirations retained their vernal promise. With Horace also we associate the remembrance of moments stolen or redeemed from the graver business of life; moments in which beside the blazing hearth, or through summer noons we pondered over his pregnant sense and genial wit; or even explored, volume in hand, under Italian skies, the scenery of his Sabine farm, his Bandusian fountain, and Venusian birthplace. Than Horace and Tasso there are indeed no companions meet for a critic's holiday, such as we now invite our readers for awhile to share with us.

We purpose, however, being anything rather than critical on this occasion. 'Let Euclid rest, and Archimedes pause.' We shall take with us, on our excursion, neither Schlegel nor Dr. Blair. We are off circuit — it is vacation time. We wish for a re-introduction to the men themselves, to their friends and patrons, their employments and amusements, their foibles and their sorrows. In the course of our retrospect we shall have occasion to mourn as well as to smile; for there were shadows even on Horace's career, and there was an horizon of gloom around the life of Tasso. But whether we mourn or rejoice, it shall be with the poets themselves, and not over the defects of the *Gierusalemme*, or the imperfect canons of the Art of Poetry. The works have received their *imprimatur* centuries ago; the men may be studied anew — each from an aspect of his own — as representatives of literary or individual life in Italy during two distant and highly-cultivated ages.

Horace's address to the more beautiful daughter of a beautiful mother is not strictly applicable to the relations of Italian and Latin literature, since their several charms are in many respects too unlike for a comparison. The *pulcra mater* was a majestic and somewhat imperious matron; the *pulcrrior filia* was a susceptible and somewhat voluptuous nymph. The elder literature retained even in its lighter moments and its decline the stately demeanour of a Cornelia or Æmilia; the younger literature, even in its severest garb, reflected the image of a Laura and Fiammetta. The prelude of the one was the trumpet-chorus of Ennius and Pacuvius; the prelude of the other was

the plaintive and pastoral pipe of the solitary of Vacluse. Yet between the extremes of Latin and Italian minstrelsy are points of resemblance and affinity which no other literature can exhibit. No other literature, indeed, has enjoyed to the same extent the privilege of metempsychosis. The Roman tongue, partly from direct transmission, partly from the influence of the *Genius Loci*, passed into the Italian without such foreign admixtures as render the Spanish language nearly as much Gothic or Arabic as it is Romanesque; and without such curtailments of inflection and euphony as cripple the poetic eloquence at least of France. Of all the daughters of the Roman speech the Italian, notwithstanding the diversity we have noticed, best represents the features of the maternal idiom. Nor is the resemblance limited to words. The filial thought and idiosyncrasy are genuine grafts from the parent stem. Neither is it restricted to the sphere of intellect: there is a point of view, strange to say, in which it extends also to the sphere of action. The fortunes of the peninsula, in ancient and in modern times, if we include within our survey a sufficient orbit of change and aspect, have not been so dissimilar as they may appear. The Italy of the Cæsars and that of the Popes, the Italy which declined under the Etruscan Lucumons, and that which withered under the feudal Colonne and Ursini, the final centre of Ethnic civilisation and the earliest source of Christian art and refinement, afford parallels closer than many which have been fancied by historians or drawn by Plutarch. Before, however, we notice the points of resemblance between the age of Horace and the age of Tasso, we must briefly advert to the works now before us which have led to our proposed combination of these remote, but not alien, epochs in literary annals.

Of the editor of this eminently beautiful and splendid edition of the works of Horace it is almost superfluous for us to speak. Dean Milman, as a poet, an historian, and a critic, has already earned for himself a station in literature which no commendation of ours would render more certain or conspicuous. His Life of Horace is, of course, not a performance which can add much to his literary fame. To a scholar so accomplished, and to so experienced a writer, it was probably the work of leisure hours. It is, however, both well written and, what with such a subject is of essential importance, gracefully and genially conceived, and should be taken into account by every subsequent editor of the Roman Lyrist. We detect *ex pede Herculem* — the proverbial loyalty of Etonians to their classical training — in the almost universal reception of the Etonian readings of the text. But this is as it should be; for Etonian scholars, by their

long and severe drilling, acquire an instinctive feeling for the niceties of Latin metre, which renders them on the whole perhaps the best judges in such matters. We should be ungrateful, also, not to record our hearty thanks to the artists who have assisted the editor in illustrating the author. The Sosii brothers who published the original parchment of the *Editio Princeps* cannot have surpassed in the elegance of their borders and designs the beauty of Mr. Murray's vignettes and decorations. The illustrations do not yield to Pinc's; and had Annuals been in fashion at the Saturnalia, Horace could have made no choicer Christmas gift to Varius and Virgil than such an impression of his *Opera Omnia*. Cowper's verses, 'Maria, could Horace have guessed — What honours awaited his Ode,' would have been more appropriate to this elegant octavo than to Lady Throckmorton's transcript of a spurious poem.

Mr. Robert Milman, we believe, commences his career as an author with the 'Life of Tasso.' Even were the merits of this work less than they are, we should welcome with pleasure the transmission of literary powers and pursuits in the same family. He does not, however, need the protection of his uncle's Telamonian shield — his book has considerable merit and promise of its own. Its chief defects are such as are incidental to youthful authorship. Mr. R. Milman will write more perspicuously when he has written more frequently, and will sermonise less in his books when he shall have preached oftener in his pulpit. He has evidently, in his biography of Tasso, undertaken a labour of love. His diligence has been great, his materials are copious and well arranged, and his sketches of the poet's contemporaries form agreeable episodes in the narrative of Tasso's works and woes. We should, indeed, have counselled more numerous references to his authorities; and in case of a second edition being called for, we should recommend him to append, either in the text or the notes, the original to the translated passages. This would not materially increase the bulk, while it would greatly add to the worth and interest of the volumes. Tasso's poems, with the exception of the 'Gierusalemme' and 'Aminta,' are but little known to readers in general; but they are rich in biographical materials; his critical treatises, which contain much that Lessing and the Schlegels afterwards announced as novel principles of taste, are hardly read on this side of the Alps; and such apposition of the text and the translation is warranted by the practice of Bouterwek, Ginguéné, and Sismondi.

Dean Milman — his ecclesiastical rank spares us the awkward affixes of senior and junior — observes that 'the poetry of

‘ Horace is the history of Rome during the great change from a
‘ republic into a monarchy, during the sudden and almost com-
‘ plete revolution from centuries of war and civil faction to that
‘ peaceful period which is called the Augustan Age of Letters.
‘ Of Rome, or of the Roman mind, no one can know anything
‘ who is not profoundly versed in Horace; and whoever really
‘ understands Horace will have a more perfect and more accu-
‘ rate knowledge of the Roman manners and the Roman mind
‘ than the most diligent and laborious investigator of the Roman
‘ antiquities.’ Useful and admirable indeed as are the archæo-
logical works of Bekker and Boettiger, we are disposed to
wonder and lament that the learning and liveliness bestowed
upon ‘ Gallus’ and ‘ Sabina’ were not rather devoted to a work
entitled *Horaz und sein Zeitalter*. The freedman’s son would
have been a better centre for social and æsthetical disquisition
than a Messalina’s toilet-table, or a dilettantè prefect of Egypt.

Of all the men of his own time, perhaps of any time, Horace
— whether we regard his genius, his opportunities, or his asso-
ciates — was probably the best qualified for the representative
functions which the Dean of St. Paul’s so justly ascribes to him.
His genius was not one which, by the fervour and force of its
conceptions, or the wide orbit of its movements, transcended or
transfigured the present; his opportunities for observation were
not bounded by birth or station too illustrious or too obscure;
and his associates were, by chance or choice, selected from ranks
and parties the most opposite to one another. For he sprang,
in modern phrase, from the people; and he became, in mature
life, the companion of the intellectual aristocracy. His cultiva-
tion was Greek; the groundwork of his character was Roman.
In youth he was an eager partisan of Brutus and the Senate; in
manhood he was the friend of the inheritors of Cæsar’s usurpa-
tion. He was sufficiently distinguished, in his riper years, to
see the leading men of his time in their happier hours; and yet
was too much of a private person to be involved in any of their
divisions. He could pay a compliment, and he could speak his
mind. His mode of writing exempted him from the responsi-
bilities of the historian and from the exaggerations of the orator.
A treasury-clerk and a Sabine land-owner, he had as large an
experience as Touchstone himself of the relative advantages of
city and country life. His ambition was moderate; his tastes
were comprehensive; his humour was for the life contemplative,
and he had the advantage of being the spectator of one of the
most momentous and skilful games of policy ever played by
a ruler of men. Despite his ‘ Parian Iambics,’ we have no
scruple in defining Horace as an eminently good-tempered

man. We believe, indeed, his good temper to be the main charm of his writings. In reading the 'Journal' or the political squibs of Swift, we recoil from the saturnine temperament of their author. In Walpole's letters we make allowance for more than epigrammatic malice. In Prior and Boileau we are on our guard against the plenipotentiary and the pensioner; and in Pope we remember that he in turn eulogised and defamed nearly every one of his friends, from Wycherley to Lady Mary. Lapse of time and our imperfect acquaintance with details have doubtless softened, for the modern reader, some of Horace's original acerbity. Canidia, Mænas, and Cassius indeed, could their opinion be obtained, might perhaps justly describe him as being as 'good-natured a friend' as any that Sir Fretful Plagiary could boast. But we know little of the provocations he had received: he had been unfortunate in his party politics; he was again rising in the world, and he could not lack enviers and backbiters. Yet the *succus nigræ loliginis* is shed over comparatively few of his pages. He plays with foibles rather than lashes vices, and satirises the type rather than the individual. Though Rome, in the age of Horace, abounded equally with materials for a Newgate Calendar and a Dunciad, he tells us more of the coxcombs than of the criminals. We smile at the loquacity of Fabius, the perfumes of Rufillus, and the coarse hospitality of Nasidienus: but we are left to learn from other sources the atrocities of L. Hostius and Vedius Pollio. In the hands of Juvenal and Churchill, satire is the iron scourge of the Furies: in those of Horace and Cowper, it is the rod of a very popular and good-tempered schoolmaster. We believe, with Dr. Tate, in despite of the ingenious argument of Buttman to the contrary, that *Malchinus* was not intended for *Mæcenæ*. We believe, too, that Horace never maligned or even civilly sneered at any person of real worth and genius; and we find nothing in his satires so disingenuous as Pope's lampoon on the Duke of Chandos, or so insidious as his '*Atticus*.' Sweet as may be the uses of adversity, the uses of prosperity are oftentimes not less so; and as the fortunes of Horace improved, his poetry became not only purer in its sentiments, but also more liberal and indulgent in its treatment of men and manners.

There are losses in historical literature which surpass the injuries inflicted by 'barbarian blindness and Gothic rage.' Among the heaviest of these is the destruction—the author's own act—of the letters and memoranda of Pomponius Atticus. Vicar of Bray, as Atticus undoubtedly was,—a model we should scarcely have expected to have been picked out by Sir Matthew Hale to dress himself by,—his adroitness in trimming proves his skill in reading the signs of the times. Perhaps,

with the exception of the late Prince Talleyrand, never man enjoyed such opportunities for disclosing the springs of faction and the motives of partisans as the friend of Cicero and Brutus, of Antonius and Augustus, of nearly every sturdy Pompeian, and of nearly every zealous Cæsarian, had access to for half a century. If he were not equally trusted, he was at least generally consulted, by all the leaders and by all the more prominent members of the conflicting parties. His advice was sought by the sufferers as well as by the actors in the revolution, — by matrons trembling for their sons and husbands, by bankers in jeopardy for their investments, and by country-gentlemen in dread of a fresh settlement of centurions in their neighbourhood. But Talleyrand seems to have extended his caution beyond the grave, and Atticus burned his correspondence with all and sundry; — preferring a good match for his daughter Pomponia to the dangerous honour of being the historian to his own life and times. Horace's opportunities for observation were much less complete than those of this prince of trimmers. Yet they were not inconsiderable: and a brief comparison of the several crises of the Republic with the principal epochs of the poet's life, will corroborate Mr. Milman's assertion that his works are, in great measure, a contemporary record of Rome. We must not, indeed, look for direct information. Neither his mode of writing, his position, nor his inclination admitted of it. Youth and adverse circumstances at first disqualified him for the office of chronicler: and his subsequent connexions with the Cæsarian court imposed upon him a politic, although not a servile, acquiescence under the powers that were.

From his birth to his twelfth year, Horace dwelt among the shrewd and hardy borderers of Lucania and Apulia. Yet even among them he witnessed the recent vestiges of foreign war and domestic convulsion. The district of Venusia — the modern Basilicata — had been seized upon by Sulla; and among the immediate neighbours of the elder Flaccus were veterans of the Pontic and Italian campaigns. Even his father's profession (he was a collector of payments at auctions), may have impressed upon the future satirist his first conceptions of the toil and trouble of revolution. In those days of confiscation and of rapid transfer of property, the hereditary landowner was the most frequent sufferer; and 'the fields of Umbrenus' may have changed hands more than once during the boyhood of Horace. From the glimpse he affords of the ingenuous youth of Venusia, — '*magni pueri magnis e centurionibus orti*' — we may infer that the society of the neighbourhood was neither intellectual nor select. 'Our armies swore terribly in Flanders;' and we know how the orphan Roderic Random was regarded by his school-

fellows, the sons of country magnates. Doubtless the centurions were as hard-drinking and boisterous as 'the wise Mr. Justice Freeman or Sir Thomas Trueby,' and told as interminable stories of 'the Propontic and the Hellespont,' as Sir Dugald Dalgetty himself in his retirement at Drumthwaeket. Men, too, who had revelled in Asian luxury, who had driven off mules laden with gold and seen frankincense measured by the bushel, would have small respect for the frugal collector and his unproductive farm, which would not have furnished a breakfast for one of the satraps of Mithridates. From such worshipful society Horace was removed in his twelfth year by his watchful father, and introduced to the motley crowds and turbulent pomp of the capital. The relation between the father and son appears to have been of the most tender and confiding kind. The paternal fondness and vigilance were repaid by the most filial reverence and affection: and the immortality of the poet has preserved for us one of the most interesting glimpses of Roman private life. The *patria potestas*, in the families at least of Horace and of Ovid, was a most paternal sway. At any era of Rome, to a sprightly and observant boy, removal there from the high-hung *chalèts* of Aeerenza, the vast thickets of Banzi, the sounding Aufidus, and the picturesque Mount Voltore, would have been impressive: in the 701st year of the city it must have been an impression at once startling and indelible. Rome, which had long been the focus of revolution, was in that year staggering under a great defeat. Crassus and his army had perished,—the last counterpoise between the surviving triumvirs had been destroyed,—and all the moderate men and all the dangerous men in Rome were awaiting a collision between the Chief of the Senate and the Proconsul of the Gauls. Nor was the rumour of battle lost or won the only sound which would awaken his curiosity. The year of his arrival was marked upon the spot by even bloodier and more disastrous events than the murder of a triumvir or the dishonour of the legions. There was 'war in prociuet' in the streets of Rome; and the gladiators of Milo and Clodius fought daily in the forum, and made night hideous with the flames of burning houses and the revelry of their respective camps.

We know not in which of the many lanes of Rome stood the school-room of Orbilius; that it was no very splendid seminary may be inferred from its owner's poverty. But, in whichever of the regions it was seated, and however rare an event a half-holiday may have been, it cannot have been so remote from the arena of convulsion, as to have been beyond ear-shot of the surge and recoil of fierce civil strife. We know something, however, of Orbilius himself. As every par-

ticular connected with the life of Horace is interesting, we will remark, — what has escaped even his last and best biographer, — that as a native of Beneventum, Orbilius was probably recommended to the elder Flaccus by some of his former neighbours at Venusia. He was a schoolmaster of the old stamp, — as strict a disciplinarian as Dr. Rodinos of Oviedo, whose skill in educating the logical faculties is attested by *Gil Blas*, — and as stout a foe to educational innovation as the Fathers of the National Council of Thurles, or even the Bishop of Exeter himself. He read with his classes Homer and Livius Andronicus; and his ‘curriculum’ produced permanent results upon the mind of his most distinguished pupil. Many a stripe had engraved the verses of both these archaic bards upon the Horatian memory, but with very opposite effects. For Horace retained small affection for the old Saturnian poet, or for ancient Italian verse in general; while, to the end of his life, he studied with delight the war of Troy and the wanderings of Ulysses. From his twelfth to his eighteenth year the young aspirant remained at Rome, and in that period must have been eye-witness and ear-witness of the final movements of the Cæsarian revolution. It was among the treasured recollections of Seneca the rhetorician in his declining years that he had heard Cicero speak in the senate. He probably had heard one of the swan-songs of the great orator — one of the speeches against M. Antony. But, in the year after he was placed under the care of Orbilius, Horace may have listened to Cicero’s defence of Milo. He may have been among the by-standers on that memorable day when the eye under which Catilina had quailed, and the voice which the tribune Metellus could not silence, drooped and faltered in the presence of the armed tribunal of Pompeius and the yelling of the Clodian mob. Five years afterwards Horace went to the university of Athens. The intervening period was crowded with all the preparations for the last contest between Pompeius and Cæsar. As a freedman of the Horatian House, the elder Flaccus was probably a conservative in politics. His illustrious son was, we know, an active partisan of Brutus and the senate. These five years of school-life must accordingly have been a period of intense excitement, both to the anxious father and the observing son. Men, it has often been remarked, live fast in revolutionary times. The events of an hour often baffle all the experiences of a past life. When Horace came to Rome, the name of Pompeius was in everybody’s mouth. ‘He alone can save the Republic,’ ‘He is the second Sulla.’ ‘He is the most moderate of men;’ ‘he is the most false of men.’ ‘He is all-powerful and will proscribe:’ ‘he is superannuated

‘and will yield;’ ‘Cæsar and his hybrid legions will melt at a word of his mouth:’ ‘Cneius and all his carpet-knights will fly before the Alauda and the Xth.’ Such were the party-cries and prognostications, to be stifled or fulfilled on the plain of Pharsalia. The peaceful studies of the youth of Rome must have been strangely interrupted by these political excitements. No man could be so obscure, so young, or so thoughtless, but that he must have been deeply affected by the insecurity of liberty and of life. ‘In the unruffled quiet of his manhood and age,’ Dean Milman observes, ‘how often must these turbulent and awful days have contrasted themselves in the memory of Horace, with his tranquil pursuit of letters, social enjoyment and country retirement.’

Meanwhile there was a happy interval between Horace’s earlier and later participation in the common calamities of the time. It was probably in the year after the battle of Pharsalia that he quitted his school at Rome and enrolled himself as a student under one of the many professors at Athens. We are not informed whether the good *co-actor* still survived, and still farther taxed his humble means to afford his son a university education, or whether Horace already inherited the paternal acres, and maintained himself among ‘the groves of Academe’ upon the rents of his Venusian farm. He has indicated his mode of life there, and his deep enjoyment of its studious repose by one of those quiet touches which, to the mind’s eye, enrich his works with so many lively portraitures. He studied the Greek poets and philosophers, and probably learned geometry, that essential element of Athenian education. More we know not of him, although we may fairly conjecture that his intimacy with Messala and Bibulus was cemented at the university, and that he was contemporary with young Marcus Cicero; who, however, had most likely too large an allowance, and was too much devoted to supper parties and Chian wine to be a congenial companion for the freedman’s son. From Lucian and the Greek fathers of the Church we derive some interesting particulars of ancient university life. In the character of Nigrinus the satirist sketches the deep repose and the studious employments of the Attic philosophers; and the groves and walks of the Academy acquire a new charm from the youthful friendship of Basil and Gregory of Nazianzum. But of Horace and his contemporaries it can merely be told that they studied at Athens, and that their studies were interrupted by the immediate consequences of an event which pervaded, with exultation or dismay, every province of the Roman world. That event was the murder of Cæsar; and one among its many consequences was the arrival of Brutus at Athens to

revive the Pompeian party and to recruit the senatorian army in their old strong quarters, the Grecian and Syrian provinces. Messala, Bibulus, and Horace were all regarded of equal worth by the fugitive conspirator, — who, at Rome, perhaps would have scarcely deigned to return the salutation of the collector's son. But it was no time to weigh the accidents of birth or fortune. The veterans were nearly all arrayed on the Cæsarian side; and the extemporary legions of Brutus and Cassius demanded a prompt supply of Roman officers. Clive passed almost immediately from a merchant's desk to the command of a company of Sepoys; and Horace, although of no very robust frame, and altogether inexperienced in war, was, probably after a little previous drilling, appointed to the command of a legion, where he might apply to the columns and squares of Achaian and Asiatic recruits the knowledge he had recently been acquiring of the properties of curves and right lines. The untoward issue of his new avocation is well known; his military career closed at Philippi: and he appears to have never felt it a disgrace to have fled from a field on which the commonwealth itself had fallen irretrievably. 'Liberty,' Dean Milman well remarks, 'may be said to have deserted Horace, rather than Horace liberty; and, happily for mankind, he felt that his calling was 'to more peaceful pursuits.'

We have dwelt the longer upon the mere preludial portion of the life of Horace because its events materially modified his literary character. These stirring scenes and early calamities coloured his political prejudices, his ethical contemplations, and the entire form and texture of his imagination and intellect. His shrewd good sense proved to him, after Philippi, and probably also after a more intimate experience of the senatorian party itself, that liberty, as it was defined by Brutus and the oligarchy, was indeed a dream; and that peace, even under the triumvirs, must be preferable to anarchy under the decrepit and dissolute senate. It was not surprising that 'Roman youth, 'at this ardent and generous period of life, breathing the air of 'Pericles, Aristotle, and Demosthenes,' should, at the moment, have thrown themselves into the ranks of a party whose watch-word was 'the Republic;' and who had so recently reconsecrated their principles, in the eyes of the vulgar at least, and even with Cicero's vehement, although somewhat tardy approval, by a baptism of blood. Such an act as the assassination of Cæsar had more than once earned for its perpetrators in Greece the title of saviours of their country; and, in the Hellenic calendar, no saints were more illustrious than Harmodius and Aristogeiton, Dion and Timoleon. But to men of sense, no less than to men of selfish expediency, to Horace no less than to Munatius

Plancus, it had become palpable that, in contending for the name of the senate, they were contending against the restoration of order and the substantial recompenses of peace. Of the sons of Pompeius, the only survivor was a reckless, brutal, and stupid youth, whom misfortune had made an exile and choice a pirate. Of the Latin and Sabine families, whose ancestors had given their names to years, and added kingdoms to the commonwealth, many were extinct, many were bankrupt, and the residue, which had retained its place and honours, was either fighting under the triumviral banner, or expiating its share or its approval of Cæsar's murder, as suppliants at the Parthian court or as fugitives in the Iberian sierras. Nor were Horace's political sentiments alone shaken by the blank desperation of the cause he had espoused. His ethical doctrines were gradually modified by it. He came to regard what was possible, as the proper object of desire rather than the 'summum bonum,' to which many might pretend, but at which no one could arrive. His temper became more indulgent; his discrimination more mature; and he entered upon his new and proper career of literature a poorer indeed, but a sadder and a wiser man. His experience of the danger of extremes and the hollowness of professions led him, along the path of sorrow, to that sincerity and self-knowledge which are the charm of his moral writings; and disarmed, after a few relapses, his satire of that bitter spirit in which Lucilius had scourged the city, and which imparts to the diatribes of Juvenal at least as much offensiveness as energy.

One literary effect of Horace's campaigns has been unnoticed by his biographers. It has been remarked by an accomplished modern critic that Jeremy Taylor acquired in the camp his vivid and numerous martial images. Horace seems to have turned his military experience to similar account; and certainly no Roman poet, not treating of epic and consequently warlike themes, has so diversified his diction with images and metaphors derived from war. It may be observed also in this place that, for a Roman, Horace was comparatively untravelled. The vast provincial empire of Rome qualified nearly every man, entrusted with public functions, for becoming a member of the 'Travel-ers' Club.' As a body the senate travelled widely in the character of prætors or proconsuls; as a body the equites travelled widely in that of farmers-general, or collectors of the revenue: and as bankers, corn-factors, secretaries to embassies, and quæstors' clerks, at least a third of the better educated of the commonalty were either settled in Greece, Asia, or Africa, or visited occasionally the provinces, from 'Meroë, Nilotic Isle,' to the Black Forest. But the residence of Horace at Athens,

and his brief campaign in Macedonia, were, as far as we can now know, the limits of his foreign excursions. From his description of his journey to Brundisium, he regarded it as being as memorable an effort, as, two centuries and a half ago, Ben Jonson, regarded his visit to Hawthornden. It would appear, however, that during his university vacations Horace saw more of Greece than could be discerned by climbing the Acropolis or from the promontory of Sunium. Some of his descriptive epithets look too distinct and local for merely borrowed and conventional language. He probably never sallied forth on a picturesque tour, like the Eustaces and Hoares, or Mr. A. de Vere. Yet, as Mr. Milman says, 'he must have visited parts of Greece 'at some period of his life; as he speaks of not having been 'so much *struck* by the rich plain of Larissa or the more rugged 'district of Lacedæmon, as by the headlong Anio and the groves 'of Tibur.'

He had left Rome an eager student: he must have returned in a condition and with prospects, than which nothing darker or more hopeless can be well conceived. Venusia was one of the eighteen cities assigned by the victorious Triumvirate to their soldiers; the patrimony of the ex-tribune was confiscated, and some new *co-actor* was perhaps collecting the price of his native fields. 'The world was all before him where to 'choose,' and he chose to purchase the place of clerk in the Treasury; but whence he obtained the means of purchasing, at that juncture, a patent place, neither scholiast nor commentator has told us.

We are now arrived at the proper commencement of Horace's career. He has not much more than reached manhood, and under most unpromising circumstances,—when, at once, he becomes a representative man. But in order to understand his position, we must briefly glance at the social and intellectual crisis of Rome at the time when Virgil and Varius discerned in their younger contemporary a spirit congenial with their own, and worthy to be cherished by Mæcenas. Many of the broader avenues to the Roman Parnassus were blocked up. The heroic age of poetry had passed irretrievably away; the poetry of the drama was neither 'native nor hospitable' in Rome; and the old Etruscan ritual had never enkindled in its worshippers the feelings or the language of devotion. As a lyric writer, Catullus, so far as regards his countrymen at least, may be said to have failed. His grace, sweetness, and passion were 'caviare to the general;' his fame and popularity rested chiefly on his satiric iambics. In philosophic poetry Lucretius had preoccupied the ground. The dimensions of his poetic eloquence are the only correlate to the

harmonious majesty of Cicero's prose: his '*Rerum Natura*' was the imaginative pantheon of Roman speculations. Nor, in spite of Horace's later success, was lyric poetry, at the first, a likely venture. The age was either resolutely sceptical or grossly superstitious. It sneered at the Olympian theology, it ridiculed the Etruscan augury, and it lay prostrate before the shrine of Isis. Jupiter Optimus Maximus was the deity of the State and of inscriptions: but the Stoic or Epicurean magistrate had reduced him to a cold abstraction, and the popular heart was absorbed in the ruder and more appalling mysteries of Bacchus and Cybele. Heroic poetry demands a people for its audience. It cannot be fostered by patronage: it droops where Art is cultivated as a luxury. It must speak to a nation of its forefathers, or it is dumb; it must be the link of historical generations, or it is barren. The Anglo-Saxon population of London or York in the age of the Tudors would have listened apathetically to the *Mort d'Arthur*; and the audiences which applauded Calderon's Autos would not have given a maravedi to a reciter of the *Cid*. And where, in the age of Augustus, were the Roman people? In the city itself there was, and there always had been, a populace, which, from the first, was not of Roman extraction. Mechanics and artisans from Etruria and Magna Grecia, physicians and schoolmasters from Achaia, Punic and Smyrniote pedlars, Syrian priests, Rhodian shopkeepers, freed-men whom Sulla had emancipated in gangs, clients whom their patrons had settled by tens of thousands in the tribes; these and such as these constituted the motley mass whom the orators addressed as Quirites, and whom the centurions refused to enlist. The four city tribes contained a rabble, with which it would be unjust to compare the population of Wapping or Spitalfields. Even if the epic and mythic songs had not long ago been transmuted into grave chronicles and mortuary panegyrics, they would have found no echo in this hybrid and pauper multitude. It was a multitude and not a race. They descended not from the Vestal and the War-God; their ancestors had not driven forth the Tarquins or fought at Regillus; they were not the seed of the Fabii who fell beside the Cremera, or of the Horatii who had twice led back the Commons from the Sacred Mount. And beyond the walls the absence of a Roman population was even more conspicuous. Of the thirty Latin cities about nine survived in the age of Augustus. Of the villages and market-towns, which had once clustered around those cities, the greater part was covered by reservoirs of water, by woodlands where the Umbrian boar and the red deer harboured, or by pastures grazed by Colchian sheep and the short-legged buffalo of Narbonne. The stern, frugal, and strongly national plebeian race

which had so long maintained the Roman character for order, virtue, and freedom, had been drained into the legions, and those legions had achieved the conquest of the world. It had been an expensive conquest. It had exported the sinews of the commonwealth; and to the Italian peninsula the return had been a population of slaves. In the Sabine valleys or among the Umbrian uplands there might linger isolated patches of the old Sabellian stock; but in the immediate neighbourhood of Rome, from the Liris to the feeders of the Anio, the depopulation was probably most complete. 'The ancient spirit was dead.' The names of Manlius and Coriolanus were as strange to Roman ears as the name of Kosciusko would be to a Russian serf. Both in city and country had died away the genuine Roman people; and with them, doubtless, the last echo of national song. Nor at any period of their history had the Romans been a theatrical people. The more domestic habits of their austerer days had been alien to public amusements; and when these were relaxed, it was into the gross license of the Oscan farce. With the lust of conquest, the ovation and the triumph became the national spectacles. Theatrical entertainments might be forced upon them as a transient fashion, but were never very cordially welcomed. The *Hecyra* of Terence was twice rejected. Once the spectators hurried out of the theatre to see a boxing-match and some rope-dancers; at its second performance a combat of gladiators was the signal for a general 'excunt.' The late Charles Matthews witnessed the interruption of 'Hamlet' at a New Orleans theatre by a general call of the house for a comic song; and a Roman prætor of Achaia insisted upon the suspension of *Electra's* woes, and the immediate substitution of the wrestlers and tumblers. We know, from Horace himself, that the Roman play-goers of the Augustan age preferred gorgeous melodramas, in which horses, mules, and interminable processions swept across the stage, to the acting of *Æsopus* or to the best tragedy of Accius. They might have applauded Victor Hugo; they would not have relished 'Macbeth' or even 'Coriolanus'; and there was small inducement for a commencing poet to adopt a profession which had scarcely given Terence bread.

There were, however, domains in poetry which the Greeks had cultivated only in the later and less creative periods of their literature; and it was one of these which Horace, with the instinctive felicity of genius, appropriated to himself. The satiric form of poetry was not, indeed, absolutely original. There was something resembling it in the *Silli* of the Greeks; and Lucilius had already introduced this style of writing into Rome with great success. Horace's obligations to his prede-

cessor it is impossible to estimate from the few fragments of Lucilius which have survived. His debt was probably in amount what Pope's debt was to the satires of Donne and Hall—a loan of which the interest far surpassed the principal. Whether, indeed, we possess the poems which first attracted to their author the notice of Virgil and Varius must remain doubtful. We incline to think that his maturer judgment suppressed the firstlings of his muse, or, at least, so modified them in their collected form, as to leave little of their original texture behind. But that these *primitiæ* were satirical in their character, even if they were lyrical in their form, cannot well be questioned. We believe the fierce invectives on Canidia to be of earlier date than any of the Satires; and consequently on Bentley's theory (whose arrangement of the Horatian works we wish Dean Milman had followed), earlier also than any of the other poems now extant. Pasquinade has been in all ages a genial product of the Italian mind. Marforio was the successor of Mercury. The ten tables could not put it down; it indifferently assailed Tiberius and Hildebrand; and it was the weapon of all classes, from Nævius and Catullus to Cæsar's soldiers and the vine-pruner of Cales, and the last of the successors of St. Peter. The delicacy of his taste and the kindness of his temper, however, seem to have preserved Horace, even in the bitterness of adversity, from any serious or permanent abuse of his two-edged weapon. He was neither a table-buffoon, nor an angry declaimer, nor a political lampooner. His father had early sown in his mind the seeds of shrewd observation: in Eupolis, Cratinus, and Menander he studied the models of grave and temperate irony; and amid the motley population of the Roman forum he possessed an inexhaustible store of originals and anecdotes for sketches, earnest or jocose.

We have not, however, undertaken to characterise a writer whom all men admire in proportion to their capacity for appreciating him. The world's favourite needs not the critic's ballot; and we have to deal with Horace himself rather than with his writings. A few months at least must have been spent in the business or drudgery (*invisa negotia*), of the treasury clerkship, before his verses or his conversation recommended him to Virgil. Common friends from Athens may have made them first acquainted: and already Virgil had surmounted his early obscurity, and, together with Varius and Asinius Pollio, held a high station among the wits of Rome. A few months more of probation were probably passed by Horace in this illustrious company, ere his friends took courage to present him to Mæcenæ; for the great patron of the learned, besides being prime minister and chief of the police, was, by temperament, a shy man, and, from his position, a wary man. About this time, the second satire was probably circulating

as a fugitive piece among the Hotel Rambouillets of Rome; and it is suspected of having censured or laughed at several members of the Cæsarian party, if not even at Mæcenas himself. Here was an unpropitious beginning both for his introducers and their new associate; and the dry and rather abrupt manner of Mæcenas, although habitual to him, may probably have convinced all parties that they had made a wrong move, and would have to look in some other quarter for a patron. The Treasury clerkship, for nine months longer, must find Horace in bread and lentils: since his verses apparently rather hinder than forward his preferment. Meanwhile, however, Mæcenas had begun to collect around him all the men, either already eminent, or who promised to become eminent, in arts and letters. Messala had attracted Tibullus, and Asinius Pollio was patronising one or two poets, who indeed did not do him much credit; for, like their patron, they were rude and intractable, and, what was worse, insolent to Cæsar. Mæcenas, accordingly, — whether it were that he had been really attracted from the first, or heard from his literary or official scouts that the short, stout, and black-haired clerk was, in spite of his Pompeian predilections, a gentleman, and not very obstinate in either his philosophy or his politics, — admitted Horace to a second interview, threw aside all his former reserve, and adopted him into the brilliant and easy circle of the Cilnian House. In the following year, the 717th of Rome, Horace accompanied him to Brundisium, and recorded the events of their journey in one of the most genial and graceful of his Satires. The errand was diplomatic: no less a business than the reconciliation of the ‘mighty opposites,’ Augustus and Antonius. It was an affair in which the world at large was concerned, since upon its issue hung the life and death of thousands, ‘the fate of empires and the fall of thrones;’ and yet Mæcenas went upon it as upon a party of pleasure, environed by the wits and poets who were by this time forming his ordinary society.

The verses — we can hardly term them satirical — which describe the journey to Brundisium afford us a glimpse, not of the political conclave which adjusted the disputes of the triumvirs, but of a more pleasing scene, — the mutual amity of the great Roman literati. Between Virgil, Plotius, Varius, and Horace, and between Horace and Tibullus, there was not merely no vulgar jealousy, no jarring rivalry, but the most frank and cordial admiration. If an epigram of Martial may be trusted, Virgil carried his delicacy so far, that he would not trespass on the poetic provinces which his friends had appropriated. He would not write a tragedy, lest he should obscure

Varius, or lyric poetry lest he should eclipse Horace. The epigram of Martial is corroborated by a trait of the Mantuan bard recorded by Donatus. Virgil, he says, rejoiced in another's fame as much as in his own: 'Refert Pedianus benignum
' (Virgilium) cultoremque omnium bonorum atque eruditorum
' fuisse, et usque adeo invidiæ expertem, ut si quid eruditè
' dictum inspiceret alterius, non minus gauderet ac si suum
' fuisset.' Such virtues, combined with so much genius, entitled the popular poet to his precedence in Dante's Elysium, and to the solemn salutation which greeted his return to the 'painless fields.'

' Onorate l' altissimo Poeta,
L' ombra sua torna, ch' era dipartita.'

Ovid informs us that he had merely *seen* Virgil: and that the Fates had denied him intimacy with the short-lived Tibullus. Virgil, indeed, either for the sake of his health, or to secure leisure for his poetic and archæological studies, seems to have in general preferred the quiet of Athens, of Naples, or of his own fields on the banks of the Mincio, to the courtly and literary circles of the capital. Tibullus, when in Rome, belonged to the coterie of Messala; but feeble health often compelled him to visit the chalybeate springs of Etruria, and he also accompanied his patron on official journeys into Asia and Greece. We understand Ovid, however, to say that he had *heard* Horace recite the new measures which that skilful metrist (*numerosus*) had first transferred from the Æolian to the Ausonian lyre. At all events, Ovid's evidence confirms the testimony of Horace as to the general harmony of the Augustan bards. Sympathy with their common art banished, for at least two generations, all personal jealousies from the greater epic, lyric and elegiac poets; and their friendly union with one another affords an agreeable contrast to the brawls at Hadrian's literary suppers, and to the heartburnings which, sixteen centuries later, Politian indulged, and Ariosto ridiculed and deplored. Ovid, Virgil, and Horace have, indeed, a kind word for nearly all their contemporaries. We cannot say as much for the poets and philosophers of the age of Louis XIV.: nor can we record a similar interest in each other's fame among the wits who clustered around Halifax and Bolingbroke, in England's Augustan age. While the Johnsonian kingdom too often resembled the cavern of Æolus in being a kingdom of storms.

The most substantial proof of friendship which Horace received from his patron was the present of a small estate in the valley of Licenza, about fifteen miles from Tivoli. For this gift posterity as well as Horace is indebted to Mæcenas. 'The Sabine farm' was extrinsically as important an adjunct to his poetry, as his seclusion

in Buckinghamshire was to Cowper's fancy, or the august masses and shadows of his native mountains to the imagination of Wordsworth. Charles Lamb, when he retired on his pension from the India House, did not enjoy his leisure among 'the green lanes of pleasant Hertfordshire' more fervently than Horace the tranquillity of his Digentian valley. The poet in his obscure dwelling at Rome had turned with vain yearnings of heart from the strife, and heat, and crowds of the Roman alleys—until Nero rebuilt the city they scarcely deserved a better name—to the mountain solitudes of Voltore, the sparkling Bandusian fountain, and the bending meadows of the Aufidus. The Sabine farm had the recommendation of being situated in a country nearly as romantic, nearer to Rome, and even to a traveller so indolent as Horace, at no great distance from the original paternal acres. We conceive him too much a lover of nature unadorned to have been a very thrifty farmer. His pastures were apparently too mossy—his arable land too much overgrown with the wild cyclamen and the dwarf oak, to entitle him to a medal from the Royal Agricultural Society; and his friend Virgil, if he went to visit him, had doubtless the mortification to find all his Georgical precepts set at nought. Horace, however, managed to live out of his farm himself, and to maintain at least eight slaves, besides letting his cottages to five free *coloni*. But he derived better things from the gift of Mæcenas than a few combs of millet or a few baskets of olives. He reinvigorated his body and his intellectual faculties in the pure atmosphere and Arcadian beauty of the Sabine hills; and his most distant excursions from the capital were to Baïæ or Tarentum, when the snows lingered too long on Mount Soracte.

'To the munificence of Mæcenas,' says Mr. Milman, whose graceful observations we gladly borrow, 'we owe that peculiar charm of the Horatian poetry, that it represents both the town and country life of the Romans of that age; the country life, not only in the rich and luxurious villa of the wealthy at Tivoli or at Baïæ, but in the secluded retreat and among the simple manners of the peasantry. It might seem as if the wholesome air which the poet breathed, during his retirement on the farm, reinvigorated his natural manliness of mind. There, notwithstanding his love of convivial enjoyment in the palace of Mæcenas and other wealthy friends, he delighted to revert to his own sober and frugal mode of living. Probably at a later period of life he indulged himself in a villa at Tivoli, which he loved for its mild and long spring; and all the later years of his life were passed between these two country residences and Rome.'

Of the Roman poets three have eminently succeeded in depicting natural scenery and rural life. In Lucretius we have the earnest gloom of Salvator's landscapes: in Virgil the tenderness

and fidelity of Poussin ; and in Horace the luminous grace and artful combinations of Claude. Perhaps no two poets ever viewed nature under more opposite aspects, or with less similar idiosyncrasies than Horace and Wordsworth. Yet Wordsworth was an assiduous student of the Roman lyrist; and since the ptoery of artificial life was probably not the link of attraction, we may infer that Horace's veracity as a painter of nature was the charm which bound to him the author of the Excursion. It is agreeable to extract the following passage from Mr. Dennis's letter 'De Villa Horatii.' It reads like a patent of imaginative nobility. 'Few, very few, of the travellers who visit the Eternal City extend their wanderings as far as Licenza; and of those few the greater part are English. In fact, it is commonly believed by the peasantry, that Horace was our countryman, for they cannot conceive of any other source of interest in one so long dead and unsainted, than that of co-patriotism or consanguinity.'

For the dates of Horace's several publications we must refer to Dean Milman's life of the author. The subject, notwithstanding the canons of Bentley, and the industry of subsequent scholars, including the labours of that devoted Horatian student, Prebendary Tate, is still litigated. We believe that the fashion of modern books, their completeness and their number, have misled nearly all who have undertaken to settle the Horatian Fasti. The order which Bentley suggested and Mr. Tate adopted in his edition of the poet, is doubtless the true one, as regards the collected works. But it by no means necessarily follows that the arrangement of the volumes was also in all cases the order of publication of the several poems. Horace in those pieces at least which do not betray by internal evidence their proper date, might easily circulate at one and the same time among the literary coteries of Rome a satirical poem, a lyrical poem, and a familiar letter of compliment or invitation. When as many of such pieces as would form a volume had been received with approbation by Cæsar, Messala, or Mæcenas, they would be collected and arranged under proper heads for an *editio princeps* of the whole. To suppose that all the Satires were written before he composed a single ode, or that every epistle must be subsequent to every epode, is as unreasonable as to suppose that all Cowper's humorous pieces were written in one year and all his serious pieces in another, or that Southey's ballads and epics were composed at different periods of his life. Before, however, we proceed to the consideration of Horace as a lyrical poet, we must extract the following remark of Bentley's as modified by Dean Milman. We cite it, because it contains

all the wonted sagacity of the great Aristarchus, and much more feeling than he usually exhibits in his comments on men and books.

‘The book of Epodes may be considered in one sense the transition from satire to lyric poetry. Though not collected or completed till the present period of the poet’s life, this book appears to contain some of the earliest compositions of Horace. In his sweet youth, his strong passions drove him to express himself in the sharp Iambic verse. Bentley’s observation, which all could wish to be true, is perhaps more so than would appear from his own theory; that, as it proceeds, the stream of the Horatian poetry flows not only with greater elegance, but with greater purity. The moral character of the poet rises in dignity and decency; he has cast off the coarseness and indelicacy which defile some of his earliest pieces; in his Odes he sings to maidens and to youths. The two or three of the Epodes which offend in this manner, I scruple not to assign to the first year after the return of the poet to Rome. But not merely has he risen above, and refined himself from, the grosser licentiousness, but his bitter and truculent invective has gradually softened into more playful satire.’

Two books of Satires and one of Epodes, circulated and published, had invested Horace with something of the importance of a veteran author, and extended his reputation, whether as an object of dread or admiration, among all the literary circles of the capital. He now numbered Augustus among his patrons, and his republican predilections were mitigated, if not eradicated, by the tranquillity and decorum of the Cæsarian court. Veteran captains at the head of numerous and disciplined armies had yielded to the valour of Agrippa or the policy of Augustus; and the last formidable rival of Rome had admitted within its granite quays and into its empty palaces the eagles of a conqueror as irresistible, if not as heroic, as its founder Alexander. It was no dishonour for an Epicurean poet to bow to the decrees of fate, and to accept the tendered friendship of the master of the world. Nor was Augustus a man whose favour could be justly slighted. To bigots of the senatorian party he might still appear to be the false and ensanguined triumvir; but by the provinces, by commerce, by all men whose avocations were peaceful, by all who preferred order and refinement to the fierce uncertainties of civil war, Augustus was at this time regarded, in the light in which he is described by Horace, as the tutelary guardian of peace, civilisation, and progress. So considered, it mattered little whether Cæsar’s patronage of learning and the arts were portions of a scheme for the consolidation of despotism. Whether his conduct in this respect were sincere or only artful, the results to society at large were the same. In peace alone could his illustrious uncle’s plans be matured. Only by a vigilant suppression of the anarchical principles of the Pompeian faction

could Italy recover from a century of revolution, or the exhausted provinces recruit their strength, — wasted as they had been under double spoliation at the hands of both Cæsar's murderers and the equally cruel and prodigal Antonius. The issue of the contest between Rome and Alexandria, must to the western provincials have seemed as momentous as the issue of the strife in oriental theology between Orosmanes and Ahriman. On the one horn of conflict were license and barbarism, on the other were law and civilisation. Had the Liburnian galleys fled at Actium, Asia would have precipitated upon Europe hordes of ruffians and slaves as fierce and insatiable as the first crusaders, or as the motley myriads who followed Attila. The victory in the Ambracian bay delivered the world from an inexorable woe; and, with pardonable adulation, the grateful Romans transferred to their deliverer the attributes of Apollo, the destroyer of Typhon.

The functions of a lyric poet in the Augustan age were greatly circumscribed. He was born out of due season. Poetry and the plastic arts, although not bound by 'laws that alter not,' require certain conditions of society for their full and spontaneous development. The polar forces of lyrical poetry are devotion and love. The temperament of Pindar and Santa Theresa, or the temperament of Petrarch and Sappho, is a necessary element for its highest excellence. But the religion of the Romans was formalism; and the love of the Romans was sensual. The Etruscan ritual inspired no devout aspirations; and the Lesbia of Catullus, the Delia of Tibullus, the Cynthia of Propertius, and Ovid's Corinna, one and all, seem to have been as ill-calculated to excite a sublime or mystic passion as Lucy Carlisle or Nell Gwynne. It is remarkable that of all the poets of his time Horace alone had no individual mistress. For, his Lalages and Lydias, his Glyceras and Chloes we believe to have been as authentic personages as 'Henry Pimpernel and 'old John Napps of Greece.' His amours are as numerous as those of Cowley, and as fabulous. The very names of his mistresses betray their origin. They were not natives of the Vicus Tuscus, of the Palatine or the Suburra, but damsels who had been serenaded centuries before in the streets of Mytilene and Athens. That Horace was at one time of his life a lover may be taken for granted; and we suspect Canidia to have been the object of his passion, and that she jilted him. That he indulged in transient amours with some dark-browed Syrian freed-woman, or the plumper damsels of his Sabine hills, we can also readily imagine. In his boast, *militavi non sine gloriâ*, he treats with equal levity the campaigns in which he conquered, and the campaign from which he ran away. But

as his love of ease and his years increased, he probably bade adieu to a disturbing passion so much at variance with his Epicurean character. A single elegy of Tibullus contains more real passion than all the erotic compositions of Horace.

In his Odes, therefore, we must not seek for the highest form of lyric poetry. They glow with neither earthly passion nor religious enthusiasm. But if we view them as occasional pieces inspired by friendship, by moral sentiment, by genial courtesy, by picturesque taste, or by a grateful sense of favours received, we must admit Horace to have been as consummate an artist in his proper department as Stesichorus or Alcæus. 'Their ease, spirit, perspicuity, and harmony compensate, as far as may be, for the want of the nobler characteristics of daring conception, vehemence, sublimity, and passion.' So says Dean Milman, and all the world agrees. The martial odes of the fourth book have always appeared to us the noblest samples of Horatian art. War, on the scale at least of the Roman wars, had been unknown to the creative age of Greece. The elegies of Tyrtæus were addressed to a handful of men; the battles before Ilion and Thebes were combats of paladins for a suit of armour, a prince's ransom, or a beautiful slave. But, the Roman wars were recompensed by cities and kingdoms, by long processions of captives, by waggons laden with plate the work of Mentor and Myron, by mules laden with gold, the spoil of Achaian and Iberian fanes, by fierce extremes of despair and triumph, by long avenues of applauding citizens, by the alalaginas of the scarred and sunburnt veterans, by the contrast between the chieftain borne to the dungeon and the chieftain ascending the steps of the capitol. Here was a virgin vein of lyrical poetry; and here the native spirit of the poet flashes forth with all the ardour of the most warlike Roman. The fourth book of Odes and the Secular Hymn were written at the express desire of the emperor. Its heroes are his step-sons Tiberius and Drusus, and the theme was worthy of the monarch who suggested, and of the poet who adopted it.

We have already intimated that the Satires of Horace served the untheatrical Romans as elegant, although not vigorous transcripts of the Attic comedy. The applause, often denied to the plays of Terence at their representation, had been warmly accorded to them by a select audience at Scipio's Liternan villa. This warning was not lost on Horace: who, while he refused to recite his compositions in the forum or at the baths, entertained the guests of Mæcenas with his shrewd and delicate sketches of Roman life. The Satires, meantime, no less than the Odes, were in some degree the copies of a more complete and racy original; not so the Epistles. These were not only the work

of the mature man, but one which may be said to have originated with their author. Of the very few Greek letters, which are not forgeries, none display any of the charms of epistolary correspondence. Letter-writing was in fact a Roman accomplishment. The grave statesmen, the eager politicians, and the professional rhetoricians who corresponded with Cicero, drop, in their letters, the formal dignity of the senate-house and the forum: and Cicero himself, addressing Atticus or Tiro, lays aside his consular pomp and irritable vanity, and attains the 'dignified ease' which he never realised in life. There was, however, more than one step between the relaxation of prose and the earnest, playful, and familiar moods which Horace embodied in his epistolary verses. It is perhaps the boldest and most inventive step in all Roman literature. It was a step into a region where he had no precursor, and in which, in spite of the felicitous imitations of Boileau, Swift, Pope, and Mr. Rogers, he has hitherto found no equal. Yet while we feel and acknowledge the charm of these inimitable compositions, it is singularly difficult to define in what consists their attraction. They are not critical or philosophical epistles; yet critics, from the hour when Mæcenæ and Augustus cut the silken cord which bound the tablets, have borrowed from them their æsthetical canons, and philosophers their most popular generalities. They are not mere letters of the man of the world; yet men of the world have in all times emulated their ease and adopted their maxims. Their excellence consists in the perfect fusion and equilibrium of all the intellectual elements of their texture. They have all the grace of the most animated and refined conversation. They are the 'Spectator' of the Roman supper-tables. A line or two from Horace is the only classical quotation ever heard, or permitted to be heard, in what is called 'good company.' Shrewd sense is relieved by seasonable anecdote; a general rule of life by its pertinent application; 'the wisdom of age' and 'the sallies of youth' are reconciled; and the individual interest is extended and elevated by its connexion with the immediate manners of the time, and with the universal instincts of polite society in all ages. 'The Letters of Horace,' Dean Milman remarks, 'possess every merit of the Satires in a higher degree, with a more exquisite urbanity, and a more calm and commanding good sense. In their somewhat more elevated tone, they stand, as it were, in the midway, between the Odes and Satires.' As miniature-painters of the humours and foibles of mankind, Addison, Fontaine, and Charles Lamb, alone approach the curious felicity of Horace. In each of these 'delicate limners' the outline drawn by keen observation is softened by a

catholic good humour. The offences tried in their courts are venial; the judge is lenient; the culprit is dismissed with a slight reprimand; and the spectators disperse, divided in their minds between pity and laughter.

Old age was not accorded to Horace: but no man enjoyed a more serene noon of life, or, to adopt his own metaphor, departed from its banquet, making way for younger folk, with greater cheerfulness. His trials had come upon him at the period of buoyant and hopeful youth. He had surmounted them by honourable industry and the successful exercise of popular and delightful talents. His consolations also arrived in due season—friends, reputation, independence, the intimacy of Mæcenæ and the favour of Augustus. He was beloved by those who might have been his rivals; he was courted by those who could command. The freedman's son was solicited to be an emperor's secretary, and the historian of the 'Town and Country Mouse' could refuse such preferment without giving offence. He was the associate of the descendant of the priest-kings of Arretium, upon the honourable terms of continuing to be his own master. Never was position more favourable than that of Horace for the development of the genius he possessed. He was familiar with the noblest aspect of Roman society, in virtue of his intimacy with the source of power and patronage. He was familiar also with the humbler elements of Roman life, in virtue of his early fortunes and *libertine* descent. His means, with the exception of a brief interval of adversity, were equal to his wishes; and his education surpassed his means. He enjoyed enough of the busy society of the capital to give a zest to the purer pleasures of country retirement. When weary of the sumptuous hospitality of Mæcenæ, he left the palace on the Esquiline hill for his cottage villa near Tivoli, and reposed amid the deep shadows of the Apennines, beside 'the dashing and 'headlong Anio.' Hither followed him his distinguished friends from Rome. Tibullus with a new elegy to Delia, Varius with lofty hexameters in praise of Cæsar's acts, or Virgil fresh from the composition of some pastoral scene or rural sketch of Aristæus and the old Corycian bee-keeper. The cask of Falernian was broached: the garlands of ivy and cyclamen were twined; his honest friend Ofellus, 'the farmer Flamborough' of his Sabine vicinage, was sent for; the Lares or Arcadian Pan were duly propitiated by libations, and grave or mirthful colloquy was protracted, under the broad umbrage of some favourite pine tree, until the 'loosened yokes of the oxen 'warned' the revellers of the coming night. And should he desire more complete retirement 'from the din and smoke and

‘prodigality of Rome,’ he might visit his Sabine farm, inspect the labours of his faithful steward, survey his agricultural improvements, and wander among scenes which would remind him of those in which he had spent his childhood. There is no reason to reproach Horace with either insincerity or servility in his praises of Mæcenæ and Augustus. They had given him more than life — for they afforded him the means of moderate and innocent happiness. In his youth he had witnessed under many aspects the waste and ruin of war. In the camp of Brutus he had associated with the hot and heady youth (*minaces*) who had set all upon a cast, that they might regain their patrician parks and fish ponds, or revel amid the groans of plundered provinces. In his declining age he could not but contrast its happy repose with the perils and vicissitudes of his early manhood. That he should be grateful to the restorers of peace, and subside into philosophic contentment with the existing order of things, was surely in character with his sociable and reasonable nature. His buckler had been well lost; his flight from Philippi had been propitious; his adverse and his prosperous fortunes had alike disciplined his mind, and the Epicurean poet had attained a portion of the calm of his own secure and contemplative Jupiter.

But we must now pass on to a more turbulent and tragic aspect of poetic life. In the second part of *Faust*, the wand of Mephistopheles waves over the palace of Menelaus; and the Atreid halls, the choral and sacrificial trains, and Helen and her captive handmaidens, dislimn into the billowy mists that descend upon the valley of the Eurotas. In the next act of the mystic drama, the Cyclopean palace, the captives and the choir, the victims and the priest, and all the accompaniments of the old ethnic life, have vanished, and Helen alone survives, beloved by a Gothic paladin, and surrounded with the pomp of feudal chivalry. The spirit of beauty survives the dismemberment of empires; and Art, having accomplished its ethnic cycle, informs the fresh and lusty youth of mediæval Christendom. The apologue of the poet, if such be its interpretation, was realised in the history of Italy. Rome had fallen with not less dismay and perplexity of nations than the Babylon of apocalyptic vision. There was a new earth; and tribes unknown to the Cæsars inhabited it. A carpet of desolation was spread over the fairest provinces of the empire. The sacred fire of Vesta was quenched for ever; the augurs could ‘no more divine;’ the pontiff and the silent virgin no longer ascended the stairs of the Capitol; the seventh of the Etruscan years had passed away; the city of Quirinus was governed by an unwarlike priest, and professed obedience to a

German Cæsar. Of the seven hills of Rome five were as solitary as when the Arcadian Evander, according to the legend, raised the shrine of Hercules on Mount Palatine. And around the walls of Rome, from the lake of Bolseno to the Liris, stretched wide and monotonous wastes of heath and wood-land, so that he who approached the capital from Naples or from Siena, seemed to himself to be entering a city of the dead. But in the 16th century of the Christian era, beyond the boundaries of the Papal States, the northern and southern provinces of the Italian peninsula were thickly set with fair and flourishing cities. Somewhat of their original lustre had indeed passed away; for already, like the Rome of Augustus, the Italian republics had exchanged their turbulent freedom for a brilliant and, in some cases, a rigid despotism. Venice, Genoa, and Florence, however, still retained much of the vigour and alacrity of liberty, and surpassed all the capitals of transalpine Europe in the extent of their commerce, in refinement of manners, and in the cultivation of learning and the arts. The lonely majesty of Rome had been more imposing; but the vitality of the Italian communities penetrated deeper, and was impregnated with principles more generally conducive to the progress of mankind. It might have seemed as if the twenty-four cities of Etruria had revived again, and Magna Græcia had risen from the dust and ashes of decay and invasion. The Helen of the ancient peninsula, to resume for a moment Göthe's symbol, had bequeathed her single cestus to a group of younger and more blooming nymphs.

Of the cities which inherited her rich bequest, none, in the sixteenth century, was more flourishing than Ferrara. The princes of Este, who held by right or by usurpation the helm of government, were derived by genealogists from the Trojan Atys or Astyanax — from which of the two they are not agreed — and probably descended, in reality, from a Lombard margrave who, under the Carlovingian sovereigns, governed the northern provinces of Italy. A succession of fortunate marriages aggrandised the progeny of Astyanax as well as the family of Rudolph of Hapsburg; and a series of skilful intrigues had combined with their noble and royal alliances to render the Ferrarese princes conspicuous among the ducal sovereigns of the peninsula. At that period, no Italian city, except Florence, could compete with Ferrara in wealth, splendour, or luxury; and the lords of Este had always affected to court the friendship of men of learning and genius. Their patronage, indeed, was not always judicious or even liberal. They at times mistook a Mævius for a Maro. The salaries they gave and the homage they exacted were often

in an inverse ratio to each other; and in his poor wardenship of Graffagnana, even the good-humoured Ariosto murmured at the scanty guerdon afforded him by the first Alphonso. Poets and artists, nevertheless, flocked to the provincial capital; and, if they were generally disappointed, the court itself was brilliant; and an eager, although not always a generous, rivalry among the dependent wits rendered the intellectual harvest unusually prolific.

It was towards the close of autumn, in the year 1565, that Torquato Tasso arrived at the court of Ferrara. We mark this epoch as the crisis of his fortunes; but, before rushing at once into the midst of his dramatic story, we must briefly glance at his previous career. Bernardo Tasso, his father, who is still remembered because his son is still illustrious, was himself one of the most conspicuous and unfortunate persons of his age. He was a politician unlucky in the choice of his party, a client unlucky in the choice of his patrons, and a poet unlucky in the choice of a theme. Accordingly, his patrimony was confiscated, he died in exile, his wife was widowed by separation from him long ere death released her from sorrow, and when his epic '*Amadigi*,' the labour of a life, was published, it fell almost still-born from the press. He was, however, a man of a sanguine and generous temper; and he continued to write verses to his dying day. His patrons wearied of him, yet he persisted in soliciting their favour; his son's '*Rinaldo*' eclipsed the paternal '*Amadigi*'; and the good Bernardo expired in the faith that the House of Tasso had produced two immortal poets.

Could the sanguine Bernardo have, for a moment, lifted the veil from Torquato's destiny, he might indeed have exulted in his son's posthumous renown; but he must have recoiled from the dreary prospect of his earthly pilgrimage. Poets, as a class, have had their full share of the original malediction. '*Toil, envy, want, the patron and the jail,*' fill up their category of griefs. Of the '*inportuna è grave salma*' of life, Tasso endured more than even a poet's portion: and the burden was, in his case, aggravated by an irritable organisation and by sensibilities unusually morbid. The woes of his contemporary Spenser fell upon the great Elizabethan allegorist with the evening shadows of life: the agony of Chatterton was brief; the madness of Collins and Cowper admitted of physical or domestic alleviations; the '*pard-like spirit*' of Shelley consoled itself with dreams of human perfectibility; the blindness of Milton was cheered by the thought that '*all Europe rang from side to side*' with the burning words of his defence of the people of England; and Dante's exile was lightened by the assurance that the dooms of

his 'sacred poem' would be ratified by generations which knew neither Guelf nor Ghibeline. But Tasso was the dupe of to-morrow even from a child. His father's restoration to home and honour was the subject of perpetual hope and perpetual disappointment. For twelve years, like the orphan whom Homer, in some of his most touching verses, describes as the prey and mockery of unjust kinsmen and corrupt judges, his patrimony was invaded by litigants or withheld by the Neapolitan government. From his twelfth year to his nineteenth he shared the restless exile of Bernardo; and from his twentieth year to his death he experienced, with few intermissions, the coldness of friends, the bitterness of foes, the jealousy of rivals, and the caprice of princes. During his agitated life his only havens of rest were, his early childhood, and his death-bed. All the interim was like Christian's passage through the Valley of the Shadow of Death in Bunyan's vision. Without were fightings, within were fears. On the one hand, were penury and exile, and frequent partings from those he loved; on the other, were jealousies and terrors, the lazar-house and the madhouse. In the reckoning of the calendar, he died at the age of fifty-one; but his infelicities might have filled a Platonic year, for they comprised all griefs which

' On the purest spirit prey,
As on entrails, joints, and limbs,
With answerable pains, but more intense.'

It is unnecessary for us, even if our limits would permit our doing so, to describe minutely the events of Tasso's life. For the English reader, besides Mr. R. Milman's interesting volumes, there is a biography of the poet, in two 4to. volumes, by Dr. Black; while the sketches by Muratori, Tiraboschi, Ginguéné, and Sismondi, leave the student of Italian literature little to desire. The sentiments and opinions of Tasso himself can only be gathered from his numerous critical and epistolary writings, and from the study of his lyrical poems; which, far more than his better-known '*Gierusalemme*' and '*Aminta*,' reveal the strength and the weaknesses of his character. The common sources of the general biographies are, the work of Manso, Marquis della Villa, and that of the Abate Serassi. The friendship and the hexameters of Milton have rendered the name of Manso at once familiar and 'musical to English ears.' He was the contemporary and most generous friend of the much-suffering poet. Serassi was a philologist and biographer of the last century, and in some respects better qualified than the noble marquis for the office they undertook; since he was intimately

acquainted with Tasso's works and with every record of his career. Yet the two biographers do not merely differ materially from one another; each has disqualifications peculiarly his own, which prevent him from being a complete chronicler. Manso would seem to have derived most of his information from Tasso himself; but at a time when the poet's mind, and perhaps his memory also, had been unhinged and impaired by his overwhelming calamities. Manso did not write, at least he did not publish his record, until some years after the poet's decease; and his memoir is accordingly rather a series of recollections than a regular biography. Serassi far surpasses Manso in the abundance and accuracy of his materials. But Gurth was not more the bounden-thrall of the Saxon Cedric, than the Abate was, in his prejudices at least, the servant of the House of Este. He contradicts Manso with or without reason; 'gainsaying,' says Ginguéné, 'and not refuting facts, which could neither have been forged by Tasso, nor imagined by Manso.' The particular inducements to Serassi's partiality are obvious. His work is dedicated to Maria Beatrice of Este; the wife of Ferdinand, Archduke of Austria; and in whatever relates to the conduct of her ancestor Alphonso, or to the honour of the House of Este, the courtly biographer prefers 'Plato to truth.' Professor Rosini suspects the Abate, and not without reason, of neglecting or suppressing all documents or allusions in the least degree unfavourable to the princes of Ferrara. Dr. Black, on the other hand, has far too often taken Serassi's view; so that Mr. R. Milman, in vindicating Tasso, has discharged a pious office, for which all lovers of worth and genius will feel themselves his debtors.

Cities have contended for the honour of having given Torquato Tasso to the world. It was not, indeed, a controversy for the honour of his birth, since the claims of Sorrento are beyond dispute. But it was a controversy for the distinction of having contributed the most to the formation of his genius,—and so far it was a nobler strife than that of the candidates for the birth-place of Homer. Sorrento was a cradle befitting the future poet of the gardens of Armida. 'It is so pleasant and delightful,' says Bernardo Tasso, 'that the poets feigned it to be the dwelling of the sirens.' They still show the chamber in which Torquato was born. But envy, which is of all countries, has affirmed not only that the cottage at Stratford-upon-Avon was never Shakspeare's property, but also that Tasso's birth-chamber has long since been at the bottom of the Mediterranean. Like Horace's, his childhood was distinguished by signs and wonders. The peasants of Bante and Acherontia pointed out to strangers 'the marvel-

‘lous boy’ whom wood-pigeons had covered with leaves, and the black viper and prowling bear had left unharmed. Ere six months had passed over the infant Tasso, he began,’ says Manso, ‘not merely to move his tongue, but to speak clearly and ‘fluently’ — a prodigy the more memorable, since in after-years he suffered from an impediment in his speech. He would have gratified all the wishes of old Cornelius Scriblerus, if what this biographer further relates be true, that ‘in his babyhood he was ‘never seen to smile, as other children do, and seldom even to cry.’ The legend which his friend so unsuspiciously adopts, indicates the impression made by him in his riper years. He was doubtless a grave man. His was the earnest expression which looks out of Titian’s portraits, and which is stamped on the brow of so many of our native poets. The scenes of his education were as various as might be expected in an exile’s son. He received the first rudiments of instruction at Naples. His boyhood was disciplined in Rome. Bologna and Padua accomplished ‘the scholar, and Ferrara the courtier. His progress in learning was extraordinary: his ardour and diligence almost incredible. He would often rise to study in the depth of night: and he never let the day surprise him in bed. The good Jesuits of Naples marvelled at their apt and towardly pupil: Maurizio Cataneo, ‘the first master in all Italy,’ was equally charmed with his proficiency, and when at the age of seventeen years he was entered at the University of Padua, the eyes of the learned were already turned upon him.

The fathers of poets seem one and all to have resolved that their sons should be lawyers; and Ovid, Boccaccio, Petrarch and Ariosto, had all alike ‘penned stanzas’ when as dutiful sons they should have been ‘engrossing.’ The sires of these distinguished writers might have pleaded an excuse for their mistake, which, however, would not avail the poetic Bernardo. They had never lisped in numbers, whereas the elder Tasso had been a rhymers all his life, and might have been supposed capable of entering into his son’s prejudices against Trebonian and Cujacius. The legal studies of Torquato were neither more nor less successful than had been those of Ovid or Petrarch. He bewailed in smooth couplets his evil destiny: he groaned, after the approved fashion, over glosses ‘de aquâ arcendâ’ and ‘de stillicidio;’ but after all, says his recent biographer, ‘he had ‘no very great reason to complain so piteously, for he had ‘passed a year at Padua in supposed attendance on the law ‘lectures of the professors, and at the end of that period had ‘produced — an epic poem!’

Of the student-life of Athens, when Bibulus and Horace

were learning the properties of curves and angles, we can only form a wide conjecture. Two centuries later, indeed, we know that the Athenian professors and undergraduates banded themselves in class-rooms and nations, and that occasionally the military were called in from Corinth to keep the peace. The lecturers and students of Padua in the sixteenth century presented a very similar spectacle. That city was, at the time of Tasso's matriculation, the most brilliant and perhaps the most turbulent of Italian universities. In medicine it had always been preeminent: and in all studies, except theology, it had outstripped Bologna. Guido Pancirola was lecturing on civil law; Sigonio and Robortello on classical literature and grammar: Danese Cataneo and Ccsarc Pavese on poetry and polite letters. But these professors were for the most part angry and jealous rivals, and were surrounded by eager and combative disciples. The streets and taverns rang with 'barbara' and 'baralipton: ' and Aristotle and Aquinas were often driven from the field by club and dagger.

Tasso entered the university with a high reputation for chivalrous as well as scholastic accomplishments. Maurizio Cataneo was equally a master of arts and of his rapier: and, together with grammar and philosophy, he had taught his pupil to ride and fence. Tasso was then only seventeen years old: but his lofty stature, his grave demeanour, his early troubles and his unusual learning made him appear considerably older. The publication of his 'Rinaldo' greatly extended his renown. It is little read now: and but for the 'Gierusalemme' would be forgotten; yet it is a wonderful composition for a youth of eighteen. The earlier, as well as the later epic of Tasso, displays the preponderance of the critical over the imaginative faculties. His judgment and sensibilities transcended his conceptive powers. He has written a better poem than Ariosto, but he was far inferior as a poet. Nothing can well be less epic than the 'Gierusalemme'—except the *Æneid*. No narrative poem, on the other hand, if we except the earliest and noblest of the class, the Homeric Epos, is so skilfully connected, or so little tedious, as a whole, as the Jerusalem Delivered. But we are sliding into criticism, instead of tracing the course of Tasso's fortunes.

His name, his accomplishments, and his poem procured for him many friendships at Padua, which served to spread his reputation at the time, and were useful to him in his subsequent calamities. His most distinguished associates were the future cardinals Annibale di Capua and Scipione Gonzaga. Tasso's university career was, however, as unsettled as his school-days had been,

and as his dependence at court was destined to become. At the commencement of his second year's residence at Padua, a professional squabble caused him to migrate to Bologna. The following extract from Mr. R. Milman's pages will illustrate a 'gown-row' of the Italians in 1562.

'Sigonio and Robortello, professors of the Greek and Latin "humanities," entertained a long-standing jealousy of one another. Mutual recriminations and accusations had long flown to and fro between them. No sooner did either commence lecturing on any subject than the other immediately started a rival course. Sigonio having begun to expound Aristotle's "Poetics," with great elegance and eloquence, Robortello opened his antagonist school, but not with equal success. "Inde Iræ"—for the latter, being a fiery and violent man, took every opportunity of insulting Sigonio, who was of a meeker and more patient disposition. Their respective disciples participated in their masters' jealousies, exasperated their mutual indignation, and joined in the taunts and reproaches which they hurled at one another, even in public. One day, meeting in the street, they came to blows, and in the tumult Sigonio was gashed in the face with a poniard, and otherwise maltreated. Fearful of worse injury and desirous of peace, he migrated to Bologna, and Pendasio, another famous lecturer, and other parties with him.'

Piso Donato Cesi, Bishop of Narni, had been appointed governor of Bologna by Pope Pius IV. He had rebuilt the collegiate schools and halls, and was inviting the learned, as well Ultra-montan as Italian, to repair to the city and revive the glories of the university. Among the scholars so invited was the youthful Tasso, and the Bishop of Narni's letter seems to have nearly synchronised with the Sigonian 'row.' The compliment thus paid him, and the wrongs and migration of a respected tutor, determined him to quit Padua.

He did not remain long at Bologna. But his residence there was marked by two events in his literary life; the one characteristic of his early proficiency and renown; the other, an event of permanent interest to the world. Although only nineteen years of age at the time of his migration, Tasso was appointed a public lecturer at Bologna: and his 'Dialogues on Heroic Poetry' as we now read them, are the expansion of his course of lectures on the same theme. At Bologna also he began and completed the first three cantos of his 'Gierusalemme.' The fame of his poem was almost coeval with its conception. Bolognetti, when he saw this beginning, and heard the whole plan from the lips of the young author, is said to have exclaimed in the words of Propertius,

'Cedite Romani scriptores, cedite Graii,
Nescio-quid majus nascitur Iliade.'

‘It is marvellous,’ observes Serassi, as cited by Mr. R. Milman, ‘that among the hundred and sixteen stanzas, of which this commencement consists, many of the most beautiful in that portion of his poem are to be found, although his later and more finished taste made him change the greater part of the sketch; and exceedingly improve the order of the story, the sublimity of the conceptions, and the beauty of the diction.’ The most seemingly careless and the most obviously elaborate of the great narrative poets resemble one another in this respect. The *pentimentos* in Ariosto’s manuscript are numberless: Spenser and Camoens were discontented even with their third or fourth amendments, and the shapely Pallas of Torquato’s brain was slowly modelled and painfully refined, until few of its original lineaments remained unaltered.

The wrongs done to his tutor had caused him to leave Padua; he quitted Bologna on account of an insult offered to himself. A squib reflecting on the tutors, Heads of Houses, and principal citizens, was imputed, although it would seem unjustly, to Tasso. During a temporary absence from his rooms, the university beadle was ordered to seize his papers and carry them to ‘the judge of the place, one Marcantonio Arrcsio, by whom they were strictly and unceremoniously overlooked.’ Tasso was acquitted of all art or part in the unlucky pasquinade; but he was so seriously offended by the insult, that, after writing a letter of indignant justification to the Bishop of Narni, he quitted Bologna, and finally, on the sollicitations of Seipione Gonzaga, returned to Padua. His next removal was apparently to high fortune, or at least to a fair vantage-ground of honours and wealth. It was really the most disastrous step of his life. At the age of twenty Torquato probably viewed his introduction at the court of Ferrara through the most roseate tints of youthful hope. At the age of fifty, and in his communications with Manso, he drew a picture of his suit and service under Alphonso in all the colours of a transcendental sorrow,

‘ ——— as some great painter dips
His pencil in the gloom of earthquake and eclipse.’

Our limits do not permit of our tracing the progress of Tasso’s misfortunes at the court of Ferrara. Our information, indeed, in spite of the labours of so many biographers, is very unsatisfactory. We do not know whether he loved or was beloved by Leonora; or whether he preferred or was preferred by Lucretia; or whether one or both of the Ladies of Este were poetical impersonations of that metaphysical passion which poets, and Italian poets especially, seem to have held it their

duty to entertain. Neither are we informed of the offence which Alphonso so cruelly avenged. On this point, as on so many others connected with Tasso, neither Manso nor Serassi can be implicitly trusted. The complexion of the Italian courts was eminently jealous; the tenure of court-favour amid so many ambitious patrons and so many anxious suitors was more than commonly precarious. We know, indeed, that the young poet had enemies, and among them one that might and did probably poison the ducal ear against him,—Giambattista Pigna, the private secretary of Alphonso. It appears, also, that either the Este family were capricious in their favours, or that Tasso himself was too incautious or too irritable for a courtier. Before he incurred the wrath of the Duke, he had displeased, or fancied he had displeased, the Cardinal d'Este. Of this enigma, which is as inextricable as the cause of Ovid's banishment to Tomi, only two points are clear,—that no indiscretion on the part of Tasso can have merited torments in comparison with which 'Luke's iron crown and Damien's bed of steel' are ordinary penalties; and that whatever may have been Alphonso's injuries or suspicions, his fell and ingenious vengeance stands high on the register of history's darkest crimes.

At first, and for some time after Tasso's arrival at Ferrara, 'all went merry as a marriage bell.' The Duke took much notice of him, and expressed deep interest in the progress of his epic. He accorded to him the privilege—in that ceremonious and heraldic age a high one,—of dining at the *tavola ordinaria*, the daily dinner-table of the princes themselves. On Tasso's return from France, and even after the cooling of Luigi d'Este's favour, Alphonso appointed him one of his gentlemen, with a monthly salary of about fifteen golden crowns, and a special exemption from any particular duties, in order that he might have leisure for his studies and for the completion of his great work. The society of the Ladies of Este must have constituted, however, the halcyon-calm of his life. In their society he was restored to the soothing and graceful influences of which he had been deprived from the time that, in his twelfth year, he bade his last farewell to his mother Porzia de' Rossi. In this respect alone he was more fortunate than the most favoured poet or wit in the circles of Cæsar and Mæcenæ. The learned ladies of Rome, the Læliæ and Corneliæ, were the virtuous matrons of the commonwealth. The intriguing Livia, the Julias and Terentias were more witty than intellectual, and as licentious as they were witty. A metaphysical amour would have been incomprehensible to Horace; and, had so strange a phenomenon been pos-

sible at Rome, it would only have furnished him with a hint for another satire. Laura, Beatrice, and Leonora are the creations of a Christian and chivalrous era. The princesses of Este were among the most accomplished women of the age; and in that age—when modern literature had as yet produced few of its master-works—an accomplished woman was also a learned one. They were versed in Latin and Greek, as well as in their native literature; they were both of them excellent musicians; studious in every art and science; and attached to the society of the learned. Torquato was perhaps a dangerous companion for ladies so gifted. He was in the prime of youth. He was strikingly handsome. He excelled in all manly exercises. He had the scholar's melancholy. He sang well. He was sincere, earnest, and courteous. He surpassed all their former servants and admirers in the composition of sonnets and compliments, and in the grace with which he recited his compositions. Before his arrival in Ferrara, Tasso had celebrated all the Este family, and the Princess Lucretia in particular. His new service was a spur to prosecute his *Gierusalemme* with fresh vigour. Before six months had elapsed six cantos were completed. He had originally intended to dedicate his poem to the Duke of Urbino. He now inscribed it to Alphonso; and made Rinaldo, a real or imaginary ancestor of the House of Este, the Achilles of his Christian Iliad. Nor were his studies confined to the sacred army and its great captain. Not a week passed without its lyrical effusion in honour of Alphonso and his sisters. 'If Madama Luerczia,' says Mr. R. Milman, 'had been broidering, —if Madama Leonora were unwell,—if Madama Luerczia appeared in black,—if Madama Leonora's eyes were affected by a cold,—his harp was ever ready to admire, rejoice, or condole, to follow the glancing fingers, or to incite the removal of the envious cloud; if his lady had been singing, his choicest melodies were at hand to re-echo and prolong the sweet tones.'

It was, however, during the occasional *villeggiature* or country retirements of the princesses at Bel-riguardo or Cosandoli that Tasso passed his happiest hours of dependence. The morning hours were devoted to the healthy recreations of the chase, swimming and fishing; and the evenings to social relaxation and music, to literary and philosophical discussion, or to the recitation of new sonnets and canzones. In all these evening diversions Lucretia and Leonora were well qualified to take part; and the irritable spirit of Tasso was soothed and strengthened by their applause, sympathy, and admonition. The Duke himself rarely accompanied his sisters in their retirement. Ceremony was laid aside: the court remained at Ferrara; the

voice of calumny and rivalry was for a while hushed; and the distinctions of rank were, perhaps, forgotten amid the chestnut forests, the silvery waterfalls, the sheltered gardens, and the well-stocked libraries and galleries of these ancient palaces of Este. In such retreats were read the earlier scenes of 'Torris-mondo,' the best of Italian tragedies, until Alfieri created the real tragic drama of Italy. The 'Aminta' had been represented at the court theatre with every adjunct of appropriate music and gorgeous scenery and costumes, and amid the acclamations of the most beautiful women, the most chivalrous men, and the most accomplished scholars of a land and an age pre-eminent for its beauty, its chivalry, and its learning. One voice alone was wanting to complete the tribute of grateful and unanimous applause. The Princess of Urbino had been unable to witness the representation of the most touching and graceful of modern pastorals. But Lucretia would not forego a delight in which thousands of meaner and less susceptible spectators had participated. The poet was invited to Urbino; he was most kindly received by Lucretia and her husband Francesco; he accompanied them during the summer heats to their villa of Castel Durante; and recited there the 'Aminta' to his early friend, to his new patron, and to a small circle of approving courtiers and friends. The applause of the theatre was probably less welcome to the triumphant author, than the more tranquil gratulations of such an audience. It is, perhaps, idle to inquire, because it is impossible to ascertain, whether Tasso, when reciting some impassioned canzone, in such sweet seclusion, may not have indulged in sentiments too tender and perilous for a dependent of the noblest or, at least, the haughtiest, of the princely Houses of Italy.

By what envious clouds so fair a dawn was overcast we are unable to discover. His old enemy Pigna was dead; but Pigna's successor in the secretaryship was even more embittered against him. The success of his 'Aminta' in 1673, seems to have been the beginning of new sorrows. It provoked the jealousy of the courtiers. It was at first whispered, and next bruited abroad, that the humble dependent had dared to love a daughter of Este. Tasso's papers were once more seized. A few sonnets and canzones, and especially a madrigal,—none of which compositions, however, were addressed to any one or apparently intended to see the light,—were thought to countenance the rumour, and even to boast of a successful passion. The House of Este did not belie its character of being the proudest in Italy. The Duke was easily moved, and, when moved, inexorably vindictive. He alternately soothed and slighted

Tasso. He menaced him with the inquisition; he restored him for a moment to favour; he embroiled him with a gentleman of his household: he gave out to the world that the poet was a maniac; and he did all in his power to make him one. The dreadful apparatus of Webster's Duchess of Malfy,—the wild masque of madmen, 'the tomb-maker, the bellman, the living person's dirge, the mortification by degrees,' are, so to speak, scenic representations of the tortures inflicted by Alphonso's ingenious anger. At first Tasso was confined in his own apartments, where his present misery was sharply contrasted with the hopes which had inaugurated his fatal dependence upon this inhuman court. There he was placed under charge of the ducal physicians and servants, who reported to their employer every uncontrollable murmur and every impatient gesture. From the palace at Ferrara he was removed to the Duke's country-seat at Bel-riguardo, 'privately to commence 'the second scene of the painful drama.'

For the subsequent scenes of that drama we must refer to Mr. R. Milman's pages. It is sufficient to have indicated the course pursued by Alphonso, and the sufferings endured by Tasso. We must, however, briefly contrast with each other the secrets of his prison-house, and the immediate celebrity which greeted his 'Jerusalem Delivered.'

In the gorgeous apartments of Bel-riguardo the sentence was passed upon him, that he must be a madman for the remainder of his days. He was confined in the convent of San Francisco, and two friars kept watch over him continually. They held, probably they were ordered to hold, negligent guard. He fled at different times to Naples, Venice, Urbino, Mantua, Padua, Rome and Turin. Flight answered Alphonso's purpose as fully as imprisonment. Torquato's haggard looks, his penury, his hurried appeals, his perpetual restlessness, even the spell which carried him back at intervals to Ferrara, confirmed, wherever he went, the rumour of his madness. A Venetian nobleman, a Lombard gentleman, and the Duke of Urbino, treated him with kindness. But, in general, all men turned coldly from him. If even he were not mad, the object of Alphonso's anger might be a perilous associate.

On the 2nd of February, 1579, Tasso quitted Turin, and returned to Ferrara. On the day following, Margherite Gonzaga, daughter of the Duke of Mantua, entered the city as the bride and third wife of Alphonso. Fourteen years before, Torquato had stood among the graced and distinguished spectators of that prince's nuptials with Barbara, Archduchess of Austria. He now gazed upon the masque and revelry of the marriage pageant a

homeless vagrant and a reputed maniac. To shelter him, even to speak to him, was dangerous; to slight, to mock, and revile him, was loyalty. His patience was exhausted. He broke forth into vehement reproaches against the duke, his courtiers, and the ministers. He retracted the praises he had poured upon them; he renounced the service of Alphonso; he proclaimed aloud the falsehood and cruelty which had so long tortured him; and he was hurried off to the hospital of Santa Anna.

The hospital of Santa Anna was a Bedlam of the lowest description. The madhouse which Hogarth drew will aid us in forming a conception of an Italian Bedlam in the sixteenth century. In one of the worst cells of this wretched building was the author of the 'Gierusalemme' lodged. There was one alleviation to the sufferings of the other inmates of Santa Anna—they were unconscious of their misery. Even that single alleviation was wanting to Tasso. He was, at least for a while, sane and conscious,—‘a living ghost pent in a dead man’s tomb.’ ‘His next neighbours were the mad folks.’ A thin partition only divided him from

‘Demoniac phrenzy, moping melancholy,
And moon-struck madness.—’

‘I am all on fire,’ he wrote to Scipione Gonzaga, ‘nor do I now so much fear the greatness of my anguish as its continuance, which ever presents itself horribly before my mind, especially as I feel that in such a state I am unfit to write or labour. And the dread of endless imprisonment perpetually increases my misery, and the indignity to which I must submit increases it; and the foulness of my beard, and my hair, and my dress, and the filth and the damp annoy me; and, above all, the solitude afflicts me, my cruel and natural enemy, by which, even in my prosperity, I was so often troubled, that in unseasonable hours I would go and seek or find society.’

His sufferings were perhaps increased by an accident, trivial in appearance, but, in its consequences at least, melancholy and important. Agostino Mosti, the prior or warden of the Hospital of Santa Anna, had been the scholar of Ariosto, had raised, at his own cost, a monument to his deceased master in the church of the Benedictines at Ferrara, and continued to be the zealous partisan of his fame and writings. The supremacy of Ariosto as a poet was menaced by the prisoner now under Agostino’s custody. The poet of Orlando had written satires, but he was accounted, by all who knew him, affable, generous, and humane. But the disciple of Ariosto was possessed by a different spirit; and his hatred or his fears prompted him to obey implicitly, if not to exceed, the instructions of Alphonso. His vigilance was unceasing, his language harsh, his demeanour arrogant: and his afflicted captive deplored at once the choice

which had subjected him to such a patron, and the chance which now put him in the power of such a keeper. His sufferings were soothed, in some degree, by the generosity of a nephew of Agostino. This worthy youth—whose scholastic accomplishments appear to have awakened in him an active sympathy with the greatest and most hapless of poets—passed many hours daily with Tasso in his cell: acted as his amanuensis; listened patiently to his complaints, to the eager petitions or the indignant remonstrances which he poured forth to Alphonso, to his sisters, and to the princes and cardinals, the senates and universities of Italy; and charged himself with the transmission of the letters which his uncle would have suppressed, or perhaps forwarded to his unrelenting enemy. The good spirit, which, in the most poetical of Massinger's plays, soothed and sustained the dying moments of the 'virgin-martyr,' was scarcely more a spirit of health than was the nephew of the churlish Agostino Mosti.

New bitterness was, in September 1580, poured into an already brimming cup. His '*Jerusalem Delivered*' was surreptitiously published, and published in so maimed and meagre a form, as, says Mr. R. Milman, 'might well drive any author mad, much more one of Tasso's character.' And it was not an enemy who did this, but one who, in a more fortunate season, had boasted of his intimacy with its author. Celio Malaspina, formerly in the service of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, obtained possession of such parts of the poem as had been privately submitted to his master's perusal, and printed them at Venice in September, 1580. He published ten cantos entire, the arguments of the eleventh and twelfth in prose, and the four next cantos with several stanzas which their author had rejected. The whole was lamentably incorrect, confused, and imperfect. Such was the first edition of a poem which all Italy, if not Europe, was eagerly expecting; to the composition and correction of which sixteen years had been devoted; about whose fable, episodes, and diction the most learned scholars and the most renowned universities had been consulted; which Bolognetti had hailed as a second *Æneid*; which Ronsard had greeted with a stately sonnet; and to whose immaculate and matured splendour Tasso had looked forward as to the adjustment and compensation of all his woes. About the time of this culmination of his distresses, we obtain a glimpse of the poet from an eye-witness. In the November of the same year Montaigne visited Ferrara, and of course the Hospital, where its celebrated inmate appears to have been made a show of to all whom curiosity or pity attracted to its walls. 'I had even

'more indignation,' says the honest Gascon, 'than compassion, when I saw him at Ferrara in so piteous an estate, a living shadow of himself, forgetful of himself and of his works.' Are we to understand that the forgetfulness was so complete as to have made him then insensible to this last dishonour?

Beyond the walls of Santa Anna, indeed, there was consolation for Tasso, could it have reached him through the din of chains, and shrieks, and maniac laughter, and through the distractions and perturbed visions which were settling upon his mind. He was becoming the madman that Alphonso had reported him to be. But while the poet himself languished in prison, his poem itself was read or recited in city and in country, in market-place and haven, in palace and in convent, on the populous highway, and in solitary glens, from the fountains of the Adige to the Straits of Messina, in the valleys of Savoy, and in the capitals of Spain and France. Men could not praise it enough. Fortunes were made by its sale. Two thousand copies of Ingegneri's edition were sold in a day or two.

'Everywhere,' says Mr. R. Milman, 'all over the country, nothing was to be heard but Tasso's echoes. The shepherd read it as he watched by his flocks on the ridgy Apennine. The boatman, rocking in the Campanian Gulf, hung over the verse of his exiled compatriot. The gondolier, waiting at the Venetian bridges, whiled away the hours with learning the stately and liquid stanzas. The brigand, lurking behind the rock in the wild passes of the Abruzzi, laid by his matchlock for the strains of love and valour. The merchant, in the inn, ceased thinking over his ships, and the shopkeeper forgot his business, in the gardens of Armida, or the enchanted forest. The prelate and the monk hurried with the book into their cells, to visit in its pages the sacred walls and holy buildings of Jerusalem. The brave cavalier and fair maiden admired the knightly feats, or wept over the tender sorrows of the champions and their ladies, in hall or in shady bower. The scholar to whom the work had been in part submitted, rushed eagerly to see how his criticisms had told. Nobles and princes, and their stately dames, in addition to the interest of the poem, desired to see the verse of the famous object of princely love and princely hate. The French knights panted to see their progenitors' deeds of pious valour blazoned anew to the world in the burning words of song.'

Tasso was released from his seven years' imprisonment in the Hospital of Santa Anna on the 5th or 6th of July, 1586. He was released from a life little less burdensome than imprisonment on the 25th of April, 1595. The strong man was bowed; the grave man had become saturnine: he had regained liberty but not repose. At the age of forty-two, with impaired vigour and extinguished hope, he was as much a pilgrim and an

exile as when, at the age of twenty, he had entered the service of Alphonso, and offered his willing homage to the virtues and genius of Lucretia and Leonora. A few gleams of prosperity attended the last two years of his life. His fame pervaded Italy: it was proposed to crown Rinaldo's poet with Petrarch's laureate wreath; the noblest Houses of Italy aspired to become his patrons: but he had already put too much trust in princes, and his best consolations were the friendship of Manso and the hospitality of the good Benedictines of Mont Olivet.

We must now close our imperfect sketches of the ethnic and the Christian poet. In the history of the former we have contemplated a career marked by few vicissitudes, and expressive, if not of the highest genius, yet of talents honourably exercised in extending the taste of a nation not naturally poetical, and ministering to the literary enjoyment of future ages. Philosophy was perhaps never more successfully applied in the regulation of character than it was by Horace; and external circumstances had favoured his happy nature. In an age of ostentation and excess he was simple, frugal, and contented. His early asperities had yielded to the gentle influences of friendship, experience, and self-knowledge. In the ancient world he stands forward prominently as the philosopher of good sense. The life of Tasso is a more tragic volume. Throughout his few and evil days he exemplified the remark of the ancient poet, that 'he who enters a tyrant's house, becomes a slave even if he goes in a freeman.' Yet the woes of Tasso, although in themselves it is difficult to consider them medicinal, fell upon a nature so chastened and elevated by endurance, that at the last we can contemplate the closing scene with feelings not purely painful. One by one the inherent imperfections of his disposition appear to have been corrected. His passion for praise, his proneness to take offence, his impatience, his jealousy, and his pride gradually left him. The great reconciler of wrongs, impartial and inexorable death, removed every cloud from his spiritual vision — Alphonso and Ferrara faded away upon the horizon of eternity: even the fame of his *Gerusalemme* had become 'of the earth' and indifferent to him; and his failing senses admitted alone the echoes of the consoling hymn and the words of the parting benediction. In the church of the Monastery of St. Onofrio, at Rome, a small marble slab and a more stately monument inform the traveller that there, after his weary pilgrimage, rest the bones of Torquato Tasso.

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